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Lands of SIPPICAN

On Buzzards Bay

by

ALICE AUSTIN RYDER

REYNOLDS PRINTING
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS
1934

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Ryder, Alice Austin.

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"Stories of former days ... a panoramic history of the 'lands', especially of the village of 'Sippican', now 'Marion'."—Acknowledgments.

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LANDS OF SIPPICAN

Mrs. Elisabeth Taber — "A great lady comes home"

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DEDICATED

To all those who love the
LANDS OF SIPPICAN.

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all."

KIPLING.

SIPPICAN BOOK COMMITTEE

Miss Edith Austin
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Mr. Roger W. Converse
Mrs. George U. Crocker
Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis
Mrs. Sidney Hosmer
Mrs. James Richardson
Mrs. Galen L. Stone
Mr. John H. Wisner, Jr.

Acknowledgments

A group of summer residents of Marion who became interested in preserving the stories of old Sippican, organized as the "Sippican Book Committee", and have given generously of their time and means that this book might be published: with the cooperation of descendants of the old families of Rochester-Towne, these stories of former days have been gathered together.

There are probably interesting items that might have been included, and errors no doubt have been made; but the book is just an attempt to save from oblivion tales that otherwise might be lost, and to give in a general way a panoramic history of the "Lands", especially of the village of "Sippican", now "Marion".

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Quotations from the *Poems, Letters* and *Record of Friendship,* by R. W. Gilder used by permission of Rodman

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To Mrs. Frances F. Cleveland Preston, I wish to express sincere thanks for the encouragement of her letter: "I wish I could do something to help you in the very interesting work you have undertaken to perpetuate our beloved 'Sippican'."

ALICE AUSTIN RYDER.

Marion, August 22, 1934.

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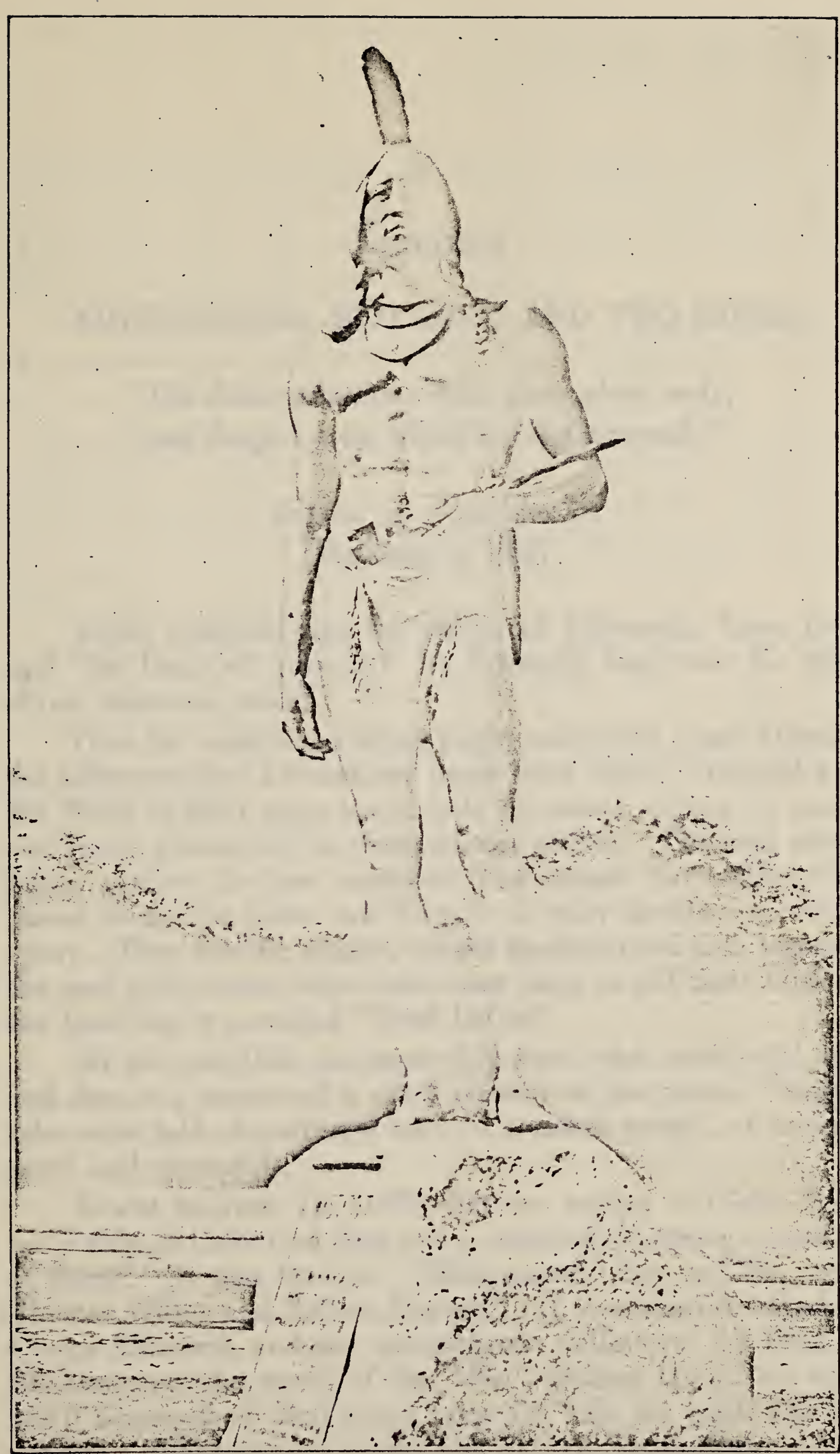


Massasoit — "Product of Nature's sun, stars, earth direct — a towering human form." *Whitman.*

Chapter I

ADVENTURERS, RED SKINS AND TWO KINGS

"The Eastern nations sink; their glory ends;
And Empire rises where the sun descends."

Carved on a boulder in
Manomet in 1627

Three centuries ago the shores of Plymouth, Cape Cod, and "the lands of Sippican" on Buzzards Bay were the edge of an unknown world.

Over the wide ocean which might well cover a lost Atlantis, the fishermen and adventurers came from Spain, Portugal and the North in their open boats, held by calms, driven by gales, and found themselves on these strange shores. The long waves broke against the new continent and tossed the sailors who poked along the inlets and bays in a salty baptism of flying spray. They saw the whales, caught mackerel and cod, watched the seal play on the rocks, and went back to tell their tales of the land that was called "West Indies".

Of the countless unknown fishermen who came only now and then is a name and a story printed on the years. Strange tales were told of a strange land, of a naked people, of sea serpents and mermaids.

It was on June 15, 1609, that two sailors in Henry Hudson's ship in Cape Cod Bay saw a mermaid "looking earnestly at them". It was true for "Their names that saw her were Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner." It was from the land of Queen Elizabeth and her quarrelsome followers, the land of Shakespeare who wrote of the "dew" fetched from "the still-vex'd Bermoothes" that many came for fish, for gold, and adventure. Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Southampton, while

a prisoner in the Tower of London, became interested in the romantic adventures in that rich land of bright islands and strange bays. He contributed to a voyage "To discover conveyant places for a new colony", and this was the voyage in which our own Buzzards Bay was explored.

Without any authority from Sir Walter Raleigh, Bartholomew Gosnold, the adventurer, sailed out from Falmouth, England in a little bark "*concord*" on March 26, 1602.

He sailed on and on and suddenly out of the mist he came to find himself "embayed" by "a mighty headland". While Gosnold was exploring for "six howers", the sailors filled the little ship with cod; and so it is that we look across at "Cape Cod" today — the first land in New England touched by the English, and its recorded "fish story".

Gosnold built a hut on the island called by the Indians "Cuttyhunk", "something-that-sticks-out-of-the-water." He explored Buzzards Bay for three weeks, cut a load of cedar and sassafras, and sailed for home with the first recorded cargo from New England.

He was very enthusiastic about his stay and in the first book about New England by John Brereton published in London, 1602, he gives his impressions of the land.

"Coming ashore we stood a while like men ravished at the beautie and delicacie of this sweet soile: for besides divers clere lakes of fresh water (where of we saw no end) medows very large and full of greene grass; e'en the most woddy places (I speak only of what I saw) doe grow so distinct and apart, one tree from another upon greene grassy ground, somewhat higher than the plaines as if nature would show herself above her power artificiall!"

Our Buzzards Bay, which he named "Gosnold's Hope", he called the "finest sound" he ever saw. "For the agreeing of this climate with us (I speake of myselfe, & so I may justly do for the rest of our companie) that we found our health and strength all the while we remained there, so to renew and increase, as notwithstanding our diet and lodging was none of the best, yet not one of our company (God be thanked) felt the

least grudging or inclination to any disease or sickness, but were in better health than when we went out of England."

He sailed away; but in 1797 two centuries later, the cellar of the "captaine's" storehouse could be seen and in 1848 was still there; and now a Gosnold memorial has been built on the island.

And so they sail in from the wide Atlantic.

In 1614 Capt. John Smith came over "to take Whales, discover mines, or fish or furs", and to establish colonies. The "Admiral of New England" he was called. He found the fishermen's maps wrong so he went from "Point to Point, Isle to Isle, and Harbor to Harbor, with the sounding, sands, rocks and land-marks, as I passed close aboard the shore in a little boat", and Prince Charles called the land "New England", and "The Description of New England" in 1616 was the first real map for the sailors around the coast. They fished and trapped and sailed away with no knowledge of the "two great ice caps that rolled down" and piled up against Gosnold's mighty "headland"; with no knowledge of the ages that had come and gone with the coastline sinking, and ice sheets grinding down great mountains bringing the granite boulders that line our shores and the ledges that crop up in our fields; the ice melting making the ponds and rivers; the sea water coming in around the higher land and making the inlets and the sounds, leaving the high land as "necks" and islands.

Nor did Gosnold know that the "medows very large and full of greene grasse" were the abandoned gardens of the dark skinned people he called "Indians". The naked creatures who lurked in the forests and watched with keen out-of-doors vision his coming and going.

For there were people who lived on these shores of ours, men and women, youths and maidens, and babies. A people who had lived nobody knows how many hundreds of years on "the lands of Sippican", before explorers came to Buzzards Bay.

We know almost more about the ice sheets of millions of years ago than we know about the dark skinned owners of old

"Sippican". "Their names are on our waters and we cannot wash them out" but our knowledge of the owners of the names is vague and often false. We know the Indians touched by the white man's civilization and not in their own free life of the forest and sea.

The adventurers who came, caught, with the fur bearing animals, a few natives, and as their habit was carried them home, bound as booty from the "Indies"; but they guessed little of the huge stretch of new continent of great rivers, mountains, plains, lakes and valleys with its dark kings and their thousands of subjects.

But every explorer from Columbus down testified to the kindness of the Indians with whom they dealt. Columbus, from the Islands of the South, two centuries before — "I swear to your majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these, more affectionate, affable or mild. They love their neighbors as themselves and they always speak smilingly."

Gorges at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1605 — "civil entertainment and kind respect far from brutish or savage nations."

Weymouth from Massachusetts Bay — "great civility of manner, far from the rudeness of our common people."

Hudson from the great river farther South calls them "gentille", and Gosnold from our own Buzzards Bay — "Truly the holsomness and temperature of the climat doth not onely argue the people to be answerable to this description, but also to a perfect constitution of body, active, strong, healthfull and very wittie." And yet in our histories they are "savages"!'

In 1614 twenty-seven of them were seized in Cape Cod Bay and sold as slaves in Malaga. Later an Indian of "great stature was shown up and down London for money as a wonder. He was of no less courage and authority than of wit, strength, and proportion."

The Indians thought the first white people were gods — no wonder they later thought them devils — and an Indian mother falls into a "great fit of weeping" when she sees men like those who carried away her sons.

The Indians who owned and loved our "lands of Sippican" with their almost "superstitious feeling for the sea", what shall we say of them?

From out the mist of 300 years there comes the picture. We must change the scene as we know it. We must sweep away our roadways lined with English elms, maples, and our houses large and small and bring back the forest trees that grew to the water's edge. We must picture the "green grassy places", the corn hills in the new clearings, the long canoes gliding down the harbor or drawn up along the shores.

At the head of the harbor, on a little neck of land that in that day was nearly surrounded by water, around a big boulder were clustered the wigwams, the village of the Sippican Indians of the Wamponoags, a tribe of the Algonquin nation; and nobody knows how many centuries these bronzed people had fished, feasted, played and planted on these shores when the Pilgrims came along Cape Cod in 1620.

Our shore has changed somewhat; the shore line has filled up with marsh in some places leaving the knolls that were favorite wigwam sites farther from high water.

The Indian stories that have come down to us are few.

They told of a long ago time when a great river ran through the forest where the bay is now. A terrible storm came, and the river widened, and the salt water rushed up the river and the forest trees were killed on the banks, and roots are seen to this day when the tide goes down at Silver Shell Beach. The great river was called Pawkihchatt; and men digging in a field three miles up from the head of the harbor have found where the tide used to come, that tells the story of the inlet and the mouth of the lost river.

They told a story of the islands that lie on the southern horizon like a string of big beads, and guard the bay from the ocean. The big ones are the giant Manshope's moccasins that he threw off one warm restless night, when he got them full of sand on the Cape Cod dunes; and the rest of the islands are the ashes from old Manshope's pipe.

Some little children were stolen from the mainland and Manshope stepped out into the ocean and when he found the

children on Nantucket, he sat down and smoked, and when the fog rolled in from the bay the little Indian children cried out "Old Manshope's smoking!" "Old Manshope's smoking!"

And so they told stories and hunted and played and planted three hundred years ago. The braves were tall, smooth faced and straight, with heads up, with "the most beautiful mouths in the world" because the Indian mothers were careful to carry their new born babies for seven months with the little backs straight against a board and to pinch the little lips together that the teeth might come in straight and strong. The children were taken to the shore of river or sea every morning for the cold water bath even in winter and then oiled that the body might stand any kind of weather. Naked little boys shot at marks every day, "sometimes a bit of moss thrown into the air"; and they must run, because they must be able to run thirty, forty miles and back in a day. There were no young weaklings in an Indian village.

Roosevelt says;

"They began to track game as soon as they could walk; a scrape on a tree trunk, a bruised leaf, a faint indentation of the soil, which the eye of no white man could see all told them a tale as plainly as if it had been shouted in their ears. With moccasined feet they trod among the brittle twigs, dried leaves, and dead branches as silently as the cougar — they could no more get lost in the trackless wilderness than a civilized man could get lost on a highway."

The moral law of the tribe was very strict. There were two or three children in a family and the marriage lasted only as long as there was love because there was no quarreling. No less an authority than Parkman writes "Wrangling and quarrels are strangers to an Indian dwelling". "An Indian village is singularly free from petty strife because of self content inculcated from childhood upon every individual and enforced by a sentiment of dignity and manhood."

The work was divided according to the law of the tribe. The braves built the wigwams or houses with skins or bark laid over a frame of boughs stuck in the ground with a hole in the top for a chimney. They burned out logs and scraped them,

dragged them to the water for boats, girdled the trees for clearings in the forests, planted with fish for fertilizer for eight or ten years, then gave them up to grass and cleared another. They hunted for deer and other animals; went on long journeys to spy out their enemies, the Mohawks or other hostile tribes; then home again to fish, bathe, oil their skin, chip arrow and spear heads, wrestle, smoke or sit silent with head on knees, while the women did their allotted tasks.

They scraped the skins their braves brought in, and made them supple, pounded corn or crushed it by rolling over it a heavy stone in the hollow of a big rock, brought in the pine knots, made "succotash" of the corn and beans and served the braves first.

Baskets, mats, bracelets of copper, belts of colored shells used by settlers for money were made during the long winter months.

And so we picture them as they lived on "the lands of Sippican", a happy people smiling rather than laughing.

There was the little settlement at the head of the harbor with the old "Indian field" and many, many more of the tribe coming over the Rhode Island Path summer after summer, that they may be near the sea. Men and women, boys and girls, babies on the backs of their mothers, all along the shores with the blue waters of the harbor dancing in the summer sunshine.

The fields are full of their spear and arrow heads; the shores still show traces of their feasts and their graves. Some of the graves have been rifled and grinning skulls deck the museums, but many old chieftains lie at rest on forgotten Indian burial grounds and Indian fields of Sippican.

There is a great rock near the lane that leads from Front Street up to Holmes' Woods that might have been brought from Labrador by the flowing ice river of long ago ages. It was split, as the ice sheet slowly ground its way along, leaving, so they say, a slab in Dighton, to be the slate of some sculptor who wished to make a record of some great event of his time.

As the ice melted, the "stone that was shaped dim years ago", settled slowly on the side of Hosmer Hill, called Bartlett's by the old timers of Sippican.

An Indian chief lies buried under the pine needles in the dark passage between its granite sides, or at least so the children of the older generation believed. As they climbed the sides of the big boulder they shouted and sang but when they ran through the dark cave in the rock, they felt a sense of awe that made them quieter because of the brave who lay beneath.

A copper kettle and skulls were taken from the garden of a little house on the road to "the wharf", and all sorts of spear and arrow heads from around Handy's Tavern which was built on a favorite knoll that was near the water in the old days, but the old chieftain's grave is still covered with pine needles undisturbed.

So many years ago he lived in Sippican. Which was his of the Indian names that have come down to us? Perhaps Watachpoo, perhaps Sepican, we do not know.

The King of the Sippican Indians was the great chief of the Wampanoags, Massasoit, perhaps the greatest personage who ever knew the "Lands of Sepican." If he had been of a different type New England history might not begin as it does.

Massasoit had thirty villages under him, which he governed from his main lodge Sowans, near what is now Warren, Rhode Island. He had other lodges and the forests and waters of all this section were a part of his kingdom.

In 1620 Massasoit must have been worried. He had had great grief over the dread sickness that had destroyed so many of the Patuxet (Plymouth) Indians; there was constant trouble with the Mohawks who came cat-like, skulking along the forest trails, and now the runners come with news of the great canoe seen along the Patuxet shore.

We can picture the dark messengers gliding along the "Rhode Island Path" sometimes by the great ponds, sometimes through Mattapoisett, "place of rest", reporting to Massasoit every move of the new comers.

There must have been many anxious confabs and long silent hours after the messengers had told the tale of the landing and cutting of trees, the building of queer shelters, the noise of the deadly firearms in the Plymouth woods.

And then the decision was made and in March of that Spring of long ago from his great lodge at Mount Hope the great chief himself with sixty warriors came through the Plymouth woods "tall proper men. They had every man a deer's skin on him and the principal of them had a wild cat's skin, or such like on the one arm — no hair on their faces, on their heads long hair to the shoulders only cut before, some trussed up before with a feather broad-wise like a fan; another a fox tail hanging out."

Samoset, the chief who knew a little English, with a few others with him, was sent swiftly ahead as messenger to the settlement.

We know from *Purchas Pilgrims* just how he looked as he stepped out alone from the Plymouth woods on that day, March the 21st in 1621 — "stark naked only a leather about his waist, with a fringe about a span, a little more — he had a bow and two arrows, the one headed, and the other unheaded. He was a tall straight man, the hair of his head black, long behind, only short before, none on his face at all."

He stopped outside the little group of houses and as their custom was, made his presence known by "a note of amazement." He called "Welcome English!"

They came and listened, those strange newcomers who had taken possession of the lands of his people, and he told them of Massasoit, a tribe they thought, until later they found it was his king of whom he spoke.

When he went back to Massasoit he was sent again with four others to tell of the coming of the great chief.

And then on a hill beyond was seen Massasoit himself with sixty warriors. From an old diary we read the description of an eye witness — "In his person he is a very lusty man in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance and slow of speech; in his attire little or nothing differing from the rest of his followers only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck. His face was painted a fed red like murray and oiled. All his followers likewise were in their faces, in part or in whole, painted, some black, some red, some yellow and some white; some with crosses and other antic works; some had skins

on them, and some naked except for a piece of leather; all strong tall men in appearance. The king had in his bosom, hanging on a long string a great long knife."

Massasoit is described by one writer as "a man who possessed the elements of a great and noble mind and generous heart. He went to the pale faces who landed in his territory as a king to meet the representative of a great king over the water of whom he had heard."

He whose statue now looks out over Plymouth harbor, was a powerful chief who must have seen how small was the group that met him, only fifty, some of whom were children. Sick, miserable, five hundred miles from any of their fellow country men; tired with caring for the sick and burying forty dead, some under the snow — thirteen dying during the month of March just before Massasoit came.

Two kings there were who influenced the beginning of the Plymouth colony.

From the country of King James of England during whose reign it was said "the courage of the English was buried in the tomb of Elizabeth," had come 101 people to Plymouth who were to change the face of a vast continent on whose edge they had landed, and as more than one historian has said whose small adventure was so great an influence in English history as to be written on the walls of the House of Lords.

James the "stuttering, slobbering little man" who swore that those who differed with him and his ideas of the Church, Puritan and Separatist alike, he would harry out of the land. "Make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse."

And Massasoit, to whose kingdom they came, and who for fifty-four years kept covenant with them.

Of King James it was said, "No king could be less respected and less lamented at his death."

When Massasoit lay very ill, we read in the old Book so often quoted (*Purchas Pilgrims*) one of his men broke forth— "My loving Sachem! My loving Sachem! Many have I known but never any like thee" and the writer goes on "and turning

to me he said — Whilst I lived I should never see his like amongst the Indians; saying he was no liar; he was not bloody and cruel like other Indians. In anger and passion he was soon reclaimed; easy to be reconciled towards such as had offended him; ruled by reason in such measure as he would not scorn the advice of mean men and that he governed his men better with few strokes than others did with many; truly loving when he loved; yea, he feared we had not a faithful left among the Indians, showing how he oftimes restrained their malice, etc. — continuing a long speech with such signs of lamentations and unfeigned sorrow as it would have made the hardest heart relent." A great love his people had for Massasoit. For half a century there was a good man over the "Red Men" on the "Lands of Sepecan."

Chapter 2

OUR ANCESTORS AND THE LANDS.

"No like body ever cast so great influence over human history."

CALVIN COOLIDGE—1920

And so twenty miles away from the Indian village of Sepecan there grew an English settlement in the place that on Captain John Smith's map is called "Plimoth."

They called themselves "Pilgrims." A little group who had worshipped God as they chose at William Brewster's manor house in Scrooby, England, "harried out of the land", fleeing to Holland, breaking ties again when the children began to grow up with foreign ways. With such a fierce determination to be free in thinking of things eternal that neither lack of this world's goods, nor pain of parting with neighbors and friends, nor terrifying thoughts of a long voyage into the unknown could keep them from setting forth. Leaking vessels putting back into harbors; again tearful partings; and at last one hundred and two persons, twenty-nine of whom were women, crowded into a little ship of one hundred and eighty-four tons, the *Mayflower*.

They sailed on September 16, 1620 "to plant a colony in the northern part of Virginia."

For two months they tossed about on the Atlantic until the "mighty headland" appeared, just as it did to Gosnold eighteen years before; and although they turned about Southward to find the Hudson River, they were so tired, drenched with brine, discouraged and all but lost, that they wanted more than anything else dry land, and on November 13 the men explored land and "the women washed" on Cape Cod.

A disturbance made by a few on board, because the ship was not going to Virginia, was the cause of the compact in the

little cabin that has become famous as "the birth of popular constitutional liberty."

It began "In the name of God Amen" and was signed by forty-one men, of whom eleven were called "Mister".

"We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better observance and preservation and furthermore of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, into which we province all due submission and obedience, in witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November (O.S.) in the year of our sovereign lord, King James of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Dom. 1620."

A Governor was chosen — John Carver, and so began the first government in America, if not in the world, with a written constitution.

That winter of 1621! A time of horror! Indians appearing in canoes in the bay; dark forms lurking in the forests, suddenly showing and then vanishing silently.

Dressed in their faded stained garments of russet, purple, buff doublets and jerkins, and cloaks lined with dim gay colors, they come and go on the Plymouth lands, with the *Mayflower* as a refuge from storms and cold, lying three miles off from the shore.

"Most of these were humble folk" Henry Cabot Lodge said at the 300th anniversary of the Landing, and he added "but the fact is too often over looked that these humble folk were the offspring of youth moving and stirring in every field of human

thought and human activity. They were the contemporaries of Raleigh, Shakespeare and of Bacon and were the true children of their wonderful age, with all its hope and daring courage strong within them."

And when one by one they grew sick and to one by one death came, this "daring courage" kept the small remnant from despair.

Even Captain Miles Standish, although he was an adventurer "a soldier from the Low Countries" and as Hubbard, the historian says "never entered the school of our Saviour Jesus Christ", was as gentle as a mother when sickness came. Cheerful Elder Brewster with his scholarly mind, his little library of classics, his wit, was a great comforter, as he and the little "pepper pot" Captain nursed the sick, going in and out doing all the "homely and necessary offices for them."

Such a pitifully small number; men, women and children in a trackless wilderness, with wolves and dark skinned unknown tribes surrounding them. So sick and alone, so far from home and yet so brave. There are those who live in old Sippican today who can say with Hoar —

"I am descended from the little company of whom more than half died before spring and of whom none went back to England."

There were forty-four who were buried secretly, silently, some under the snow, thirteen in the month of March.

And then Massasoit came!

The clouds lifted a bit, there was a feeling of spring in the air; the Plymouth woods didn't seem so gloomy, with bird songs fluting.

The *Mayflower* sailed for home. Death took Governor Carver and Mrs. Carver, and William Bradford was chosen for the high office. A brave sounding title! There were only fifty left to govern, but the problems were great.

No small task to keep everybody contented that summer. They were supposed to work, besides building houses and tilling the fields, were to hunt and trap for furs, fish and fell trees for timber, to pay up the London backers of the undertaking.

The little settlement was a communist group. Everything was held for the common good and use of all.

When the *Fortune* arrived from England in November, Robert Cushman, one of the leaders, who had been left behind when the *Mayflower* sailed, came ashore to find discouragement, and a little grumbling at the working out of the plan.

Cushman took them to task in a talk entitled "the sin and danger of self love" called the first sermon preached in New England.

His words paint the picture of that first summer. "And let there be no Prodigal Person to come forth and say,—'Give me the portion of lands and goods that appertaineth to me, and let me shift for myself';—Luk. 15. 12. It is yet too soon to put men to their shifts: Israel was seven years in Canaan, before the land was divided into Tribes, much longer before it was divided into Families, and why wouldst thou have thy particular portion, but because thou thinkest to live better than thy neighbor, and scornist to live so meanly as he? But who, pray thee, brought this particularizing first into the world? Did not Satan who was not content to keep that equal state with his fellows, but would set his throne above the stars? — and nothing in this world doth more resemble heavenly happiness than for men to live as one, being of one heart and one soul; neither anything more resembles hellish horror, than for every man to shift for himself; for if it be a good mind and practice, thus to affect particulars, mine and thine, then it should be but also for God to provide one heaven for thee, and another for thy neighbor — But some will say, if all men will do their endeavors as I do. I could be content with this generality, but many are idle and slothful, and eat up others labours, and therefore it is best to part, and then every man may do his pleasure. — First, this, indeed, is the common plea of such as will endure no inconveniences, and so for the hardness of men's hearts, God and man doth often give way to that which is not best, nor perpetual — go not whispering to charge men with idleness; but go to the governor and prove them idle; and thou shall see them have their deserts." Acts 19.38 2 Thes. 3.10 Deut. 19.15.

But the restless feeling of dissatisfaction grew through the years, until in 1627 the land, cattle, everything was divided, and the experiment was ended.

In the meantime, little ships came in from the home country across the sea, the *Ann*, the *James;* but the group was still pitifully small and poor, living on shell-fish, and venison and corn that the Indians brought in, for by this time their bronzed neighbors were coming and going in a friendly fashion with furs and supplies.

Edward Winslow writes to a friend:

"We have found the Indians very faithful in their covenants of peace with us, very loving and ready to pleasure us. We go with them in some cases, fifty miles into the country; and walk as safely and peaceably in the woods as in the highways in England. We entertain them familiarly in our homes; and they are friendly in bestowing their venison upon us."

Edward Winslow was sent back to England on the *Ann* the second year for supplies and to see if he could "plant at Plymouth" more settlers.

He came back in March in the ship Charity, with several cattle. These "four neat kine" the first in New England, as time went on, caused the keen "viewers of land" to scan with appraising eyes the "grassy plains" of Agawam and Sepecan.

The Governor with his captains in armor had visited tribes on Buzzards Bay and the surrounding country. He had looked on lands and waters; he had explored the marshes and shores; had even given his opinion on many matters in regard to climate and advanced an opinion on the "muskeet." At the complaining of the new comers, he says they "are too delicate and unfitted to begin new plantations and colonies that cannot endure the sting of a muskeet. Yet the place is as free as any"— he had explored far and wide — "and experience teacheth that ye land is tild and ye woods cut down, the fewer there will be and in the end scarce any at all". If he had added "drained the marshes" he would have solved the problem three hundred years ago.

So as the years go by the English knew Buzzards Bay, and the Indians knew Plymouth, but Plymouth has grown to be a

real English village, and yet a few miles away there are only wigwams and the gutteral notes of the real Americans.

The restless bustling British building fishing boats; by 1627 they had a pinnace in Buzzards Bay and trade had begun with the "Duch".

How amazed the Sepecan Indians must have been as they watched from the "necks" and islands as the trumpets rang out and Isaac DeRasieres, agent from Fort Amsterdam, "the chief merchant and second to the Governor" sailed past Bird Island and on to Manomet to meet the Plymouth people, and so overland to the settlement.

Dark forms all along the shores, impassive, alert, silent. And the little ships come in from England and there is a new colony north of Plymouth, and families and neighbors go from home out onto the new lands, and settlements are growing into towns.

The great storm of 1635 felled hundreds of thousands of trees in six hours, and the tide rose twenty feet along the coast! Did the dark people think all the good spirits had deserted because of the white man's coming, and did they pray hard to the bad ones to do no more evil? Three years later there was an earthquake and well might the Sepecan Indians pray, for on Jan. 22, 1638 "the plantation of Seppekann" extending nearly to Plymouth and beyond Dartmouth "was offered to eight men of Scituate for the benefit of the congregation of the Rev. John Lothrop who had fled from London to escape the persecution of Archbishop Laud."

Thomas Prince went in Governor that year, and he was interested in new lands, and a great land owner.

The Plymouth "surveighers" had not only come down the "trodden paths" but they had tramped in the forests, been around the shores and measured and scanned, and now offered to give this plantation to respectable settlers who would establish an English village on the harbor. The Lothrop party went to Barnstable instead.

Eight English towns and 2500 people and more ships coming and going.

As the "surveighers" tramp about Sepecan in the winter months, it is sunny and warm, and "a new grant of Sepecan is offered to the Townsmen of Plymouth as a place of pasturage and wintering of cattell in 1649." It is all mapped out by 1651; almost the boundaries of the present town, "eight miles by the sea and four into the land", although the "Lands of Sepecan" stretched far beyond on all sides.

New land; ships and colonists; troubles with hostile tribes; French and Dutch on the horizon; stilted letters sent out from the Governor in protest to unfriendly attitudes.

"You again professe a claime from Cape Henlopen to Cape Cod?"

"Leave it to Superiors to judge!"

And strange men and cattle coming down the narrow Indian trails where for centuries only moccasined feet had touched lightly the pine needles. Trails dusty, brooks muddy! The conquering race has reached the waters of Sepecan. The day of the Indian is closing into night. "Seven men of Plymouth" are "Imploying men in hearding and wintering cattell at Sepecan."

Where are those old meadows?

From some of the ancient deeds and account books we find that Ram Island was a meadow; all along the shore they lay green in the sunshine, the old Indian gardens grown up to "hey". On Charles Neck and Great Neck and Little Neck, along the banks of the rivers and up across the center of the lands. For generations the Indians had planted and then left the "grassie plains" and made new gardens, and now the white man came in, built his log hut, hung up his musket at night and made himself at home with friendly Indians while some dark forms stood motionless in the forest behind trees and boulders, and dark eyes watched stoically with a growing distrust in the heart.

A wonder, a silent resentment was spreading throughout the tribes, but the good chief Massasoit still lived. Puzzled Indians who thought when they sold land they were only giving permission to their white friends to hunt and fish as the tribe

did over the land, and when they were ordered to take up their wigwams and move off, what did it mean!

And the prices! The bargains those settlers struck! One hundred thousand acres bought from Wesamequen and Wamsutta, the young son of Massasoit, for thirty yards of cloth, 2 light moose skins, fifteen axes, fifteen hoes, fifteen pairs of breeches, eight blankets, two kettles, one cloak, two pounds in Wampum, eight pairs of shoes, one iron pot, and ten shillings "in another commodity," "probably rum" because rum had come into the life of the Indian.

As far back as 1637 a man was arrested for "more than ordinary refreshing." From the records we judge "drunk and lay under the table" meant "more than ordinary refreshing." In buying from the Indians, besides the shining little pieces of polished blue and white quahog shells, clothes and rum were used for money.

The old colonists had held swamps and lands in common; fishing and hunting over lands were free to all; old pathways were kept open; every man was "alowed a convenient way to the water were so ever the lott fale." As new colonists came, as the sons and daughters began to go out for land, the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, appears. The Indians begin to see what their marks have meant on those pieces of paper, that were so easy to make for wampum and firewater and a "coate" or two. At the court at Plymouth June 5, 1655, "liberty was granted to the towne of Plymouth to purchase lands of the Indians of Sepecan to winter cattle on," which tells a story in itself. Restless Indian owners of fenceless land; cattle trampling on corn fields and wandering about the little Indian settlement. The cloud was getting darker. June 13, 1660 "Mr. Thomas Hinckley and Nathaniell Bacon are appointed by the court to sett the bounds of the lands granted to the towne of Plymouth att Sepecan." More unrest and friction; the matter taken to the Court to settle; and as an undertone, the lowing of cattle, the sound of ax and hammer and saw in the woodland, and English voices on "the lands of Sepecan."

In 1662 Massasoit died.

The new chief Wamsutta was ordered to Plymouth. Impatient at his slowness in coming, armed messengers are sent out for him. Not a group of fifty Pilgrims, sick and alone in the wilderness but English colonists, sure of their rights, or at least of their desires and demands.

The boy is taken ill and his alarmed people beg that he be allowed to go home.

But it was not at home he died, and his brother Philip now head of the tribe, suddenly burdened with the weight of the welfare of his people, brooded over the thought that his brother had been poisoned.

He waited. The power wasn't his yet; the opportunity waited beyond the months. His time would come. In the Plymouth court room, the setting for many scenes in the tragic years that are coming, one day in August, Philip puts his mark at the bottom of a paper which reads that

"he will not att anytime needlessly or unjustly provoke or raise war with any other of the natives not att anytime give, sell or any way dispose of any to him or them appertaining to any strangers, or to any without our consent or appointment, but will in all things endeavor to carry peasably and inoffensively towards the English."

And "war" is written on the Plymouth records!

His "majestie" has the "piouse designe of converting the heathen nations," but strangers fell the timber in Philip's swamps, and he has to ask permission of the Plymouth court to buy a horse. The court *gives* him a horse "as judging it meeter than give him libertee to buy one."

John Eliot translates the Bible into Philip's language, and Philip rides "the horse provided for the trumpeter belonging to the troop of horses", and the trumpeter is given a new one. The cloud grows larger.

There are comets in the skies, and colonists wish they hadn't whipped the Quakers and driven them out, and they shudder at omens and signs.

They bring Indians into the courts away from their own homes and chiefs; collect wampum for fines; make the braves crazy with rum; order Philip here and there; and the chiefs

grow sullen and the Plymouth authorities complain, and still the settlers "sett out boundary stones" on new lands.

"The most considerable part of the English colonists professe they came into these pts. of the world with desire to advance the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ and to enjoy his precious ordinance with peace", but alas! many more came for adventure and land.

"Land is one of the Gods of New England," Roger Williams said.

Governor Prince takes up land in Sepecan and covetous eyes have "scanned" Charles Neck, for the Indian Charles, who seems to act as an agent to buy land and then transfer it to the white people, has bought the Neck.

It was owned by Wosiksuke and Wuttantanson both of Sepaconit.

They sell to "Paumpmenett allies Charles of Ashimuitt one Neck of land with meadow adjoyning; called Mektukquaamsett lying betwixt two Rivers the one being to the Southward of this Necke called Accout, the other River lying to the eastward called Pawkihchatt; the end of the necke extending to the salt water upon the southeastern line; the head of the necke being bounded by a place called Pitchnoohutt adjoyning to an old field upon the easterly side and soe upon a straight line running westerly into a place called Waquompohchukoit; with all liberties, priviledges and emunities there unto belonging with libertie of Commonage for cattle and likewise to make use of any *commonage* for cattle and likewise to make use of any timber for ffencing or ffowling or whatever priviledge is belonging there unto as nesesaire all of which" they convey "from ourselves and heirs and assignes unto the aforesaid Charles his heirs for and in consideration of eight pounds; to be payed in any sort of pay but peage" and they make their marks that 11th of July, in the year 1667. The witnesses are Richard Bourne and Thomas Burge, and so passes the necke of Seppican land with its woodland and "grassie medows" from the Indian owners, for Charles transfers it to English colonists for six pounds.

During the fall of 1668 there has been much trouble in Sepecan.

The Englishmen seem to think Watachpoo, the chief, does not own the land!

So the day before Christmas — Christmas that was not celebrated by the colonists — Watachpoo and his friends, old braves and young ones, come over the trodden path to Plymouth.

Had not the authorities set the ground at Sepecan as eight miles and four miles into the land, but some how there is some mistake for here are "some testimonyes concerning the lands of Watachpoo of Sepecan—

The testimony of Amawekett being an old man saith he heard from his father that these lands in difference did belong unto the predecessors of Watachpoo.

1. Wassauwon hee had these lands for his own possession.

2. Ispauwou, the sonne of Wassauwon held these lands for his owne.

3. Naunaumasso, the sonne of Ispauhgquan, hee likewise held these lands.

4. Maumoowampees, the sonne of Naunaumasso, hee had these lands which Maumoowampees Amawekkett knew himself to enjoy these lands.

5. Pohquantaushon, the sonne of Maumoowampees Injoyed this land; Watachpoo the sonne of Pohquantaushon desires still to injoy the land of his fore fathers.

These witnesses Testify concerning these lands.

The blacke Sachem with his wife testify the same that the rest of the Witnesses doth Wausoopausuke, the same, Josias witnesseth the same, Samporateen, Naoumott the same witnesseth! Ffrances understands the same. Sampson, hee heares and understands by his father that this is the truth.

Philip hath heard and know pr te.

Ompatakesuke witnesseth the same."

And from the chief in behalf of his people comes "This may inform the honor court that I, Philip, ame willing to sell the land within this draught but the Indians that are upon it may live upon it still but the land that is (Wastes) may be

sold and Watachpoo is of the same mind: I have set downe all the principall names of the land we are *not* willing should be sold.

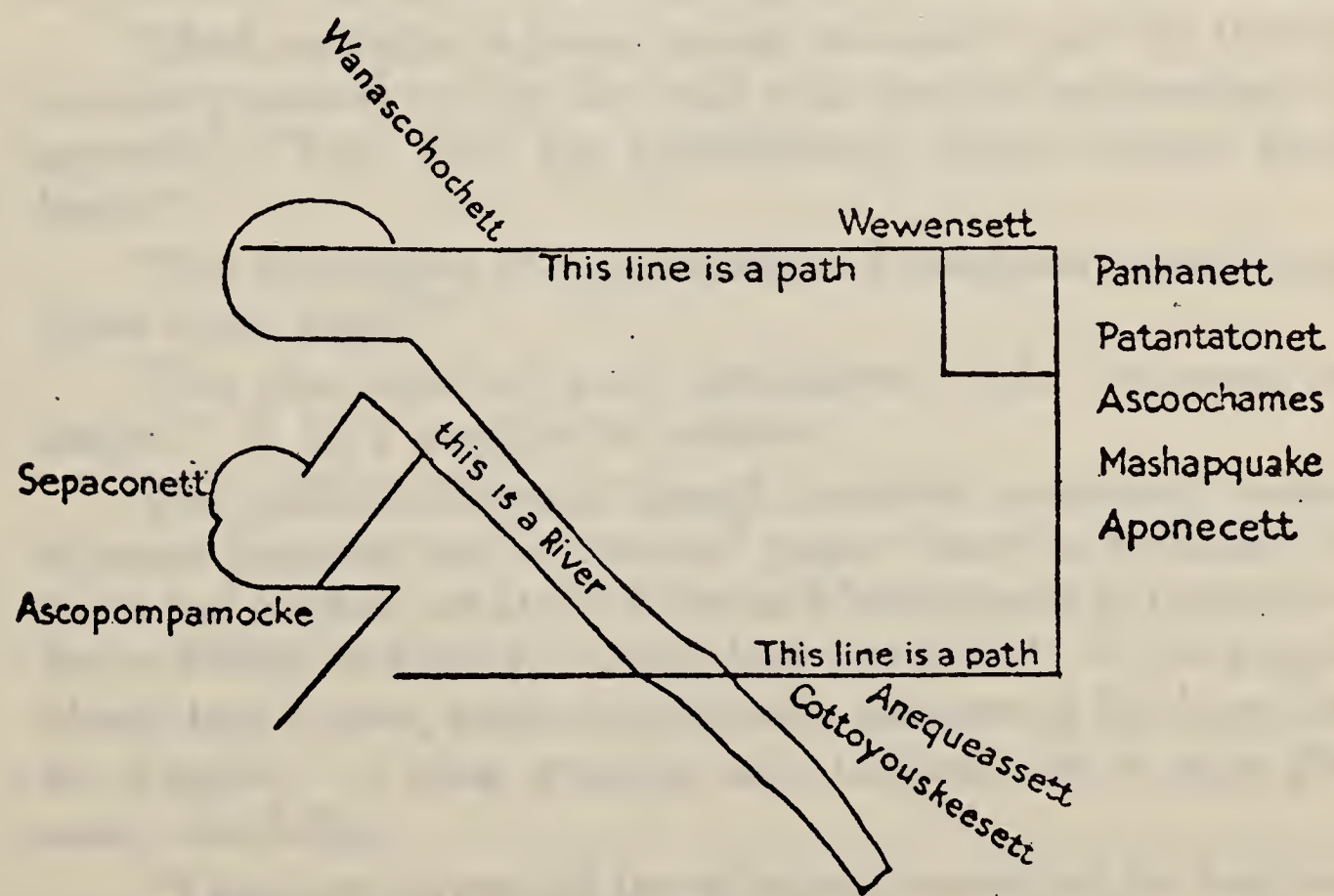
From Pacanankett the 24th of the 12th month, 1668.

Know all men by these presents that Philip has given power unto Watachpoo and Sampson power and their brethren to hold and make sale of to whom they will by my consent; and they shall not have it! Without they be willing to let it go! It shall be soe by my consent! But without my knowledge they cannot safely to: but with my consent there is none that can lay claime to that land which they have marked out; it is theirs for ever soe there fore none can safely purchase any otherwise but by Watachpoo and Sampson and theire brethren.

Witnesse my hand that I give it to them.

The marke P of Phillip, 1688." John Sassamon is a witness. A group of Indians, two chiefs, and their people from Sepecan! A statement from a haughty head of the tribe

"I have set downe all the principall names of the land we are *not* willing to sell."



Chapter III

KING PHILIP AND THE LANDS OF HIS FATHERS AS TOLD BY THE RECORDS

"A lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Suppose Massasoit as he stood on the hill at Plymouth with his sixty warriors about him on the March day in 1621 could have looked forward to a day in December in 1668 and seen chief Watachpoo of Sepecan, anxious, confused, surrounded by his friends in the Plymouth court room, trying to convince the Governor that those lands in Sepecan over which the cattle roamed were his lands. The woodland where the axes were ringing, huts were going up, was his father's land.

"And my father's father owned the land!" and the friends crowding around to sign the book with gutteral expressions of approval, "Yes! Yes! his grandfather's father owned these lands."

"For generation after generation Watachpoo's people enjoyed these lands!"

That the lands of your forefathers might be yours no longer! It isn't possible to believe.

The pathetic distress, though stoically concealed, seems to come from out the old stained pages down the hundreds of years and catches one at the throat and brings tears to the eyes—but to Philip in those far away days this anxiety of his people about their homes, made more deadly the hate in his heart for the English. A slow growing hate turning into a rage that sears, that kills.

"I have set downe all the principall names of the land we are *not* willing should be sold."

"These lands they will not sell! The waste lands you may have, but these lands they will not sell!"

It might as well not have been written!

The court records two years later read like a decree of the Fates.

"And where as the said towne in general have given and granted whatsoever profitts may anyway arise from or by the improvement of a considerable tract of upland and meddow belonging to the said towne of Plymouth, lying and being att Agawam, Sepecan and places adjacent, for and towards the maintenance and unholding of the said school att Plymouth", and Watachpoo of Sepecan listens, with sorrow in his heart, to Philip's plans for war.

And the youth of Plymouth are trained "in literature for the good and benefitt of Posteritie!"

Why should an inferior race object to selling land they are not improving?

But into Plymouth come messengers in breathless haste. They speak of what they have seen. The cloud is spreading over the sky.

"Reports dayly brought from the Northern and Eastern pts. that the Indians generally grow Insolent, their courage very suspicious and they give out threatening words soe that many alarums are made; the peace of the English through the whole country disturbed, they are weried with extraordinary watchings and wardings, hindered in their plowing, sowing, preparations for planting and other occasions to their exceeding great danger," and Cotton Mather himself says

"The heathen people whose land the Lord God has given to us for a rightful possession, have at sundry times been plotting mischievous devises against that part of the English Israil." One voice raised in defence.

"Are not our Families & Townes growne up in peace amongst them? — hath not ye God of Pease & Father of mercies made these natives more friendly than our native countermen in our owne land to us?" so Roger Williams could truly say.

One writer refers to the "wolfe complanying of the lamb," but his account has been practically suppressed.

Roosevelt calls some historians sentimental because they blame the white man but he admits that "undoubtably we have wronged many tribes" and in speaking of some inexcusable wrongs committed by the whites says, "it is only fair to keep in mind the terrible provocations they had endured." If an Indian historian had written of the deeds of the Indians he could have used the same words.

If only the spirit of the "First Comers" had been in the Colony the haughty Philip could have been made a friend but he had become embittered by the gradual encroachment on the land, the disregard of Indian laws and customs, and the growing attitude of the white men of insolent indifference to the chieftain's remonstrances and requests.

A curtain lifts now and then on the early scenes of the tragedy.

It reveals a haughty young Indian chief sending a message to the Court.

"Your Governor is only the subject of King Charles II of England. I shall treat only with the King, my brother. When he comes I am ready."

A church in the Taunton settlement. Hostility in the air. On one side the stalwart bronzed figures of Indians with painted faces and bodies, long bows and quivers of arrows at their backs, and on the opposite side the stern Puritan faces under the slouch hats of the Colonists, Governor Prince and his council with their heavy English muskets.

A summer day in Plymouth and trudging in from "Agawam, Sepecan and Weweantic" they come, Indian chiefs to swear allegiance to the Plymouth government. They make their marks in the Plymouth court room, "divers Indians", "engaging theire Fidelitie" on that July day in 1671.

What can they do? Armed men came and took their guns, and their presence is requested on the "sixt of July att Plymouth."

Armed men stand about the room, and slowly one after another Nashawauna, Wawoompaquaquin, Conconwacoo file

up and make their marks on the paper held for them; and another, and another, and another. The room seems full of Indian chiefs. Watachpoo of Sepecan, heavy hearted, and Sampson grave and sympathetic with his friend; and then down the long line the Black Sachem Tautozen hot rage behind his set face. These same Plymouth men raided his Assowamsett camp and took all the guns, and he is here with others to craftily spy and learn of the plans of his enemies.

They file slowly out, the grave faces concealing dark hatred, the revengeful plans of the cheated savage. The next day two messengers speed from Plymouth along the Rhode Island Path to Saconett.

"and tell them to bring in their English arms within forty day after notice given!"

Plymouth intends to "reduce to reason" this haughty young Philip and if Massachusetts and Rhode Island wont help, very well, Plymouth will do it alone!

But Philip's spies work well. Philip appears in Boston the very day Plymouth appeals to the Massachusetts council.

Yes, his father and brother had made a treaty, and he himself, but "only of friendship not of subjection." He did not consider himself nor his people subjects of Plymouth Colony."

He stood there a tall striking figure. One who looked on says "he was shown much respect in Boston," and describes him thus

"His athletic figure was well set off by a coat and buck skins set thick with beads and pleasant wild work and broad belt of the same." When he dressed in ceremonial costume he wore "a belt nine inches wide and seven or eight feet long, most beautifully embroidered by having figures of beasts, birds and flowers elaborately wrought on it." Another embroidered belt was used as a headdress. He used red blankets and "all of these were fringed with red hair from the Mohawks."

Outside, the rattle of carts over the pebbled streets; the noise and bustle of the little town on its way to becoming the most important in the colonies.

Inside he stood, the leader of his people appealing to Massachusetts which was acting as judge in the rising trouble.

Down in Plymouth it was written in the records "On the 10th of September, 1671 the concille of warr appeared but Philip, the sachem appeared not but instead repared to Massachusetts and made complaint to divers of the gentlemen in place there."

He would have to humble himself "or he would have to smart for it."

And in Boston Puritan faces bent over the message from Plymouth, keen eyes still seeing the straight young figure standing there with the burden of holding himself before his people as the Sachem of the tribe. And the message!

"1. Philip hadn't delivered up his arms.

2. He had carreyed insolently and proudly towards us refusing to come down to one court when sent for to have speech.

3. Entertained strange Indians.

4. Went to Massachusetts Bay to make mischief.

5. Incivility to messengers."

But Philip went no more to Plymouth!

From village to village, from chief to chief, he sent his messengers and at the Indian counsel from whose "grave solemnity a Roman senate might have taken a lesson," he presided.

It is no secret now that the Indians are rising and Massachusetts Plantation becomes worried and unites with New Plymouth and Connecticut and they proceed to draw up articles of confederation beginning piously "Where as we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end and aime, viz; To advance the Kingdom of the Gospell in with peace; and where as we are compased with people of severall nations and strange language"—and so began the United States of America.

And in Plymouth the court setting in the Spring session appoints

"Leiftenant Morton, Joseph Warren and William Clarke, or any three of them to purchase what so ever lands are yett unpurchased of Plymouth Grannt att Sepecan and places ad-

jacent with in the said grannt for the use of said towne; and they are to acquaint the Indians where they goe about it that soe they may come, if it may be to know the right proprietors there of; and in case they purchase more than what is within the said grannt they are to acquaint the Court there with."

Inland near the great ponds with the swamps and uplands of the Sippican lands in which to hunt, lived the Black Sachem Tuspaquin.

On July 4, 1673, "Libertee is graunted unto Benjamin Church to purchase a certain P'sell of land and swamp of Tuspaquin the black sachem and William, his son, for the inhabitants and proprietors of the town of Middleberry."

As all the guns had been taken from the Assowamsett Indians, probably the land was duly purchased, although five years before when Gov. Prince was exchanging fifty acres "adjoyning to his land on the south side of the brook that falls into Tuspaquin's Ponds", an old Indian made a will reading "Harry and his sone Sam; Harry desiers that neither Tuspaquin nor his sone be prest to sell the said lands by the English or whatsoever — The land mentioned which Tuspaquin posesseth, Ho, Wasako, which is as long as he lives". The old Pond Sachem left all his lands at Assowamsett to the black Sachem Tuspaquin, "as long as he lives!" Joseph Lathrop wanted the land between Dartmouth and Assawamsett and "Middlebery" claimed it; Joseph Paybody is after land and getting it from its Indian owners, until the court has written in the Records "Allowed to go out and seeke out land for his accomodation" but must "declare to the court what he hath done in that behalf."

The land hunger is getting beyond the control of the authorities, and the court makes a "law of the collone" prohibiting the purchasing or receiving any lands by way of gift from any Indian or Indians without liberty given them by the court. Threats to jail or fine seemed to make no difference, and although the settlers are fined, they pay and the land transfers go on, although many of the colonists live in fear of an uprising and go armed.

Philip had a Natick Indian, "a cunning plausible man," named Sassamon, as secretary. He was dismissed in 1675 and

came to Plymouth with tales of treachery and plots against the English.

And Philip came again over the Rhode Island Path, now a road with oxen, and men on horseback, with guns, and cattle lowing, and little mills on the streams.

The men wore hard shoes and broad hats quite different from the feathered head bands and the moccasins of the Indian runners that pressed so lightly.

After his visit Philip went with his chiefs and family over into the Narragansett country.

Sassamon's body was found under the ice in Appowamsett Pond the next Spring, "murdered" the men at Plymouth said, and they went out and brought in three Pond Indians and executed them. Still Philip waited.

The Indians had a superstition that the one who fired the first shot in any trouble was the loser always. They killed cattle and set fires, stole, did everything to frighten the white settlers, but they did not shed human blood.

The Records read that on the 15th June "Mr. James Browne went to Phillip to persuade him to be quiet, found his men in arms, and Phillip very high and not swadable to peace; on the 14 June our councell wrot an amicable friendly letter to Philip therein shewing our dislike of his practices; and advising him to dismiss his strange Indians and command his owne men to fall quietly to their business that our people might alsoe bee quiett. Mr. Browne could not obtain an answer from him."

On the 17th the Governor of the Rhode Island colony and five others went to him.

Philip told them what he and his people had had to stand.

"The English took the land more than the Indians sold them. The cattle ran over their cornfields and when an Indian was to be judged in Indian territory the English judged and punished where it was a matter for the Indian chief. The English made the people drunk and then cheated them. They would move miles and then the English would come into the land. The Indians believed that the tribe held its land and the right to use it was a common right. When my brother Wamsutta

became chief they thought of him as one to whom they could send commands and sent an armed force to bring him in at the butt of a pistol — And Wamsutta died! My father was kind to the English People."

And the scene ends with a grave young chief staring at the messengers.

On the 19th of June 1675 a man in Swansea fired at an Indian who had shot a cow. He wounded him and down in the Indian villages the war drums sounded and an old Indian sang the war song of vengeance and the war dance began.

Moving with spear and tomahawk in the direction of the enemy's land, they stretch the tomahawk out, give the war whoop and wheeling go in the opposite direction, turning about, they repeat over and over again the thrust of the tomahawk and the war cry.

On Fast Day June 24, 1675 the colonists were fired on coming home from church and then according to one historian "the most bloody war that has ever raged on these shores since known to history", swept over Rhode Island, Massachusetts and into Connecticut. Plymouth was terrified, towns were burned and settlers killed by Indians wild with long pent up revenge. They were trained to obey a command any where and were "more formidable on their own ground than the best European troops."

Painted savages, but also human beings fighting for their homes!

Some of the settlers didn't want to fight and there were some scandals, and soldiers wondering where their pay was coming from; so by 1675 tracts of land were given about Agawam and Sippican valued at one hundred pounds, and "the Treasurer Major Cudworth, Cornett Studson and James Walker are desired and appointed to take view thereof and make report to the court or councell."

"Lands and other proffitts of war shal be kept as cecuritie for the soldier's pay."

The war grows more bitter!

Settlers flee in terror from their homes to be ordered back by the court, or forfeit their lands; and constables are to seize

"barks, boats and carts as shal be found imployed in transporting of the goods of such inhabitants intended to withdraw."

More men raised to send into the war territory, and a day of humiliation and prayer ordered by the court "to humble our souls and begg the Lord's help in our p'sent troubles, by reason of the Indians theire p'sisting on in theire hostilitee and barbarous creweltie and outrage against the English."

It is said that eight Englishmen's heads were used as decoration for the front of Philip's headquarters; but the colonists offered bribes to the Narragansett Indians to give up Philip's relations to Plymouth, and offered for "Philip Sachem, alive, forty trucking cloth coates.—In case they bring his head they shall have twenty like good coates paid them." "Every living subject two coates — head, one coate."

Massachusetts offered one hundred pounds each for ten Indian scalps and "forty white warriors go forth to win the prize and returned with ten scalps stretched on poles and received one thousand pounds" and "in Boston on the cross beams of the gibbet, were the skulls of Indians bleaching in the summer sun."

And the "grassie plains" and the woodland and shores of Sippican become the prison camp of the owners.

Watachpoo is there, a prisoner!

"It is ordered by the councell that the Indians whoe come in, applying themselves to the govrment for acceptance to mercye, shall take up theire abode from the westermost syde of Sepecan River, and soe westward to Dartmouth bounds, as they have occation, and not any of them to goe any where off the aforesaid tract of lands but by order from some magistrate, or hee that is appointed to have the command of them, and to attend such orders and directions as att any time be sent them from the govrment, and that for the present three Indians, viz. Numpus, Isacke and Ben Petananuett shall have the inspection of them, and to healp them in their settlement, and to order them the best they can and that in matters most momentous to repair to Mr. Hinckley for directions & healpe."

Isacke pawned his gun later and had to buy it back or work 15 days, and "a p'sell of Indians ran away." Again we

let the court Records tell the tale. "And on the 12th of June anno 1676, severale Indians, a p'te whereof were sent in by Major Bradford, with others brought in by a smale p'ty of ours that issued out as scouts, were conocuted before the councill, such of them as were accused of working insufferable mischieffe upon some of ours. The first of them in question was a savage named Watachpoo, allies Tuchpo, whoe was questioned with three p'ticulars or articles.

1. Why hee fled out of his confines, which he was injoyned to keep on paine of death, wherein if hee obediently had stayed hee might have bine safe; to which he made little answare to p'pose.

2. Was in reference unto his abusing our Gov. by fraud and falsehood endeavoring to p'swade him that there would be noe need to send forth an army, for as much as Phillip's men had deserted him soe as hee had very few left with him except old men and boys, to which he could say nothing.

3. Was in reference to his goeing too and continewing with our open bloody enimie all the time of the warrs hither unto, in which time soe many crewell and hostile villanies have bin acheived: neither could defend this."

Watachpoo standing again in the Plymouth court!

He had been brought in before and questioned in regard to the murder of Earl Clapp on the Cape, and he said nothing.

He had learned that it was useless to *say* anything!

There was a July day when he stood before the Councill in Plymouth and *talked* of "the *lands* of his *fathers!*"

War drums — and the curtain rising on a scene of gay movement and play on the shores some where on the lands of Sepecan—on the Great Hill or Accoot shores. Captain Church, the Indian fighter, comes marching from Plymouth to meet Awashonks, the Squaw Sachem of the Narragansetts. As he gets into the Sepecan territory he crosses one river and then another and there on the shores he finds the encampment.

From his history we get the picture of Indians "running races on horseback, playing at ball, catching eels and flatfish, plunging or frolicking in the waves on the shore."

Queen Awashonks meets the Captain and invites him to a "fried eel, bass, flatfish and shellfish dinner" cooked as the clam bake of today, everything steamed together on heated rocks covered with sea weed. At the close "a great pile of pine knots and tops were fired, and the Indians gathered in a ring around it, Awashonks and the oldest of her people kneeling down in the first ring, and all the stout lusty men standing up made the next, and all the rabble, a confused crew surrounded on the outside. Then the chief Captain stepped in between the people and the fire and with a spear in one hand and a hatchet in the other began to fight with it making mention of all the several nations and companies of Indians that were enemies of the English; and at every tribe named he would draw out and fight a new fire brand and at finishing his fight with a fire brand he would bow to him and thank him. When he named them all and fought them, he struck down his spear and hatchet and came out. Then another stepped in and acted the same dance with more fury if possible than the first. When about a half a dozen of the chiefs had thus done the captain of the Guard told Mr. Church they were making Souldiers for him and what they had been doing was all our swearing of them and that they were all now engaged to fight for the English."

The tide turned. They hunt Philip now here, now there. Prisoners are brought in to Plymouth.

The last act is played in a black muddy swamp. It is August 12, 1676. English soldiers plunging through the briars and going knee deep in mud, with traitor Indian guides.

At last there he is, the chief of the Wampanoags! A shot rings out! One of his own people fires the gun. Philip falls, his heart pierced, face downward in the mud.

And so the young chief dies, "the most illustrious savage on the North American continent."

They cut off his head and send it to Plymouth! They cut off his hands and send them to Boston! They "hung his quartered body in the trees where he fell!"

And there was a Thanksgiving Day in Plymouth and the Rev. Cotton Mather said "God sent 'em in the head of a Leviathan for a Thanksgiving feast."

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Philip was dead, but out from the great swamp in Sepecan comes the Black Sachem, killing cattle, horses and swine, giving vent to his rage and grief, and the Indian fighter Church marches again from Plymouth through the Sepecan woods.

Tuspaquin was gone, so Church takes the wife and children, leaving two Indian women to tell the chief that he must come to Plymouth at once and be a fighter for him if he wanted to find them living.

When the chief came home along the Sandwich road he was met by cries of despair and the news of the capture of his family, and back he goes through the Plymouth woods.

He stands before the armed men of Plymouth court who tell him that Captain Church has gone to Boston, but that if he is to be a captain under Church they must see if he is impenetrable by bullets.

Of what use to waste words?

Perhaps he heard ringing in his ears the war cry "Iootash! Iootash! Stand firm! Stand firm!" — He fell at the first shot, dead! "And so received the just reward of his wickedness" the court said.

Annawon, Philip's Captain died with Tuspaquin. Today there is a bit of rising ground surrounded by swamp still called by the old people of Sepecan, "Towser's Neck," from the Black Sachem Tuspaquin.

Still the curtain is up — There is a great company of the dark skinned men, women and children, in Plymouth, five hundred of them, "severall of them have bine actors in the late rising and warr of the Indians against us — the councell adjudged them to be sold, and denoted into servitude, excepting a few of them are to be otherwise disposed of and the Treasurer is appointed by the Councell to make sale of them in the country's behalf."

And so they went to the West Indies, Spain, Portugal Virginia and Bermuda; some remained in Plymouth. Philip's wife and son had been sent long before. Among others disposed of was the chief Keeweenarn. He was given sentence of death which was that his head shall be severed from his body "which was immediately accordingly executed."

"The severall collonies shall fully posesse and freely dispose to theire owne advantage all such lands as lye within their owne precincts with other proffits as have been brought into them and are now posessed by them."

The curtain rings down over 12 villages and towns utterly destroyed and 40 others burned and ravaged by the horrors of war, and the "lands of his fathers" pass from Philip and his people.

Captain Church called Philip "a doleful beast" as they drew him out of the mud, but General Gookin said he was "a person of good understanding and knowledge of the best things" and he was "known to be humane and to exercise his authority on several occasions to prevent harm being done to English families who had been friendly to him or his father."

And his people, Watachpoo of Sepecan and Sampson and all the others. No trace. Gone, whether to the Indies or where, nobody knows.

In 1775 there were still a few Indians living on the "lands of Sepecan." A short distance west of the Railroad Station where the old trail ran up to the Center.

An old lady tells of her memories of the last one that remained in 1820. She was called "Hosey" and had married an Indian named "Dorrill."

"In 1820 Hosey was living alone in a house with one 16 ft. room in a clearing in the woods. The house had a large stone chimney built on the outside with an oven for cooking. A wooden cross bar in the center of the chimney was hung with heavy iron pot-hooks and trammels for cooking utensils over the fire. The door side of the chimney had a small entry and stairway. The fireplace inside extended more than half the width of the room. The room had but one window about three fourths of a yard in length and one half yard in width. The window was diamond panes of glass set in lead. A low bedstead stood in one corner. On the straw was laid a bed of chopped woolen rags, called flocks. There were three or four Indian chairs, and a small unpainted pine table; a small cupboard hung over it with her crockery. In one corner of the room was a large chest for clothing, in another a chest for food. She had several

blocks cut from square timber for seats. The children would huddle in there in the corner and look up the huge fireplace at the stars. Children loved Hosey and parents trusted them to her care.

She was kind but rather grave. I rarely saw her laugh. She used to trudge along to the meeting house covered with her scarlet woolen short cloak (a relic of the Revolution) and a little black jockey on her head.

Sometimes some of her people came from away and we liked to watch them weave baskets, seat chairs and make bush brooms."

The old lady finished her story. "Hosey has been dead many years. She was kindly and tenderly cared for. Many were the tears shed as she was carried to the burial ground of her people to remain until the resurrection morning."

The last Indian is gone and the burial ground of Hosey's people is lost in the forest.

Chapter IV.

OYSTERS, KENT AND ROCHESTER-TOWNE-IN-NEW-ENGLAND.

"Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

WHITMAN.

Those cedar and pine forests in Sepecan! The meadows on the Necks stretching out into the bay!

For sometime from the North, East, South, and West settlers have had their eyes on those delectable uplands, those hunting and fishing grounds.

Their guns are scarcely cooled, and long neglected chores done around their barns and gardens after returning home from chasing the remaining hostile Indians out of the colony, when there were meetings, and communications and interviews; and on March 10, 1679 with the Lathrops of Barnstable, and Keneln Winslow of Marshfield and William Clarke of Plymouth as agents, the would be Purchasers of the Sepecan Lands met "at Joseph Burg, his house at Sandwich."

It is decided that Mr. Thomas Hinctly, already at home on the Lands, and Mr. William Paybody, Joseph Warrain, Samuel White and Joseph Lathrop "shall take a view down of the Lands of Sippican and determine where the house lots shall be layed out and if the Land will beare it to lay out 40 ackers to a house lot and to have for their paines 25 6d a piece in mony." Samuel White was to stay with Paybody in Sepecan and Joseph Doty to go to help him.

And so they go riding over the paths, fording the streams down on the "Neckes" here and there, and decide that they will

give 20 acres for a house lot and 40 acres of woodland to go with the share.

They lay out 16 lots in Sepecan and 16 in Mattapoisett, and at the next meeting, April 15, they agree that in case those who come to settle don't like their lots assigned they may pick out lots on any "Unlayed out lands from Charles, his meadow and the long swamp to Sippican River."

Of course there must be permission from the Plymouth court before they can go on, and on June 3, 1679 the Court under Gov. Winslow replies—

"In answare onto the proposition of severall that would purchase lands at Sepecan and places adjacent, the court are glad to take notice of what they proposed and offer themselves to oblidge in order of a comfortable settlement of a plantation there; and shall be ready to accomodate them as farr as they can on reasonable and easey tearms, and give them all due incurragement, if they can procure some more substanciall men that are prudent p'sons and of considerable estates that will make a speedy settlement of themselves and families with them; and we desire and expect to heare further from them att the next meeting of the court by adjournment in July next."

Some of the most important men in the Colony already had obtained land from the Indians in Sepecan, and "in July next" the Court is satisfied with "the bargains" evidently, for on July 22 the deed is passed at the home of Joseph Bradford in Plymouth.

Seventy square miles of the lands of Watachpoo and his people, by the scratch of a feather, became the property of the white men.

It is too cold to begin to settle on the new territory in the fall, but by April 1680 they begin to come. Elizabeth Ellis of Sandwich is the only woman to draw a lot in Sepecan.

The other proprietors are Samuel Briggs, James Clarke, William Clarke, Seth Pope, Keneln Winslow, Ralph Powell, Joseph Dunham, Thomas Clarke, Aaron Barlow, Benjamin Bartlett, Benjamin Foster, William Paybody, and Joseph Burge.

The lands of Sepecan would have been settled long before, but the Indians were many and powerful for years. The "bloodie warr" came to pass, and there are no wigwams now around Minister's Rock. No dark skinned people playing, working, fishing. The wind blows over deserted Indian fields, until that April day when civilization comes riding in, in the shape of English colonists coming up over the Sandwich path.

The excitement of drawing lots! But the first and second, the best two "twentie acker lots on great Necke," and two of the best woodland lots are the "ministry lands."

Not many of the proprietors built. They sent their sons or divided their land and sold to the best advantage. The first little houses were on the clearing about Minister's Rock, the Angier lands, and over on Great Neck but not too far from where the "place of Publicke worship" was to be raised.

There was still a terrible fear and uneasiness about the few remaining Indians, and when Connett, the Indian Chief defied "the title of every one of these men called the purchasers of Sipican", and claimed "all the land bordering on the Weweantic and Wookinco Rivers," they not only paid him one pound in silver and gave him a trucking cloth coat, but most astonishing of all made him a proprietor.

With the minstry shares and Connett's there were thirty-three proprietors shares.

Every town was supposed to have a record of deeds and the deeds were recorded in the Proprietor's Book in Plymouth. As for those who had had deeds from the Indians, by 1688 Gov. Andros had stated that the "conveyances of land by the Indians were worth no more than the scratch of a bear's paw."

The old deeds are vague in boundary lines. They read "from a white oake" to "Red Rocke in the river" and "soe untill it comes downwards to the narrow stoney place," and so on. They mean nothing now, and the old boundaries were lost long ago.

There must have been many hostile Indians lurking in the swamps, as the deadly fear of them kept some settlers away for a number of years. They were tempted to come by the offer 'to those that first settell to live on the lands." They

could make the valuable product tar, "ten Barrells a piece for a yeare," but the Proprietors soon voted "small Barrells"; and also that there should be no "Tymber of any sort shipped away out of the limits of Sippican" and the fine was 20 shillings for "every tree or part of tree so used and sent or carried away."

It doesn't take long to build a log house with one dirt floored room; they plant their cornfields and put in rye, flax, pease and beans; then they are at the forest trees, making "Timber Bourds and Clabourde Cooper Stuf" and little boats were putting out from the "generall landing" to take this important product of their labor to other settlements. The Proprietors call a halt. If this timber was "brought to the water side or any landing place where it may be judged that it will be transported out of the Township" it was to be forfeited half to "the Interman and the other halfe to the Townes use."

No timber for "Post Rails or house frames" except for use within the town should be cut on the "undivided lands." The people weren't supposed to cut down trees unless they really needed the timber for their own use.

The log houses became frame dwellings with pine floors, with the white shore sand sprinkled on them, marked in whirls and flower patterns for decoration.

The furniture changed from stumps and blocks of wood for seats, to settees and rude chairs and tables.

Slow heavy years of hard work!

Everybody up at daybreak. The men tramping about in their leather breeches and long leggings, cutting and piling up wood; prying the rocks out of the fields and making the stone walls to keep in the cattle; going out for shell fish; shooting deer and foxes; sitting down to their meals of bean or pea porridge served in wooden or pewter bowls, with bread of rye or Indian corn or the corn and beans, the "succotash" of the Indians or "hasty pudding" and milk. Sometimes beef or fish or venison. The women cooking, mending, knitting, scouring, washing, bearing children and looking after them; and everybody in bed soon after the sun disappeared behind the dense pine forests.

The days are full of back breaking tasks and it is wet and cold in winter with only the fireplace fire which often went dead before morning; and sometimes very dry in summer making the lines appear in foreheads as shrewd eyes in the tanned weather beaten faces scanned the fields of flax and corn and rye. The lands must yield or there is want in the little houses.

The weather of New England! It has been the subject of speculation and shrewd "guessing" and short crisp conversations for 300 years among old New Englanders. New England can't forget the weather! In the fall there must be just so much protection for pigs, and cows, and horses, and oxen and hens; hay and grain stowed away for food; trips down to the shore for sea weed to stack up about the house to keep the weather out, and for bedding for the pigs; slow half day journeys down on the necks for salt hay for the cattle. The marshes and meadows on the necks were held in common, and until very recently farmers from the "center" could be seen coming up from Charles Neck with their hay wagons filled full of salt hay, the drivers seated high on top of the rounded load and the patient farm horse steadily plodding along. The old salt meadows on Charles Neck are now almost grown up to forest trees with the deeds still reading from "the meadow fence," now a tumbled down stone wall lost in tangled woodland, showing how the marshes have changed in three hundred years.

But the plantation of Sepecan!

In two years it had grown to be a real town and helped "lay out a way that will serve the inhabitants best of Middleberry, Bridgewater, Dartmouth and Sepecan." "Each town to pay their own man" and little Sepecan sending one man to serve on the jury.

Twenty acres of land are laid out on the two sides of the Sippican River for a mill site. This river comes down from the "Black Water" near Middleboro with several little brooks uniting; Muddy brook, Venture's Brook, Dagget's or the Front Brook. It empties into the Bay with the Weweantic River. Joseph Burge built the Sepecan mill; one large enough

to do for twenty years. Each proprietor paid ten shillings towards the cost and Connett paid in tar, six barrels for himself and his brother. The old mill is gone long ago and the location is lost. A mill was built later on Leonard's Pond and the mill wheel stopped only a few years ago.

A small settlement under the control of proprietors. Horse back trails between Mattapoisett, Agawam, and Sepecan with the woods full of deer, foxes, wild cats, some wolves and an occasional Indian overseer watching the few "Red Men" left, and seeing to it that no strange Indian lurked in the forest to hunt deer or do mischief in building fires.

In the meantime there is much talk of a name for the town. Sepecan means Indians, and the horrible experience they have just been through!

They are feasting on the oysters that are so luscious and so plentiful in the harbor.

"Don't they make you think of home?"

"It is the truth, they do," and the minds go back to the beautiful country of Kent, and their home town of Rochester in Old England, and so it happens that the thought comes —

"Let us call this our new home, for our old home, Rochester."

In 1686 June 4, the Plymouth Court decided that "Upon the request of the inhabitants of Sippican alias Rochester to become a township, and have the priviledges of a town the court granted their desires in ye respect."

And so another old Colony town is born with all a town's "Priviledges" and it is soon to find out, all a town's duties.

Over in the mother country Charles II was becoming alarmed and irritated at the strange actions of the new bustling settlements across the water. The King was to appoint the Governor, make laws and tax rates, and there shall be no more General Courts.

But Charles II died and James II came into power. Trouble! Trouble! "Whether the people or a king shall reign." It doesn't mean much to Rochester-Towne-in-New-England; but it spread across the sea and the horrid face of

war looked in again and the hand reached out and took one from his little rude home in Sepecan and sent him marching, marching!

And every town on the sea must look out for pirates and privateers and raise and levy such a number of well armed men as they think needful to seize and hold such persons, and if they resist, to kill. But most of the time, the settlers were busy about their crops and own affairs. It is hard to think of trouble across the ocean, or even a few miles away when black birds are eating the crops, and the foxes and wild cats are bothering.

It was not many years before the Proprietor's meetings were held in the town and slowly the meetings "to know the town's mind" grew more important. In 1689 Joseph Burge was sent as representative to the General Court at Plymouth.

Also Plymouth took the valuation of all towns, oxen, cows, horses, lands, meadows, vessels and "trading estates," "faculties and personall abillities." Those who refused "to give in a just account of their ratable estate shall pay trible," one third to informer, one third to colony and one third to town.

In June Rochester was in disgrace — hadn't chosen "raters."

Nobody wanted the office of constable, even if he was "Provided with a Black staff tip't with Brasse as a badge of his office." He had to collect the taxes and was a very unpopular man in town. To this day the warrant of the town meetings in the County begins "Plymouth 33:

To either of the Constables of the Town" and goes on with "Greeting" and directs the constable to notify and warn the inhabitants to meet at the Town house on a certain day.

In 1690 the selectmen of Rochester were Aaron Barlow, Samuel Hammond and Sam White.

In 1690 they had to think of the troubles of the mother country because two men were impressed from Rochester for the "expedition for Canady, or places adjacent," and the town must provide 3 charges of powder and shot and "put on board

the vessel provided to carry the souldiers, two pound and a half of powder and 12 pounds of suitable bullits for each man sent out. Alsoe to take care that the powder be sent so as it may not be bruised or otherwise damnified."

The vessel and men were to be ready by June 5 to go to New York. Having had information from the Governor of Massachusetts of their present expedition to "Canady", "The Court have concluded to raise and send forth 200 souldiers if need be of English and Indians to joyne with Massachusetts and other confederate forces for their Majesties service as afores'd." One fourth of these soldiers were to be Indians.

Four times a year the list was made out of all persons required by law to bear arms.

John Hammond was "approved by the Councill to be Lieutenant of the military company of ye town of Rochester, Joseph Doty, ensigne."

Roll call was on muster days, and it was ordered that "Town councils take care for watchings in each towne, and that one third of the souldiers at a time, come armed to meeting every Sabath day untill further order."

In the meantime in comes a notice from Plymouth to find out "Whether it be your minds we should sett still and fall into the hands of those that can catch us with out using means to procure that which may be for our good, — prevent that which may be our inconvenience."

Boston and New York had grown important in the years and were on the point of swallowing up Plymouth, and letters go out to England but in July 1698 the court sets for the last time in Plymouth. Sir William Phipps arrives in Boston and Plymouth is united with Massachusetts under the new Province Charter.

In 1691 — A Rochester Indian was sent off with "a well fixt gun, sword, a hatchet, a horn, car-touch-box, suitable ammunition, and a snap-sack" to go with Capt. Church to the coast of Maine.

As the years go by the woods and swamps and streams of all parts of the lands had been explored and house lots laid

out where the Rhode Island and the Sandwich roads met three miles above the Little Neck settlement.

In 1694 many changes were made in house lots and they tried to establish the center of the town. Isaach Little had a wood lot, No. 17, which was thought to be a good place to "sett a meeting house", "on the West side of Muddy Brook below where the Rhode Island Way goes over." Later Wood Lot No. 30 was chosen.

In 1697 the town exchanged its "Ministry lands by the Sea for the lands nearer the center, the present Rochester village and Samuel Briggs was allowed to take up the land around the old meeting house on consideration of his allowing a cart way through his land to the town's landing. "Whear as Samuel Briggs hath alowed a cart way through his Lands down to the townes gennerall Landing place on the northerly side of the harbor in case s'd briggs Receave damage by any Cart of Person either by breaking or Leaving open s'd briggs his Gattes or Railed he or they shall surly pay the whol damage that doth accrew to s'd briggs there by."

The roadway up to the Center was the old Indian trail that wound up through what is now the Radio Station grounds over an old corduroy road called in the Records "the long Bridg" where the new meeting house was "sett" in 1699. It was the traveled road from town to town and the rich important Prince family had built on that road. Samuel Prince was the largest land owner in town. He was like an English squire in his attitude and influence in the little town. By 1710 he had erected a large house on his estate and with his many acres of land was living like the county families of England. His wife was the daughter of Governor Hinckley and their influence over the town affairs was very important. Along the "old Bridg" road today may be seen stone walls, crooked apple trees, sunken overgrown remains of gardens with lilacs blooming, reminders of far away days when Prince was living in his big house called "White Hall" in memory of the family home in England. After the family left Rochester, called into greater fields of action and a larger life in the big towns, the house stood deserted and during the Revolution the floors

were taken up "to procure materials for making salt petre for the army", and then the house was taken down. Prince was sent as representative in 1714 to the General Court of Boston with pay of "four shillings a day for his pains." A son of Samuel Prince, Thomas, owned a part of Charles Neck and built the first house there. Thomas Prince was pastor of the Old South Church, and for 40 years was an authority on New England history. His library was given to the Boston Public Library, and items about books in the Prince collection are quoted in papers of today.

It is probable that the location of this estate caused the center of Rochester-Towne-in-New-England to be changed. Forty years ago there were remnants of fields where a hay crop was gathered. Today, even the road is lost in the wilderness, and it seems almost incredible that there could ever have been a squire's big house and gardens in that tangled wild. Almost every trace has disappeared, and in 1929 a room from the Prince estate, Whitehall, England was offered for sale in the United States by a Chicago merchant. If one were superstitious one would think of the old Pond Sachem's will when Gov. Prince was getting his many acres in Sepecan.

"Harry desiers that neither Tuspaquin nor his son be *prest* to sell the said lands by the English or whatsoever." Three centuries and the forest claims again Tuspaquin's lands.

The little center settlement was now the principal village; up the old roads they trudged to the meeting house. Some on horseback with the women on a pillion behind.

The Plymouth Road passed North East of Merry's Pond, where the flax was spread out on the shore. Intersecting this path was a long way passing by the center burying ground, called the "Rhode Island Path." The road past "White Hall" down to Sippican Village divided into the road to Mattapoisett village, and the road to Charles Neck laid out in 1705.

Both these old roads are now nearly lost in the woods, used only to haul out wood and logs from some family wood lots. The Great Neck Road was laid out in 1720. But along those roads they came two hundred years ago to meeting, to the center

to trade, to the mills, transacting the business of the town's fourquarters at the "town meet."

The "Town meet" that for so many years was occupied by ways to get rid of crows and black birds and wild cats. They were such a pest that every male was obliged to bring in his quota every year to the town clerk, heads of four crows and twelve black birds by the last day of May.

In 1699 it was Peter Blackmer, the miller, who was the "town clerk" and who had the duty of counting the heads. The wild game didn't disappear rapidly as twenty years later, in 1722, there were 21 foxes brought in and twelve wild cats. Wild cats and foxes both were paid for only if "the head of the beast was brought to one of the selectmen with both theire eares on to be cut off."

In the "town meet" in May 1703 the dogs of Rochester were cursed for digging up the herring planted for fertilizer in the corn hills. "The great dam that this town hath in time passed suffered by dogs going at Liberty when alewives are planted in cornfields with Indian corn", and so all the Rochester dogs went limping from the 20th of April for 40 days in the year 1704 "haveing one of their fore feet fastened up to their neck so as to prevent them digging up of fish so planted." Their cornfields were precious. One of the first things built in a village was the pound. A small enclosure with a very high stone wall around it with a gate, and all the "meat animals" that were loose in the village were taken into custody by the appointed pound keeper and money must be paid by the owner to get his animal out of jail. Only a few loose stones remain on the old pound lot on the Rochester road to show that the village once restrained its "Rames running at large." In 1722 "A Ram or Rames" must be posted in the five villages

"If in the village called the center at the hous of John Clapp

And if in the village called Sipycan at the hous of John Briggs

And if in the village called Sniptuit at the hous of Capt. Edward Winslow

And if in the fresh meadow village & Weweantit at Isaac Bumpus his mill

And if at Mattapoisett at the house of John Hammond." And there you have the five villages of Old Rochester-Towne-in-New England.

Up in the big town of Boston, the Great and General Court and assembly of His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England is looking after His Majesty's subjects. Samuel Prince, Esq. of Whitehall Rochester-Towne-in-New England is representative from his town in 1716—"Vast quantities of deer were destroyed last winter." "If you dont design they should be entirely destroyed some law must be made, for the preventing them being killed for a few years, and a weighty fine laid upon the offenders" and a bill is also introduced for "the more effectual destruction of wolves and dogs."

In 1717 Capt. John Ruggles, asks the court for 35 lbs. a month for protection of coast. He is owner and master of the sloop *Mary and Freelove.* The coast is infested with pirates and five pounds is offered for any pirate they shall kill and ten pounds for "each Great Gun they shall take in any Pirate's vessel."

In 1719 John Hammond is sent as representative from Rochester and in 1720, Samuel Sprague.

Still the lands of Sepecan, alias Rochester, reach almost to Plymouth.

A petition in regard to Wicket's Island presented to the House by Joseph Prince reads "that Nathan Wicket, an Indian may have liberty to sell or exchange unto him, an Island belonging to him lying off the Towne of Rochester" but Rochester is soon to begin to lose her children. In 1734 Mattapoisett wanted a meeting house of her own.

There are no wagons in town, only ox and horse carts and a riding chair or two. It is too far to ride horse back in the winter weather to meeting. That same year a part of Rochester is joined to the Agawam Plantation; and in 1739, 60 years after that April day when the riders came up the Sandwich path to Sepecan, the town of Wareham is set off.

In 1741 and again in 1742 the Kings' Ship came into the Bay and sent warrants to the captain of the militia to impress men into the King's service. Some of the men ran away and some bought themselves off.

The little villages grew slowly; they were no longer the property of proprietors.

Once in a while somebody's name looks out from an old diary or church record.

March ye 2nd day 1749. Squire Fearing of the new Town of Wareham writes "a complaint came to mee of Joseph Savery of Rogester cursing Ensin Ebnezer Burg two times and hee paid his fine twenty shillings old tener to mee Israel Fearing, Just. of Peac."

Penitent Joseph Savery "of Rogester" comes over the road with "ensin Ebnezer Burg," the Ensin probably with fire in his eye, and when Squire Fearing gets through there wont be any cursing of the "Ensin" in "Rogester" for some time to come. Affairs will go better on the old Muster Field.

But the training of troops must go on as the mother country across the sea claims her children in her trouble on the new continent.

During the French and Indian war in 1758-1760 many men of Rochester served in Captain Bradford's company in Canada. It is said, that in hospital records at Crown Point are Rochester names.

And some Evangeline might have found her Gabriel in Rochester-Towne, because in the old town book is written "Cloath for the french" and for "Keeping the old French."

On May 29, 1758 Peter Crapo, fifteen years of age, a volunteer from Rochester met the company at Eligar Clapp's at Middleboro, which "a little after sunrise commenced its march to the battle of Ticonderoga where General Lord Howe was slain."

Chapter V

TITHING MEN AND THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

"In Adam's Fall
We sinned all."

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

The men, women and children of the early days in Rochester-Towne-in-New England, lived, moved and had their being in a terrible little world of storms, comets, droughts, devils and witches, sternly watched by the all-seeing eye of Jehovah who could be calmed and appeased and made to change weather, and all other happenings, by his little toiling children beseeching and fasting and prostrating themselves in a contrite and humble fashion.

Any sort of calamity was laid to the avenging hand of a mighty God who was strong in punishment.

When the settlement of Dartmouth was almost blotted out during the King Philip's war, the settlers were scolded severely by the court, and told

"to live more compact together the better to defend themselves, and the better to attend the publicke worship of God, and ministry of the word of God, whose carelessness to obtaine and attend unto, we fear, may have been a provocation of God thus to chastise theire contempt of his gospell, which wee earnestly desire the people of that place may seriously consider off, lay to heart, and be humbled for, with a sollisitus indeavor after a reformation there of by a vigorous puting forth to obtaine an able dispenser of the word of God amongst them, and to incurrage him there in, the neglect where of the court, as they must not and God willing they will not p'mitt for the future."

"And that noone shall for the future, erect any house or cottage without speciall lycense given him in any place soe far

remote from the publicke worship of God as that they can not comfortable attend the same."

The Court made a ruling that no more new settlements could be formed unless there were enough people to form a congregation for public worship.

By 1695 the law was strict. Every town must have a meeting house.

The Church of the "First Comers" was the church of England. One of the most cultured men of the English Church, whose life was affected by the "harrying" of King James, was the good pastor of the "Pilgrims", John Robinson, who was never to come to the new home of his people.

He signed "seven artikes" in regard to the Virginia colony that his small group wished to help establish.

The first reads as follows—

"To ye confession of fayth published in ye name of ye church of England & to every artikell there of wee do with ye reformed churches where wee live & also elsewhere, assent wholy." He says:

"For myself I believe with my heart before God, and profess with my tongue, and have before the world, that I have one and the same faith, hope, spirit, baptism, and Lord which I had in the church of England and none other."

In fifty years the descendants of the "First Comers" had adopted and adapted from the many new comers of many minds, ideas until the Orthodox religion of New England was born. The hard cold winters, Michael Wigglesworth's "blazing poem", "The Day of Doom", the New England Primer, the granite boulders, the Indian wars, helped in the forming.

Their minds were stamped with scenes depicted in the "Description of the Great and Last Judgment."

The sheep, God's elect, on one hand, and the goats, those not destined to be saved! And the little children! Infants, who although they had had no chance, because of "Adam's fall", were lost. However they were allowed "The easiest room in Hell!"

Minister's Rock — "Where the first settlers found cleared Indian fields"

The court tried to appease this God of New England by days of fasting and prayer.

They were puzzled sometimes for a reason for God's wrath. It was the New England "pride and wantonness." It was the Lord "whipping New England worlddyness".

The 2nd Indian war came "as a judgment and testimony of God against the wearing of periwigs."

On Oct. 3, 1682, the General Court, Hinckley, Governor, prays that "God would sanctify his hand in that epedemicall disease & distemper of the colds and coughs in the country, as alsoe his afflicting hand upon his children that hath been so mortall to many in divers places; and that henceforth cease forever his anger and restore and continew health everywhere."

The Court decreed days of fasting and prayer that Jehovah should see that his children paid him due honor.

Forty years, and it is moved that a "Day of Publick Prayer with fasting be in a short time appointed and solemnized throughout the several Townes of the Province, upon the various occasions thereof and particularly the awful Frownes of Heaven in its distressing early Drought."

And a century later the Rochester Church records read Aug. 9, 1770 "Being a day set apart by ye ch for prayer & fasting on account of a severe drought."

So "Publicke worship" began as soon as possible in Sepecan when the weather permitted, with the people clustered around Minister's Rock.

It was six years before there were enough people to warrant petitioning the Court for a settled minister. An uneasy distrust of the Indians had kept some families away. In 1683 there were sixty families and a small meeting house had been built near the "Rock" on Little Neck, and Samuel Shiverick, a Huguenot who had fled from France, was asked to preach.

Shiverick is sometimes called the "Mete Man", sometimes the "meek man." Perhaps as he went about collecting the shillings for his pay he was "meek." They raised a house for him and gave him the use of "the ministry lands," "ten akers of upland" about his house, and he planted and plowed and got in his "hey", and so made a living.

The proprietors who didn't live in Sepecan, at first had to pay four shillings a year towards the minister's support. He was supposed to collect two shillings from all land owners who were "livers". The second year the little meek minister had to collect ten shillings from each family, but as time went on two persons were appointed to collect the minister's salary, and if the people didn't pay, the amount was taken out of their estates.

The first little meeting house cost 20 pounds, It was soon vacated and sold and finished its days as corn cribs.

The Whipping Post was generally set in front of the meeting house but we hope it wasn't needed in Sepecan as long as the meeting house stood near Minister's Rock at the head of the harbor.

Mr. Shiverick was a lay preacher and when the new meeting house was raised, the Reverend Samuel Arnold was called. He was given more land and a share of meadow and upland if he would promise that he would stay until he died.

From the fording places on the Sepican & Weweantit Rivers coming over from Plymouth and Sandwich, far up from where the bridge is now, for miles, and where the Sepecan cart road came out (Dexter's Lane) and the Rhode Island Path came over, settlers had taken up acres and acres of land and were building houses and forming a new community. This was about where Rochester Center is now. The Quakers, who had been hounded ever since they had landed in 1656, whipped and scourged and banished, had found a haven in Sandwich, and many under the leadership of John Wing and Savory Clifton had come to Sepecan and were at peace on the Indian fields on the rivers and harbor. Sepecan was no "bloodie Boston."

John Wing's name remains on Great Neck today in Wing's Cove, and descendants of Savory Clifton held many acres of farm land until 1900.

The Quaker grave yard is opposite the Methodist Church where a small tablet reads

"Within this enclosure lie the Remains of
326 Friends
200 by 67 ft."

They were sometimes very annoying, as they would not support the minister and the meeting house, and often came into other meeting houses and interrupted the services; but there is no record of persecution in Rochester and today the little white meeting house on the road to Mattapoisett reminds one of the Quakers on the Sepecan lands.

Samuel Arnold, who had promised to remain as minister for his life exchanged some of his land, "40 akres sea-lots belonging to his own shear with Savory Clifton and had instead there of taken up 40 acres granted to each whole shear at a meeting of the purchasers held July 13, 1697."

Many people were getting new lots and building near the vast holdings of Samuel Prince, the rich man of the Colony, so when the question came up as to where to "sett" the next meeting house on May 13, 1698 the "sirveyors" report that "according to Power given them from the purchasers" they "have surveyed and laid out a shaded place convenient for the setting of a meeting house for the publick worship of God it being the southerly part of that wood lott which first belonged to Mr. William Peabody, and being thrown up by Mr. Ichabod Wiswill & John Rouse (see p 23) the aforesaid sirveyors having taken up the westerly half of s'd woodlot to ly and remain the ministry & a competent part not less than ten akres of S. end there of to ly and remain unimproved by any manere of tillage for a burying place & training field & to sett a meeting house upon as aforesaid."

On May 10, 1698 the town had "voted to build a meeting house at cost of s'd town," but it wasn't until Feb. 2, 1699 that the exact spot for the new meeting house was decided upon, where the ayes had it that the meeting house should be "sit on the Westerly sid of the Long Bridg." So on the cart road down to Sepecan which was so swampy that a long stretch of corduroy road bridged over the wet places, was set the new meeting house with the burying ground and training field near —thus forming the new center of the town.

And the burying ground and the training field remain to this day and even some of the old sunken logs of the "long bridg," but the site of the meeting house is lost.

There was some difficulty in raising the money, and on July 12 they voted "to pay for the meeting House by a free will offering if that would amount to the sum of fifty pounds."

Samuel Prince, the big land owner, Peter Blackmer who built the mill, and who also as town clerk had received gory heads of wolves and destructive birds, and Mark Haskel who had come in a hurry from Salem, his horse galloping quick and fast to escape serving as juryman at a witchcraft trial, were the committee men who had the building of the House on their hands. It was a very proper meeting House with "a pulpit and flours and seats and girts for 3 galerys with 3 seats a pew and windows as the undertakers shall see convenient." "It was 24 by 26 ft. and 10 ft. between joints, with a gable on each side."

Very soon the house wasn't large enough and it was extended at the back and seats built "nye the pulpit stairs for Antiant parsons to sett in." The prominent members built their own pews on beams over the galeries, and there was no mistake as to ownership. In some towns people were fined large sums for "setting in a seat belonging to others." The Squire of the settlement didn't wish, when he strode into his exalted place with his brood behind him, to find some unimportant person occupying a corner of the three seats around his square enclosure. "Seating the meeting" was a perplexing job but when it was done, a strict law took care of offenders against the decisions.

By June of the new century the records are bustling with the great "chang arising in s'd town of Rochester."

A real democracy on the way. The "town meet" is becoming more important. The proprietors are less powerful. The town votes to raise money for "a town stock or Treasury out of which the town taxes shall be paid, as the Law—directs by order of the Selectmen." They still have charge of the meeting house and vote on that same June day to employ a woman "to sweep the meeting house once in 15 days, or so often as shall be ocation for sweeping of it to keep it Deasent."

By Oct. 13, 1703 Minister Arnold has organized his church—

"It has pleased our gracious God to shine in this dark corner of this wilderness and visit this dark spot of ground with the day spring on high, through his tender mercy to settle a church according to the order of the Gospel."

Old Minister Arnold besides preaching and burying the dead, had to farm, and teach ambitious boys who wanted to go to Harvard College, and pull teeth, and give out opium, and saffron, and elder, yellow dock, and snake root to suffering parishioners, when their home stock failed to relieve.

He lived five years after he had organized his congregation, and the people looking about saw young Timothy Ruggles, *Mister* Timothy Ruggles because he had graduated from Harvard College. He was educated, he could preach to them. Sermons were the principal part of the meeting, so he was "Treated with & duly incoraged in order to a Settlement."

The town gave him a farm of seventy acres, besides the use of the "ministry lands," and an annual salary of thirty pounds which was afterwards increased to one hundred pounds.

They had set their hearts on Timothy. He was a gentleman and a scholar. They were proud of him. He was a great grandson of Thomas Dudley, second Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

They allowed him to give the dimensions of the house they raised for him. He furnished the "glasse and nails", and it was set on the road to Sepecan below the meeting house. By 1714 the meeting house was too small. Useless to put on an addition, and so in three years a new meeting house was built on a spot, now a grassy plot, opposite the gates of the Rochester Center Cemetery. From this time the meeting house doesn't occupy time at the town meeting, it being looked after by the parish.

The new meeting house was "40 ft. by 35 ft. and 20 ft. between joints." The pews were much better looking than those in the old meeting house. Those had been built by the owners according to their individual ideas and were evidently of different heights and some not well made. The new pews

were "al of a haith and bult workmanlike." There must have been a striking difference in the appearance of the meeting house interior or the clerk wouldn't have set it down in his little fine handwriting for us to see two centuries later.

Over the highway "two rods wide" that had been laid out near the meeting house of 1705—up the way that "leads southerly to Matapoisit," and the cartway "from the meadows upon and near Charles Neck," over the Country Road from Great Neck around Merry's Pond, from the Fresh Meadow village down Weweantit way and from Sepecan Landing they wind along afoot, horseback and in carts every Sabbath Day morning.

How fresh and wonderful the air on those forest roads on a June morning!

All the week from sun rise to sunset they have toiled, and now dressed in their humble homemade clothes they come to the meeting house. Some because they must or be outlawed; most of them because they like the meeting of friends and neighbors. The men swap stories about crops and cattle, drive shrewd bargains; while the women talk of spinning and weaving and children, and quilts and new patterns for coverlets, or shudder as they talk in scared whispers of "the truble at the Hascels" because the daughter put the brooms under the chair.

It is as though a fog lifted and one saw the little brown figures moving in the mist of years.

And the tithing men are on hand to look after unruly boys, and restless girls and nodding parents. Tithing men, who at first had the care of ten families and ten Indians under an overseer. Tithing men whose duty it was to pry into one's family affairs and find out what the family spent for living, so as to check up on their contribution to the meeting house. Each man had a long staff knobbed on one end and with a tickling rabbit's foot or fox tail on the other. One end was for people awake and the other for those asleep.

In the winter time after the long cold ride from the other villages to the center, even the frigid air of the close meeting house was conducive to drowziness, and in summer with the

branches waving across the open windows, with bees and flies lazily humming and the minister's voice droning on for an hour, the brush end of the stick was often needed. The only time some hard working old settler woke up during the meeting time was when he shook himself awake and moved decorously up to the deacon's seat to put down his tithe towards the support of the meeting house.

Mr. Ruggles got tired of going over on Great Neck to look after a part of his farm and there it is on the records how in the year 1720 Samuel Sprague, Benjamin Hammond and John Briggs asked the Court

"That whereas their first Proprietors and Purchasers Laid out a Ministerial Lot which is in several Divisions and not so advantageous to the minister as if it were intire, praying they may be empowered to make Sale of said Lot (22) in the several Divisions there of in order to make a purchase of one Farme for the Ministerial use agreeable to the intent of the first Proprietor, in separating one intire share of Land for the use of the Ministry."

And Mr. Ruggles kept on preaching and the people came to meeting; the tithing men did their duty and the years brought more people, important people who wanted prominent seats, and in 1733 "Certain people" were given permission to build pews on the beams above the galleries, and it took 10 tithing men sometimes to keep order! Why shouldn't it! Crowded into the building are the respectable men and women of five villages to say nothing of the children and dogs!

And besides there is the room of refreshing near the meeting house! The Tavern!

On the frosty Sabbath mornings after a long cold ride over from Mattapoisett village, a long cold service in a frigid meeting house, made more ice cold by the feeling that you may not be one of the elect, how thoroughly warming to the body and soul to gather in the tap room of the nearby tavern with your old friends, around the roaring fire in the big fire place and have a respectable man of the settlement, a moral man and a man of property, fill up the mug with hot toddy or a sizzling flip. And how hard to stir from the warmth in time

for the second sermon, but out everybody must go! The tavern must be cleared during meeting or there will be trouble for the good tavern keeper. But how good the tavern drink and how good the tavern fire, and when you talked over the happenings of the week with this one and that one, how much one could imbibe!

Not enough to make one a nuisance so one might be thought undesirable and asked to depart from the town.

But when you got back in the hard pew perhaps you fell asleep and snored and the tithing man gave you a sharp rap, and the children tittered and then there was work for the other tithing man. The tithing men were there to "Inspect the Youth on the Lord's day to prevent the profanation of the Lord's Day and to bring them to punishment if they don't reform."

In the meantime the town had not been idle in regard to "the three R's".

In 1704 it was voted to put into the minister's hands ten pounds to support a school master, and the next year the selectmen were empowered to "engage some able person to teach children and youth to Reed and Right," at two shillings a week with "dyet, washing and lodging."

But the children must have been taught at home, with the large boys who wanted a college education taken in charge by the minister, because not until six years later did they choose any one.

In 1711 Jane Marshall was engaged "for to teach childered & youth to Reed and Write" and in pay she was to have her "dyet and twelve pounds". Mrs. Jane Marshall went around from one village to another but not for long, because "Joseph Benson, John Dexter & ickobod burg" had had their eyes on her and they "requested to have their protest entered for that they accounted she was not as the law directs."

Poor Jane Marshall who thought she had a respectable position as school mistress! Perhaps she didn't know the Ten Commandments! Or perhaps she had committed an offence to proper decency!

The Old Colony Laws were so strict. They stated that children must be taught to read the Scriptures, and must know

Brigadier General Timothy Ruggles — "Timothy, the Tory"

the Ten Commandments, and give proper answers to the Catechism when they were called up in the meeting house for their examinations. Every family must have a Bible and Catechism, even if it were paid for out of the Town Treasury!

Perhaps some freckle-faced boy faltered in his answer to the question about company in hell and mispronounced "Legions", and to the stern faced committee sitting solemnly on the hard meeting house seats, it showed that Mrs. Jane Marshall was not as the law directs in her education.

"What company will be there?"

"Legions of devils, and multitudes of sinners of the human race."

Or perhaps she walked by the Trout Brook with a swain (she was a widow); or perhaps she picked an apple on the Sabbath Day.

You could be put in the stocks for that; those horrible structures built in the meeting house square where many a poor wine bibber or scold or liar could be seen with legs and arms and head stuck through holes in stout timbers, with sometimes the unprotected face covered with mud and filth thrown as scoffers passed by.

Many have been shocked in looking up ancestral lines to read in the Records, of a forefather who was arrested for Sabbath breaking. After pondering on the disgrace that this far away ancestor is bringing at this late day into the annals of a respectable family who is only trying to get into the English royalty, what a feeling of relief when on turning a page, "Sabbath breaking" proves to be "Carrying corn from the mill." One had to be careful in those old days. Even writing a note on "common business on the Lord's day" was not the proper thing to do "although this last offence might meet only a reproof."

Perhaps Jane wasn't able to control the unruly boys, forty or more of them, who came tramping into the little school room on week days.

There were no girls to relieve the masculine atmosphere of the "skule" and pick posies for teacher by the wayside,

because for many, many years girls were not sent to the public schools. What they knew of "Wrighting and Reeding" they learned at home or at a Dame School. Not until a hundred years later were they admitted as the boys were. They went to Dame Schools and learned knitting and made samplers to show their different stitches, worked into the alphabet and birds and houses, and a verse from the Bible and a name and a date.

Women educated! It was harmful to females! Didn't Gov. Winthrop in 1645 express the masculine opinion of the century when hearing of the failing mind of the wife of the Governor of Connecticut, he writes in his diary—

"If she had not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men whose minds are stronger she had kept her wits and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her."

And so the masculine mind reasoned for the next two hundred years.

Jane Marshall! Perhaps she laughed on the Sabbath Day at Joseph Benson and John Dexter and Ichabod Burge going piously in at the men's door of the meeting house!

Anyway, she fades from the picture, and in February they chose John Myers as "Skoól Master", and he was paid twelve pounds in money "for his paines in keeping of Skool to teach children & youth to Reed and write & to have his dyet provided for him."

He went all over the settlement, jogging along sometimes on horseback, or more likely walking.

"first at Whitehall, then at the center, 3ly at Mattapoisett, 4ly at the fresh meadows, and 5ly at Sepecan."

The "Skool Master" with his quill pens, his ferule, his rod, and his dunce cap, and Reeding and Wrighting and figuring. The Bible and the New England Primer and the Catechism! No Geography! That was only "a diversion for a winter's evening," until nearly a century later.

And we know one boy who went to school to Jane Marshall and John Myers, in Rochester long ago. Over at Whitehall one rainy day that summer of 1711 he sits down and begins a diary

"Joseph Prince His Book, Anno Domine, Remarks
Aug. 4, 1711 Aage 15 years at hom.
da 4 Rany, Right, Read."

He was a solemn little boy if one judges by his reading. "An accompt of the books that I rede out." Among them are "the bibel."

A Discourse Concerning Comets.
Time and the End of Time.
Contemplation on Mortality.
Now or Never the time to be saved.
The Joy of Faith.
The Foly of Sinning.
The Sincere Convert.
The poor Doughting Christian drawn to Christ.

Joseph was the son of the rich land owner of Rochester. His father had made money in land, also in coasting vessels, had been captain of the sloops "Tryal" and "Little Otis", and Joseph's grandfather was Governor Hinckley.

He had lived first in Cromeset Little Neck. Cromeset included Great and Little Necks in Sepecan and the Prince boys "loged" sometimes in the small house at Cromeset.

The Prince family owned hundreds of acres and one of the boys, in 1704 had called himself "duke of Sandwich". But the big new house was built on the road where the "long bridge" is and Joseph writes on the "rany" Aug. 4. It is Saturday and the next day is the Sabbath and he goes to meeting, sits in the prominent Prince pew and listens to a discourse by the Rev. T. Ruggles from the Text. Tim. 3. 5 which he sets down in his diary.

"Having a form of godlyness but denying the poor thereof from such turn away."

He "drives plow" and goes to Sandwich and makes hay and goes to Middleboro.

Sometimes he "logs at Cromeset" then "cums hom" and always he "reades."

"Monday. Read, Right and Sifre.

Tues. Took ox and drive plow. R.

W. Drive plow & Reade.

Th, Drive plow & Reade. Go to Middleboro."

His mother is away from home and he receives a letter from her and copies it in his diary

"See you be a good boy and mind what you have to doe. Comb your head and read as you have opportunity. Dont venture into danger without a call. Have a cair you do not get cold and make yourself sick. But above all take cair of your soul. Don't live like a wicked boy, without prayer whairever you be."

Four years later in the diary he writes "I finding myself Inclining to Spiritual decays in Religion I do here by beg of God for his spirit to quicken me."

John Myers must have been husky. He wasn't thrown out of the "Skule house" by the big boys and his salary was increased to 16 pounds and later to 20 pounds, but they soon out grew his teaching, and in 1717 Thomas' father was empowered to provide the town with a grammar school.

William Griffith was hired for a quarter of a year "if he will agree to tearms."

In 1720 Rochester was in disgrace again before the Court for not having a School teacher, and not until 1723 do we catch a glimpse of another, then one by the familiar name of "Masshell" is examined and found to be "a fitt person Qualified as the Law directs."

"Mr. Josiah Marshall". He has been to college. Whether he plied the birch and made pens in Rochester for ten years, the records do not state but in 1732 Benjamin DeLaNoy came and taught for thirty pounds and "Dyat, washing and lodging & hors to Ride."

He taught for many years, but there are many blank spaces in regard to education in Rochester Towne and sometimes years passed with the youth learning to read and write at home, with boys going to college taught Latin and Greek by the minister. The state law in regard to district schools was passed in 1789, and ten years later Rochester adopted it.

But every Sabbath Day, school or no school, the youth gather at the meeting house, spell out the names of the Banns

posted on the doors, go in sedately, watch the hour glass as it is turned as the sermon goes on, try not to wriggle when the titheing man is looking, hear the new born babies choking gasps as they are baptised in the ice cold water, watch the deacon as he stands on the pulpit stair and "sets the Psalm", blows the pipe, and recites two lines of the psalm from the New England Psalms and Hymns.

"Where as sometimes Deacon Elisha Freeman is absent who is appointed to set the Psalm, it is voted in his absence that Josephus Hammond do it, and in his absence Mr. Joseph Lovel and in his, Mr. Seth Dexter do it."

There must be no hitch in the service.

By 1733 the Mattapoisett village is growing larger and the people are talking about "being so remote from the Center as to make their Difficulty great in all public Conserns," and three years later they have their own meeting house.

Slowly the people withdraw from the mother congregation. Thirty-three members who lived at the Fresh Meadow, in 1739 built their own house of Worship. The Lands of Sepecan and old Rochester Towne losing what is now Tremont, South Wareham, Tihonet, Wareham Center and beyond into Agawam, when Wareham became a Town.

Rochester-Towne-in New England, the Center where the muster field is and the town meetings are held, but the funeral sermon of the old lieutenant Hammond is preached in Mattapoisett.

"Duty & Privilege of ancient saints to leave their dyeing testimony behind them to posterity, a sermon occasioned by the death of Lieut. John Hammond of Rochester."

It was one hour and one half long and the Center folks had to go to Mattapoisett to listen to it.

Old Minister Ruggles serves his people well but he gets into an argument with Noah Sprague, Esq., and so another meeting house is erected in the northern part of the town in 1748.

But the people still ride up from Sepecan and listen to him until after fifty-eight years of service he "goes to his re-

ward," and the work is taken up by the Rev. Jonathan Moore who had been librarian at Harvard College.

As they sit there listening to "Fustly" and "Ninethly" and "Twelvthly" and "again" and "once more" waiting for the "Amen", they don't hear it yet but in the distance there is the sound of the beating of drums and the high whistle of fifes. It is coming nearer and it will drown out the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of sheep, the crash of the big trees falling, the whirr of the mill grinding, the men in the hay fields, the churn in the kitchen, even the "fifthly" and "amen" of the sermon, for war is there just beyond the years and soon they are to meet him—these stern old Colonists with their New England Primers and Bibles.

Chapter VI

SHILLINGS AND PENCE TO DOLLARS AND CENTS

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding.
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding."

OLD BALLAD.

Kings and Queens were bowed on and off the stage across the Atlantic. Quarrels among the monarchs spread, and many a Peter Crapo marched at sunrise that the North American continent might be English rather than French.

Seed time and harvest came and went; little sloops put out from the Landing wharf; the farmers left their crops and chased whales and became captains of trading vessels and came home and counted their flocks and herds and built more generous homes for their growing families, houses with enormous chimneys in the middle instead of at the side, with great fire places up stairs and down, to combat the frost of the New England winters. Large families were the pride of the New England Father's heart, and little red faced infants were baptised by the score in the old meeting houses. Many Marys, and Marthas, and Priscillas, but also Zedidiah, Asevath, Zilpha, Abishai, Onesiphorus and like Biblical names were familiar in old Rochester.

Then suddenly it seemed the sound of fifes and drums was near and loud, and there was drilling on the musterfield!

How did this come to pass?

For many months when the post rider came on his weekly trips, the villages were excited by the news from Boston. The news of the Stamp act reached every mill, blacksmith's shop, and farm and the Tavern! The Tavern rang with arguments

about tea and "cloth" from England, but it was just talk, and would drift away to silence; until in September 1768 the town woke to action, for letters came in from the Selectmen of Boston and a town meeting was called.

From all the Rochester villages they rode into the Center to

"Choose a committee to joyne in Conjunction with the Committee of Convocation to be assembled at Faneuil Hall on Thursday 22nd Inst., to act or advise in the ardent affairs of Government Relative to his Majesties Province of the Massachusetts Bay."

And there was a bustling spirited meeting in the Hall with ninety-six towns represented.

There was danger in the air!

Here was a gathering of citizens protesting against their government, and when the talk grew rebellious some of the representatives grew alarmed. Some of them who had leanings towards the old Home England came back to their town meetings to argue! to plead! to storm!

Two days after the Faneuil Meeting two regiments of British soldiers were landed in Boston! What was the use of being too hasty! Besides Rochester had a brilliant son who was one of the most fiery supporters of the Crown! Timothy Ruggles, Jr. the son of the beloved old minister. Timothy who built a high pew in the meeting house and who had become a noted, witty lawyer. He had been sent as representative to the General Court when he was but twenty-five.

Old Minister Ruggles had some land in Hardwick and Timothy, Jr. and others from Rochester had gone there to improve the land but Rochester watched with a great deal of pride as during the French War he rose to be Brigadier General. He had become Chief Justice to the Court of Common Pleas. He was a delegate from Massachusetts to the "Stamp Act Congress" at New York and was made President of the Congress.

Rochester's noted son was for the Crown, and anyway all Plymouth County was a little cold to Boston's troubles. James

Warren told Samuel Adams that Plymouth County Towns "could not be roused except by a power that would wake the dead." But the feeling changed.

When the "Lobster backs" fired on the crowd in Boston that were snow-balling them, the news caused great excitement.

Blood shed in Boston!

An Indian from Nantucket!

Messengers from Boston came into Rochester Towne!

The months go by and December 1772 the constables call a town meeting and they draw up resolutions endorsing the plans of the Boston committee and also vote—

"That if our representative or any other person in this town that either has or shall here after basely Desert the cause of Liberty for the sake of being promoted to a post of Honour or profit or for any other Mean View to Self Intrust shall be looked upon as any Enemy to his country and be treated with that neglect and contempt that he justly deserves."

The young men coming into power in the villages are no respectors of the Crown and they are watching their representative, Samuel Sprague.

The next year Sprague was not re-elected. Ebenezer White, a real patriot, was sent to Boston. He was afterwards a Lieutenant Colonel in the regular army.

They throng into the Tavern and talk over the great affairs that are pressing in on them from the outside, and condemning Samuel Sprague and others for their sentiments. Sprague was not intimidated for he said he was not at all sure that the colonies were right in their stand. He refused to drill, and was defiant. He left Rochester and made his home over the Dartmouth line but when he died he left a trust fund that showed he had no hard feeling towards the town.

Names and dates with now and then some body like Nat Ruggles, whose personality is vivid through the mist of years.

N. Ruggles, who nearly broke up the town meeting about tea!

Here were letters from Boston asking advice! Nobody knew what to do!

Some people stayed home from the meeting. David Wing, the clerk, thought he would be on the safe side and didn't come, so Joseph Haskell was chosen clerk and old Deacon Sylvanus Cobb, moderator.

The meeting was called to order, the Boston Letter read and then there was silence.

Minute after minute passed. Five! Ten! Fifteen! then N. Ruggles rose.

They all knew Ruggles and they watched him with expectancy.

Hadn't he succeeded in having a motion carried at one town meeting that "all men who own swine shall have their noses ringed."

He had set an old woman in the judge's seat at a court meeting in Rochester. When reproved he said that all old women sat there.

Once he gave a note, payment to be "the day after judgement day."

"What method are ye going to use to proceed with the business of the day?" he drawled.

"Well it's a solemn occasion" said the old deacon "it might be proper to ask the Lord's help in prayer."

"No articles in the warrant calls for prayer" says Ruggles.

"I am astonished," said the Deacon, "to hear such an observation."

"Not more astonished than I am to see you in that seat, and I hope if there is to be a prayer it will be somebody else than Parson Moore, for I heard so much of his praying on Sunday that I don't want any on a week day."

Eyes rolled around in amazement, for it *was* a solemn occasion, and they voted to have Parson Moore lead in prayer.

The Parson rose and looked about him. "Before I approach the Throne of Grace I would like to make a few remarks," said he. And he made a few remarks! His scathing opinion of Ruggles! Then he changed his tone and addressed the "Throne of Grace."

The meeting ended by the voters making a very solemn agreement not to use that "cursed weed" tea and to transact no business with those who would not sign.

Tories couldn't get their neighbor's help in haying, couldn't hire oxen. Better keep quiet as time went on.

When the "Dartmouth" with Rotch, Captain, was boarded in Boston harbor and 342 chests of tea dumped in 3 hours, it brought the trouble near. The villages were near old Dartmouth, Bedford. The Captains talked! Excitement grew! Many town meetings were called! The Rochester representative is told "not to act in conformity to the late acts of Parliament but to adhere to the charter of the province Granted by King William & Queen Mary & act Consistant with the Liberties and privilages of it."

Mixed in with the exciting Colony news we read of roads being laid out.

"Road by the Haunted House (altered)". "Middleboro line to Seth Randall's" "Dartmouth line to Isaac Pope's" and "a work house is established with spinning wheels, etc., "to set at work those who mis-spend the time."

In June 1774 there is a special town meeting to "take into consideration the Difficulties which we labour under Respecting a non-Importation with Great Britton."

Another town meeting! It is "voted to subscribe a covenant to break off all trade with the Island of Great Brittain untill the port or Harbour of Boston be opened."

Boston, their bustling city with 1000 ships a year leaving port, closed!

By September they are voting for "40 fire arms to be purchased for the use of S'd Town" and "That Mr. Nathan Nye, Jr., make up the Town Stock of powder to 400 weight with Lead & Flints answerable."

In October they vote —

"That the Assessors Do not make the province Rate untill they are otherwise ordered by the Town & that the Town will save them harmless in the action."

"Voted to choose Officers to take ye Command of the Military Companies" and "That the provential laws Respecting

the Regulation of the Militia be adopted for the Rule and Conduct of the soldiers in the Town with this exception: As in said Laws there is Coporal Punishment to be Inflicted for some crimes & misdimeanors. Therefore, Voted that when any persons shall be Guilty of any of said crimes where a Coporal Punishment shall be Inflicted by said Laws that they be Tried by a Committee of 3 persons to be chosen by Said Town."

The villages are wild with suppressed excitement.

They assemble according to vote—all the Minute Men—one hundred of them on the training field "Three half Days in each week as shall be appointed by their Captain & Twice in a month in one Body to learn the use of the Fire Licks from this Day to the first Day of April next to be Ready to March when Needed & Equip Himself with a Good Firearm & other Acooterments as Recommended by the Provential Congress" and they "shall be Intitled to one shilling ye Week."

The young men met on Sept. 20, 1774 and made plans "to make an excursion into the county of Barnstable" to prevent the Inferior Court of Common Pleas from holding its regular session.

They called their company "The Body of the People". They marched off with drums beating. When they reached Wareham Noah Fearing, John Gibbs, Nathan Briggs and Salathiel Bumpus joined them and on they went, arriving at Sandwich in the evening.

The next morning they marched, some on horseback, some trudging along on foot with the drum corp for music into Barnstable.

Right to the court house they rode where they took possession, sending out picked men through the village to ask the people to renounce the Crown.

Abraham Holmes of Rochester describes the scene.

The Justices in their robes came. One of the Rochester boys stood on the court house steps and said "All that is dear to us and the welfare of unborn millions direct us to prevent the court from being opened."

And from the stern Judge in his robe:

"This is a constitutional court, the jurors have been drawn from boxes as the law directs, why do you interfere?

"But from the decision of the court an appeal lies to a court whose judges hold office during the King's pleasure over which we have no control!"

The crowd cheers. They are with the men from Rochester. And they persuaded the justices to sign, and the court did not set.

Then the boys rode gaily up the old way from Sandwich to the Lands of Sepecan to the beating of Triumphal drums.

The music dies, and they go to milking cows, and getting in wood, and building more stone walls about the pastures.

And then from the Provincial Congress at Watertown on Jan. 17, 1775 a letter:

"hereby is recommended to the Militia in all Parts of the Colony, to hold themselves in Readiness to march at a minute's warning to the Relief of any Place that may be attacked, or to the Support of our Army with at least twenty Cartridges or Rounds of Powder and Ball and to prevent all Confusion or Delays. It is further recommended to the Inhabitants of the Colony, living on the Seacoasts or within twenty miles of them, that they carry their arms and ammunition with them to Meeting, on the Sabbath, and other days, when they meet for Public Worship."

The thrill when they go to meeting! Just like the old Indian days, say the old grandfathers, as they jog along up from Great Neck and Sippican expecting to see a "Red Coat" behind every bush. For although they are watching, how easy to creep up in the night along the shore of the Coves and land silently.

The guns, in the square pews, how they clank on the floor!

And the exciting messages they listen to in the old meeting house!

To the young generation England meant not the dear "Mother country" but a dictator bothering.

A letter from I. Putnam sent to Capt. Cleveland: "Mr. Keyes this A. M. brought us the news that the men of War and troops began to fire upon the people of Boston last night at sunset, when a post was sent immediately off to inform the country.

He informs that the artillery played all night that the people universally (rallied for Boston) as far as here in arms and desires all the assistance possible."

It seems in the old meeting house as though even the trees outside stood still to listen.

"It (alarm) was occasioned by the country people being robbed of their powder from (Boston) as far as Framingham and when found out the people went to take the soldiers and six of our people were killed on the spot, and several wounded."

Steady eyes on the reader but young hearts beating loudly.

"Beg you will rally all the forces you can and be on the march immediately for the relief of Boston and the people that way — I. P.

It is spring and April 20 —.

The news flies from Tavern to Blacksmith shop to mill and farm.

Men killed on Covered Bridge!

They send Abraham Holmes, twenty-one years old off to Boston.

At Middleboro he meets the messenger and back he comes "as gay as a lark" he writes in his diary. "Every moment is infinitely precious, an hour lost — perpetual slavery upon the few of our posterity that may survive the carnage."

They are ready! Flint locks! Pikes! Rapiers! Powder Horns! Canteens!

And the women busy with little comforts, with food to fill the wallets.

They march off.

"First company of Minute Men" under Captain Edward Hammond.

"Second foot company of Militia" Captain Nathanial Hammond.

"Third company of Militia" under Lieut. Seth Briggs with the Rev. Mr. Moore, the scrappy parson, as chaplain. And "Captain Washington" is riding across the Province of Massachusetts Bay; and the Rochester boys see Cambridge and "Captain Washington"!

"He got him on his meeting cloathes
Upon a slapping stallion
He set the world along in arms
In hundreds and in millions."

And Washington writes "need tents", now using "useless sails from the Seaport towns."

And of the farmers who came to him as soldiers — he writes: "This unhappy and devoted Province has been so long in a state of Arnachy and the yoke of ministerial oppression been laid so heavily on it that great allowances are to be made for troops raised under such circumstances."

Pitcairn said they would soon go back to plant their Indian corn and they did go home, but the "first company" under Capt. Earl Clapp was back again in Boston for the summer. Capt. Clapp had been at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was soon a Major in the regular army.

Captain Samuel Briggs' company was in service in 1776.

Captain Nathaniel Hammond, Capt. Elisha Haskell and companies in 1778.

The people at home are busy voting "one hundred pounds to pay war stores", payment of soldiers, care of families, clothing, coats, shirts, breeches and stockings, "two boates for use of Captain Nathaniel Hammond's company."

Captain Moses Parlow was to bring "powder, fire arms, molasses and other war supplies" sold to highest bidder but not out of town so long as "these Difficult times shall last."

In the town records they write:

"Transportation is a large item & the Congress had not appointed any person but what dwells 20 miles from our town & the difficulty of transporting S'd articles is a Great hindrance to any persons of ability."

So it was voted that "John Doty, a selectman, request that a person or persons be appointed in our town to apprize the several articles, etc."

They spend 60 pounds for "Gunes, Drums and Fifes."

On May 23, 1776 it was a solemn town meeting. They rode up from Mattapoisett, and Sepecan and "voted that when the Honorable Congress shall think best to Declare themselves

independent of the Kingdom of Great Brittain that we will Defend them with our Lives & Fortunes."

One hundred years since Philip stood defiant. One hundred years since Watachpoo, the chief of Sippican stood silent and answered not their querys, and now the great grand children of those who questioned were fighting for their rights to *their* freedom "to enjoy the lands of their fathers."

The noise of the fifes and drums drowns out the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the "neat kine."

On July 9, 1776 they are reading:

"When in the course of human events" —

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it—"

The next year when they had to take "into consideration the form of Government Published for the Inspection of the Inhabitants of the State" — "after mature deliberation there in, said Town voted said form saving only the following objections which we offer to the consideration of the Great & General Court."

They sent a long list of comments and objections. One was that they couldn't be acquainted with the "Qualifications of Sennators from the furthrest parts of the State" and thought it best that "each District choose their own Senators & no more."

Always there were Tories working against the Patriots and in May 29, 1779 "the Town made choice of Earl Clapp to take evidence against those that are Enemical to the American States agreeable to a Late Act of this State."

Besides Tories they were bothered by the different kinds of money. There was "Hard money" and the "New Emission" the "Old Emission" "Continental currency" and much of it was counterfeit. Anybody who made money by the change in

money was held up to scorn and should "be Deemed Infamous & held up to view as an Enemy to ye Independence, freedom & happiness of his Country by Publishing his name in ye newspapers published in the State, after which publication it shall be Disrespectfull in any Good Citizen to maintain Either Social or commercial connection with a wretch so Lost to publick Virtue as wantonly to Sacrifice the Interest of his Country to the acquisition of a Little paltry Gain."

Aug. 19, 1779 the town chose Nathaniel Hammond as "Delegate to sit in the Convention at Cambridge for the sole purpose of forming a new Constitution."

A committee of four was appointed to "prepare instruction for their delegate, Captain Hammond & Lay ye same before the meeting on the adjournment."

At the same meeting the town approved "most of what is Recommended by the Convention at Concord stating the necessaries and conveniences of Life" and chose a "Committee of 13 to stipulate prices & Labour & of Sundry articles sold to the Town."

Delegates went to Plympton to talk over the problem of what should be charged for making "women's shoes and finding heels by the shoemaker, and "making a pair of strong men's shoes and finding all," millwrights, masons, Tanners, Hoop Wrights, mowing and common labor by the day, all must be thoroughly talked over.

The Delegate to the Constitutional Convention was told to "have a vigilant Eye in ye Elections & Settlement of Ye Council & that no one hold 2 commissions at one & the same time whereby bad Tendencies may arise."

The Constitution from the Convention came before the town in May 1780, and article by article was discussed.

Change after Change was suggested showing the keen thinking of those who were left in Sippican and the other villages.

They voted against some articles.

They recommended "That there be added to the above Frame of Government that there shall no Slave be born nor Imported into this Commonwealth."

And the long list of the killed and wounded grew. Some came home to hobble about their farms. The women took on more duties.

They paid 2s 4d a yard for yard wide Toe-cloth; flannel suitable for Sheeting 4s; for "homespun yard wide cotton and linnen cloth of the Common sort not to exceed 4s by ye yard." They paid 8d per pound for "best Tobacco, leaf stalked and pigtail role;" "oak wood at the shore 13s per cord," and "salt hay on the marsh, before stacked 36s a ton."

They bought "Turkies, Dunghill Fowls and Ducks" 5d a pound.

A Night's lodging at the Tavern cost 4d but if the horse was kept for the night or 24 hrs. it cost 1s 6d.

"Good yarn Storkins 6s, good coffee 1s 4d a pound and Tryed Tallow 7½d; good West India rum by the gallon, not to exceed 7s 8d by quart."

"Good phlip or Toddy by the mugg or the Bole with one-half pint of West India Rum in the same, not exceed 1s."

During the year of 1780 the Fourth Plymouth County Regiment under Lieut. Co. White of Rochester had companies under Capt. Charles Church, Capt. Barnabas Doty, Capt. Nathaniel Hammond and Capt. Samuel Briggs. Other men were in companies from neighboring towns.

Hundreds of men went from Rochester Towne to fight the Mother country. In fact it was said "it is a historical fact that Rochester furnished more men in proportion to territory than any other town in the Old Colony."

Many of the sailors from the little houses by the sea in Mattapoisett and Sepecan were lost in the conflict at sea.

Elnathan Haskell of Rochester became Major and was one of Washington's aides. His portrait is in the great painting "Burgoyne's Surrender" in the dome of the capitol at Washington.

Familiar names of todays town lists stare up from the long columns of Revolutionary soldiers and sailors.

Allen, Barden, Bates, Blankinship, Briggs, Brown, Burgess, Church, Clark, Cushing, Daggett, Delano, Dexter, Ellis,

Gibbs, Gurney, Hamlin, Hammond, Handy, Hathaway, Hiller, Holmes, Jenney, Luce, Macomber, Morse, Nickerson, Nye, Parlow, Perry, Rider, Rogers, Savery, Sherman, Snow, Tripp, Taylor, Washburn, West, Wing, Winslow.

There was suffering among the soldiers' families. Money wasn't worth anything, and it was hard to raise the "cota" of 32 more soldiers and the town "voted to promise the soldiers that any such Depreciation should be made up by the town," and "£12 & no more was to be paid to each soldier in gold, silver or produce" just as the soldiers wished. Also "soldiers in the field to have £12 in cloathing and other necessaries for self & family."

Men were sent for three months, for one month, but in 1781 a committee of eight men was chosen to hire "25 soldiers called for by the General Court to serve for three years or during the war" and fifteen men were appointed to fix the bounty — it was decided to pay "one hundred hard dollars annually in January."

One town meeting voted "hard money" for the soldiers and "£671 in Bills of ye new Emission for army beef and an assessment of 1860 Continental Dollars upon the town to pay for Constables."

In December, 1781 a town meeting was called "To protest against duties laid on Rum, wine, etc. & if thought best to take Lawfull measures to obtain redress of the Grievance."

It was voted "the Act is disagreeable to the Town" and a committee was chosen to petition for a change.

The Tavern! The charges altogether too high at the Tavern!

By 1782 they have too much paper money on hand and at a town meeting called on December 30 a committee was chosen "to petition the Great & General Court to receive in all the paper money of both Emissions now in the Town's hands & give the town credit for the same."

1783! Peace! The bronzed bearded boys come home, soldiers of the Revolution! No longer do they talk of blackbird's heads and ringing the noses of swine. Their minds are on continental matters. The town meetings are alive with crit-

icisms of the workings of the Continental Congress—"the paying of the officers of the Continental Army 5 years wages after their service is ended is highly unreasonable & oppressive & will be productive of many bad consequences."

"However the power of congress may be we think the Grant made by them to S'd officers was obtained by undue influence & if no Negatives to S'd Grant is yet to be admitted (not withstanding all their Good Service) we shall Esteam them Publick Nusances & Treat them in that Curracter" and Co. Ebenezer White is "instructed to use his uttermost influence in all Constitutional ways to Prevent so Dangerous a measure taking place."

Rochester is a real Democracy, expressing the people's own opinion against the Government, Congress and General Court alike.

There is also "Infinite Damage likely to insue to the State by such large importations of British Goods in British bottoms." The Town "wants a large Import to be laid on all goods imported so payable to the State Treasury or some other person before said goods are suffered to be landed."

Times grow harder and in Aug. 21, 1786 a town meeting was called at which "in view of the difficulties which we as a people are laboring under" the citizens "voted that a committee of 3 persons be chosen to correspond with the other Towns in order to Devise & adopt such Legal & Constitutional measures to obtain a redress of our Grievances as shall be most likely to effect a Salutary Event."

Earl Clapp, Nathaniel Hammond, revolutionary officers and Abraham Holmes were appointed on the committee.

And six pages of foolscap paper are covered with fine writing!

Instructions to Col. White to advise the General Court that although the faith of the U. S. was pledged to redeem the old Continental Currency it was not yet done. "It ought to be redeemed, interest allowed thereon from Apr. 1781."

White was to prevent the General Court from making any further grants to Congress until this is done.

"The town objects to recent acts of the General Court allowing Congress to Levy a tax annually on this State of 224427 dollars for 25 years." It believes that such a grant "all most annihilates the Constitution check which the General Court had on Congress."

The town would prevent any grant by the General Court "until Congress have by some means made themselves accountable for the use they put money to & have made it certain that the monies shall not be expended in building Pyramids & monuments & educating the sons of Decay'd Gentlemen."

The system of taxation was wrong!

"Duties should be laid on Luxuries, Superfluities & in which case no one would pay but what chose to pay & the money would be paid imperceptibly & without murmuring or discontent."

The "town's mind" had changed absolutely in regard to many things. No one should be exempt from taxation — ministers of God or any, for they argue "civil rulers are also a minister of God to you for good & ought equally to be exempt if it is right." "Exempting ministers borders hard on, if it is not an open violation of the Constitution." No grants made to officers and to see that the fees of "attornees" "are not allowed to run too high." All this and more on the foolscap paper instructions to Col. White.

At the end is written:

"May the great Fountain of Goodness and Knowledge, assist you in discharging this Trust with Success." But there is too much interference with the General Court by small towns and there is anarchy in the state and on Feb. 12, 1787 a town meeting is called to petition "the Honorable General Court on account of the Confusion & Disorders in the Commonwealth & that such a line of conduct may be pursued, as may restore peace and Tranquillity to the Commonwealth". A worried town!

A committee of five was chosen to draw up a petition and report in one hour.

No time to be lost and very quickly they report of the "Attachment of the town of Rochester to the Government of

Massachusetts & its poignant regret for the late unhappy disorder in the Western Counties obstructing the cause of justice & seeking redress of Grievances in illegal ways. But as the main object of the Insurgents was a personal Indemnity we humbly pray that the troops under General Lincoln (now the Insurgents are disbursed) may be immediately disbanded. We think this would restore Publicke tranquillity if an act of General Indemnity be passed & we pray your honours patience in praying you to take measures for suitably lowering the Salaries of the Servants of the Government & take into your wise consideration that late act of suspending the privelidge of the writ of Habeas Corpus."

John Sprague of Rochester was legal adviser of Lincoln. He had moved to Worcester and was a judge.

The town asks for a convention to amend the state constitution.

In the meantime the State is looking for the men in each town who are fomenting dissatisfaction and Abraham Holmes gets to be known at the General Court as the author of the town's Instructions to Col. White.

Holmes is called a dangerous person "since it was well known that he did not approve of the acts of the Legislature."

He appeared before the State Senate, but hearing later that he was to be arrested, he left Rochester in a driving snowstorm and remained out of the state for a time.

In the town's treasury is 946£ 10s 5d of the new Emission & 49144£ 8s of the Old Emission, and a considerable number of bills of each "ware counterfeit."

And they put their heads together in tavern and mill and store, on the "Wharf" and in the blacksmith's shop and they agreed that Holmes was right. Somebody needed to stand up for the town's rights and when he came home they gave him a rousing welcome and sent him the next year as representative to the General Court.

On Dec. 20, 1787 they are reading the proposed Federal constitution in Town meeting and sent two delegates to the State Convention at Boston, Capt. Nathaniel Hammond and Mr. Abraham Holmes.

One year Later! December 18, 1788 a town meeting which chooses one member of the House of Representatives of the United States of America, to be the Representative of Plymouth and Barnstable Counties, also to vote for two persons as electors for President and Vice President of the United States of America.

In 1789 George Washington is President of the United States of America, and down in Sippican village of Rochester Towne-in-Massachusetts, George Bonum Nye writes in his sheep skin covered account book on which is written in large letters "Ledger 1784."

"Capt. Stephen Cunningham
to pig 5 weeks old—3s
to one load of wood—2s 6d."

They allow in the Tavern that now the town can stop having so many town meetings and in the old account book is written:

"Seth Aimes, Dr.
to plowing of an aker of ground for flax twice over—8 shillings
to three days worke a fixing the flax ground for soeing—5 shillings
To three days on pooling flax
to carring tow load of flax to the pond & puting of it in—3s
To taking out two load of flax & carring it to Seth Aimes—4s

He goes to Dexter's Mill and Handy's Mill, sells Silas Briggs "60 pumpkins" for five shillings.

"Advertising & vandueing the farm—1s 6d
to liker drinked at Vandue—2s
to one felt hat, Handkerchief—5s 1d
to drawing two loads of ship timber—9s
Then suddenly appears on a page
Feb. 1796
to Drawing one mast—$1.25
to one Boome and one Bow Spritt and drawing—$2.50
to plowing your yard—.33

Two men in homespun, one snappy day in the winter of 1798 converse a little in the big barn on Charles Neck road opposite the Nye homestead, then they go tramping across the road to the blazing fire of the winter kitchen—the dining room, living room of the farm house; and George Bonum gets out his big account book and running his horny finger over the pages, he and Jonathan Handy proceed to add and subtract. He gives the quill pen a whittle, and in ink, black, to this day nearly a hundred and fifty years later, with many capitals and flourishes is written:

Jonathan Handy & George B. Nye
Jenewary 3 Day, 1798

recken & settel all Book Accounts Except nine Pound of Butter which Handy is to cut wood for and find Due to Nye three dollars & fifteen cents as witness our hands

Jonathan Handy
George B. Nye

In 1775 Chatham said of the 1st American Congress;

"I trust it is obvious to your Lordship that all attempts to impose servitude on such men, or establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation must be vain, must be fatal."

In 1798 in Rochester Towne in Massachusetts Bay, the farmers, the sailors, the ship builders are "reconing and Settling all accounts" in dollars and cents, the money of the United States of America!

Chapter VII

SIPPICAN, SALTWORKS AND SHIPYARDS

"Agawam and Sippican
Neither fit for God nor man,
In Agawam the cattle die,
In Sippican the people lie."

OLD SAYING

Perhaps when the cattle roamed over the Indian lands many did die. The dark skinned owners of the corn fields had a wide knowledge of roots and herbs.

The chiefs of Sippican *did* lie! Patriots sometimes do! Watuchpoo standing in the Plymouth court room facing the query, "Why did ye say Phillip's men had deserted him?"

And the scribe scratches with his quill pen "to which he could say nothing!"

Sippican! After the war a few little grey houses like sea bird's nests washed up by the tide; a little ship yard, the Landing wharf, and saltworks, with a winding forest road through a swamp to the Center.

There was much talk about this "long bridg" road, the old Indian trail, and on March 25, 1785, the three villages at the meeting house at the Center voted to "View the lands of Mr. Elisha Ruggles to see whether it is practicable to Lay a road between the two roads now trod, the one leading from Mr. Moore's meeting house to Handy's mill and the other leading from s'd meeting house to Sippican Landing — think it best that there be but one bridge maintained over the muddy brook, so called."

"Whitehall" was gone, the "long bridg" needed new logs laid, and by vote of the town meeting the old road was left to the winds and storms, and the forest slowly closing in.

The new road to Sippican, the present road to Rochester, was dryer, easier to care for: true, the ox carts sank to their axles in mud in the Spring and pulled through a sea of yellow sand all the Summer and Fall, but the road ran by the Quaker Church and was more convenient for Great Neck and the Landing.

Sippican was growing to be a village and in ten years the "Sippicaners" desired a meeting house of their own.

A house for the worship of God was begun in 1794 on the cartway where the shore road from "the Landing" curved to go down to "the wharf". On the corner of what is now Main and Front streets it was erected.

It cost more than was planned and funds gave out. Capt. George Bonum Nye "reconed his Acounts" in his sheepskin covered book, and then offered to finish the meetinghouse if they would give the building, as it stood, to him.

It was agreed, and in 1799 the meeting house was finished and Nye had sold one third of the "pues".

The building was 44 ft. by 44 ft. square with a high box pulpit on the north side reached by a flight of little winding stairs. Into this pulpit the Reverend Oliver Cobb, their first minister, ascended and sank from sight when he sat down.

There were forty square pews, with seats on three sides; the sides so high that the congregation after standing for the long prayer disappeared from sight too except for a head now and then of the exceptionally tall persons.

A gallery extended around like a horse shoe in which there were thirteen pews. The choir sat in the ones opposite the minister; and there as proof of the barks and schooners that were in the Southern trade were the five pews on either side for male and female negroes.

The choir leader had a tuning fork and also played the violin. There was also a base viol, double bass and flute. On weekdays a private school was carried on in the gallery.

There were three entrance doors on the South side of the meeting house.—two of them still in use today, as the old meeting house serves as the General store in this year of 1934.

The minister built his house on the new road to the Center with his farm lands extending to the old "Whitehall" road; and for thirty years he preached for the people of Sippican. Every other Sunday he spoke in the old meeting house at the center and all these thirty years the families filled the pews. On hot days they waved their fans and lingered out of doors between the two sermons, eating a cracker or two, exchanging the news of the week. On the cold days hurrying down to the Tavern (now the Register House) by the Wharf, for live coals for the foot stoves and something warm for the inner man.

In 1827 the Rev. Leander Cobb was engaged to assist the Rev. Oliver, and it wasn't until then that there was any heat in the meeting house. A box stove with a long pipe that let the smoke out of the window was installed. The sermons had to be of fire and brimstone to keep the people awake both in summer and winter.

Those old parsons! Wonderful men who on $200 a year and what they could gather from pound parties, gifts from the congregation, the produce of their farms and teaching the ambitious boys of the villages Latin and Greek, brought up large families and sent their sons to college.

In those days Heaven and Hell were real places and it was the height of respectability to go to meeting.

More houses were built in Sippican. Money was flowing in from the sea. The salt makers, the captains of the sloops, the builders of the brigs and schooners spent their earnings in homes, large and small.

Much money came from salt works. Ever since the Revolutionary War when it paid so well to pump the sea water up over the marshes, everybody in the village had tried salt making.

For years men, women and children cut and piled the oak and maple logs and pine knots under the big iron pots which must be kept boiling furiously all day long, for it took 300 gallons of water to make a bushel of salt.

A bushel was worth $8.00 in 1783. Cart loads went out of the village and the little coasting schooners took it as far as the Hudson river.

But the great forest trees were disappearing, and so they tried evaporation by the sun's rays.

Up from the harbor came the salt water pumped by wind mills through hollowed logs to vats about fifteen feet square; and on from vat to vat, the liquid ran until there was nothing left but salt which was packed in a salt house ready to sell.

Wooden roofs swung on cranes over the salt vats at night or when it rained. The works spread all over the lower village and for acres and acres nearly to where the railroad station is now.

Some years 20,000 bushels went out of the town. In 1806 "more salt was manufactured in Rochester than any other town in the commonwealth and it is the most productive of any business here practiced."

One fall one enterprising salt maker drove his team peddling salt all the way to Vermont, swapped his team for a better one and came home with a load of butter. This was "Capt. George Bonum" of course.

One of the later salt makers was John Clapp whose plant extended from where the Congregational Chapel is now over the fields that afterwards were made into the Cottage St. homes and gardens, with one saving Captain building his house (now the "Rosamond Inn") of the lumber from the salt works, dismantled about 1840.

Down to the Ebenezer Holmes farm house, (now the Knowlton house), past the Nye salt works of which there were traces on the shore opposite Little Island in 1930, wound a deep rutted cart road with gates to keep in the cattle.

All over the village the great wind mills turned. It lasted half a century.

In 1825 George Bonum Nye writes in his "Acount Book" that in October John Clapp was debtor to him "To Drawing one thousand Bushels of Salt, $8.38, and again in October, 1826 "to drawing one thousand bushels of salt, $8.60.

That old "Acount book" of a century ago gives so many pictures of the life of Sippican.

Back in 1801 Nye is buying "cloath for a grate coat & trimming and making for four dollars."

In 1805 he is paying Jonathan Nye $89.00 for four cattle "Drove in 1804 and for the Prophets on the beefe Drove at the same time & four steers had of him in June, 1805."

And Silas Brigg, Stephen Barden, Nathan Clark, James Clark, Jonathan Dexter, Charles Blankinship, Stephen Hammond, Silas Handy, Nathan Jenne, Abner Mendell, John Lincoln, Stephen Luce, Samuel Luce, Theopilis Pitcher and Elisha Wing are buying beef of him.

In 1806 Hadley's store (the Harwood house) and Luce's store (where the Browne house is now) appear on the long pages, and Reuben Allen is plowing Ram Island for $4.25.

In May 1809 he charges $6.67 for "two days plowing new ground with six oxen."

"Hey" comes up from "Charles Neck Meders" and he goes to "Hiller's Mil" and 'draws a Load for 50c", and Caleb Handy has to pay "to my going to Mattapoisett after your things $1.00, to my horse to carry your wife home and then to Mattapoisett 50c."

These were stage coach days. Thomas Jefferson was President, and a figure called Napoleon was on the far horizon.

The hard seated stages jolted over the deep rutted roads, sometimes all night long. Dr. Robbin, who preached in the Mattapoisett meeting house so long, complains in his diary of his experiences. "Was called at three o'clock" he writes, "A cold chilly night and an uncomfortable stage". He rode on one journey a hundred and sixty miles from ten o'clock at night until after day break the next morning. "The roads not good. Suffered considerable with cold".

By 1812 Sippican had a new tavern, the present Woman's Clubhouse, built by Capt. Caleb Handy. It was nearer the meeting house. A long rambling building with summer kitchen, wood shed, and wagon sheds, barn and hen houses strung out as any farm house of the time.

An old lady living in the middle of the century described the sailors swarming up to the Tavern for "flip" and "grog", that she mixed for them at the bar.

George Rivers in "The Count's Snuff Box" describes the tap room.

"Over the blazing oak logs in the broad open fireplace hung an iron kettle whose nose threw forth a volume of white steam. The room was dimly lighted with candles and an invigorating odor of sweetened rum made it clear to what purpose the boiling kettle hanging from the crane had been recently put."

"Flip" the favorite tavern drink of the fathers and grandfathers was made in an earthern pitcher two thirds full of beer and sweetened with molasses, with sometimes eggs and cream added, flavored by a gill of New England rum, then stirred with a red hot loggerhead of iron that had been kept in the live coals of the fire place.

The foam and the bitter burnt taste! Great flip glasses are still found in Old Sippican "cupboards."

The sweet spicy odors of the Tavern store room with its barrels of hard cider, New England rum, jars of spices and loaf sugar!

And the stage coach as it swung down from the Old Landing; at first the jolting cart with side seats, but in five or six years a real Concord coach with body suspended on great leather straps was driving up with passengers alighting on the high stone steps of Handy's Tavern. Four horses to whirl it along the sandy or muddy roads; the drivers with their bear skin caps in winter, fur coats and leggings; the reins held just so, with the long whip measuring twelve feet to the tip of the lash.

Out come the travellers numb with cold in winter; dusty and tired in summer; with carpet bags and band boxes and little hide covered trunks studded with brass nails, some of them to this day reposing under the eaves of old attics in Sippican.

Along the trails where the Indians ran so many miles the red and yellow stage coaches rumbled through the villages of Rochester.

The villages were growing. There was much trading in the little stores at the head of the Wharf.

They bought India goods, snuff sometimes kept in blown up pig's bladders, coffee, ginger, "furr hatts", cotton gloves, the very important pen knives to make their quill pens, "bord nailes", flint, rum, tobacco, shoe knives, brimstone, oxwhips and cassimere. A "hatt" might cost up to four dollars, "a pair of pantaloons, $2.66", "a pair of shose $1.75", and a "Waggon Boddy, $3.50."

The sandy road rambled up from the wharf with little houses close together, as far as the "Salt Box", now the St. Gabriel's Rectory. This was the last house in the village, built out of the village in 1802 by Capt. Stephen Hammond who sold his house in the Old Landing and built away from everybody to get rid of the noise of "unruly boys."

At the "Salt Box" the road turned and crossed over what is now the Ryder property to the present South street and so West to the old Mattapoisett Road, now a lane by the Universalist Parsonage. It crossed what is now the State Road and went on to Mattapoisett village over the Indian trail, now a woods road opposite the Evergreen Cemetery that ends in cranberry bogs in the woods.

There began to be much talk about roads and schoolhouses. According to the town records the road from Silas Handy's to the wharf had been improved in 1801, also the road from the Landing to Sippican Lower Village.

So they mend roads and a bridge over Muddy Brook (the present Rochester and Marion Boundary), and "hey", and go to "the mil", and make salt, but the business that was growing along the harbor was the building of little brigs and schooners.

The wind mills might whirr over the marshes and fields, but the ship hammer was soon to drown them out.

From sunrise to sunset the little ships grew under the farmer's and saltworker's hands and when the West was a blaze

of glory, along the Rochester roads the men trudged, carrying home for kindling the chips they had made.

Ship building had been going on for nearly two centuries in Buzzards Bay. The forefathers built, it is said, on these shores a trader with the Dutch, and year after year little ships had slipped down the inlets and coves of the Bay from the time when they were built in the woods and dragged down to low water by four yoke of oxen, to the days of real ship yards.

Most of the ships built in Sippican were for the coasting trade. They were from 75 to 175 tons and carried salt to Savannah and other Southern ports and brought back cotton and rice to New York or loaded lumber at the Landing for Nantucket and Newport.

"Good merchantable cedar shingles not to exceed 225 per M could be bought at the Landing" in 1777.

As in all the little seaport towns the ships were built on the co-operative plan; some gave timber, some rigging, sails, iron, some money. The work was done at first in the winter-time and until 1800 they were built without plans, and some queer looking craft were set afloat.

It is impossible to know the number and names of the little craft that were built along the shore from the Landing down to Charles Neck.

Wing Hadley and Butler Wing were the great ship builders of the Rochester district up to the close of 1700. Then everybody who made a little money in hides, tallow, salt or farming started to help build ships.

A sloop called "*Planter*" or "*Southern Planter*" was built and run from Rochester before 1775. It is said that the Sloop "*Defiance*" made a voyage in 1771 but Rochester Towne was not a port. There was no New Bedford, so the Rochester ships had to clear from Nantucket or Newport.

In 1774 Sloop "*Rochester*" cleared from Nantucket. There were many little ships lost as there were no lighthouses, and the French and Spanish took many.

The old ship builders and the old ships are grey ghosts that haunt the shores of the Old Landing and Sippican, most of them lost in the mist of the years.

From a list made in 1912 by the 80 year old town clerk, Charles Henry Delano, a few names appear. The old man remembered that before 1860 there were built and launched by William Clark, who lived in the present Gilder Lodge, at the Island Ship Yard, now the town park, the following ships—the Brig *"Herald"*, the ship *"John Denham"* and the schooners, *"Angel"*, *"C. J. Jones"*, *"J. Vail"*, *"Hopeton"*, *"Home"* & *"Roswell King."*

On the Admiral Harwood Lot, Edward Sherman built the Schooners *"Ocean Queen"* the *"John Frazier"*, and the *"Edward Franklin."*

In the Old Landing Village on the "Old Ship Yard" above Mr. Emmon's house, John Delano built the *"Broadfield"*, the *"Richard M. Demill"*, the *"Abby and Elizabeth"*, and the *"Oliver Cromwell."*

He had heard that north of the Old Landing wharf a sloop called the *"Georgia"* and a schooner, the *"Cotton Planter"* had been built.

In the old sheep skin book we read of a sloop of 1805.

"Sept. 23, 1805 then Silas Briggs and George B. Nye Reckoned and settled all Book Acounts Except the two Last Settlements of the Sloope *Salley* Run and maid an Even Ballance as witnes our Hands."

And in June 1806 he writes

"Stephen Luce, Dr.

to drawing 267 feet of pine timber for the Sloop *Earl*—$6.47.

to drawing 55 ft. of Oak timber—$2.06

and in July 1807 a long page of items appears concerning the Sloop *"Reformation"*. Among them

"to my going to Bedford after Deck nails and for iron and Mast Hoops and Painters" and "my going to Mattapoisett after Regin—$1.00". "Eleven Hundred of char Bords" and "45 ft. of Plank for the "bulkhead" and "one thousan of Bord Nales $1.83." He pays Stephen Barden

"Bil for work—$45.74" and "to the Srouds Bought of the owners at the wharfe 2:2:8 att $15 Pr. Hunks—$38.70.

"Caleb Jonathan Handy, Bil for Cabin Worke—$40.33 to cash paid Theophilis Pitcher for 60 yardes of Duck 20 cents—$12.00."

At the end of the long page it totals up $496.43 that the Sloop "*Reformation*" owed him in July 1807.

And in December 1807 Silas Briggs is Dr.

"to one Load of Bords—$8

to an order I gave Seth Haskel on *Little James*—$5.00

to paying Jonathan Hiller for 165 feet of Plank—$3.30"

and again the "*Reformation*"

"to William Parlow for worke on Sloop *Reformation* to oake timber 171 feet—$13.24

White Pine Plank—1257	$36.45
to one Bow Sprit	3.00
to Gaft and Quarter rails	1.50
to paying William Nye for a mast	10.00

The ghost ships of old Sippican slipping off the ways, with a great noise of hammers and planks, into the shining water of the harbor, where the Indian canoes had silently rocked!

They meant so much in the lives of the people of old Rochester Towne for it was by ships that they got to far places.

True they had horses and ox carts and sometimes went to New Bedford where in the year of the building of the "*Reformation*" George Bonum Nye drove to buy some of his "deck nailes", and where Sippican women could purchase "Lute strings for Gowns and Bonnets", "Parasols, morroco shoes, English and French silk gloves, loaf lump and clayed brown sugar."

New Bedford was a growing town and one could go to Boston without staying over night in Taunton. A new line was advertised in the New Bedford Mercury.

"The Old Colony Stage leaves Boston at sunrise Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat.—arrive at 3 P. M. N. B. from Bradley's (at the Old Province House.)"

But it was on the barks and schooners that the "Sippicaners" went to far places to make a living, so when in the same year that Handy's Tavern was built the smouldering trouble with the mother country broke out into war, it was very unpopular, because the little coasters and whalers must quickly sail to safe harbors.

And they had to leave their salt making and hides and shipyards to go up to the Center to talk about a committee of safety.

Capt. Roland Luce who lived where the Telephone Exchange is now, and Timothy Hiller were chosen officers.

It was a real war for Old Rochester Towne with two small companies of men stationed on Charles Neck, because there must be a constant lookout for the British cruisers in Buzzards Bay.

Just as in the Revolutionary War supplies were being smuggled across the Cape. Such an unpopular war and "Buzzards Bay a nest of smugglers." The "*Nimrod*" a British cruiser was on guard. It was said "a man bringing corn from the Elizabethan Islands to New Bedford to the mill was refused clearance for his bag of meal."

New Bedford said

"We have scrupulously abstained from all intent and concern in sending out private armed vessels and resolved to quarantine for 40 days any American privateers that polluted the harbor," but it was such an exciting game to elude the cruisers that ships slipped out and in.

One New Bedford man watched the most exciting race of a lifetime from the tall tower of the old Unitarian Church. In one day he saw four whalers dodging trying to make their home port and they did it & came safely to harbor at home wharves. In 1814 the *Nimrod* bombarded Wood's Hole from noon to night because the Falmouth people wouldn't give up the Nantucket Packet thought to be breaking the law. Falmouth said "Come and get 'er!" and then the guns boomed!

Thirty-four ships were burned in New Bedford harbor and the war got altogether too near when on Monday morning, June 13, 1814 the *Nimrod* appeared off Bird Island.

The "Great Neckers" woke to find her anchored off the Island, and wash day was forgotten!

Everybody rushed to bury their valuables!

From an old account we learn that Jemima, the housekeeper of Stephen Delano, who lived on the East shore was so frightened that she dug a hole and buried all her fortune, about fifty cents, and never could find the spot afterwards. They watched in great excitement the six small boats with lateen sails set out around the point and make up towards Wareham Narrows.

Two hundred and twenty armed men were landed in Wareham. They burned twelve vessels and did other damage to the amount of $20,000.

From Great Hill the Sippican people watched the smoke pouring up.

The *Nimrod* got aground off Bird Island, and it is said cast off her upper deck of guns and there they are to this day, at least the scallop fishermen lose drags where they are sure there are no rocks.

Guns were placed on Great Hill but Sippican nestled behind its entrance islands unharmed. It is said that the Charles Neck sentries rowed out to the *Nimrod* and told how very small the village was compared with Wareham! And then the war was over and the ships put out to sea again, and life settled down to its everyday tasks.

Sometimes a terrible storm so impressed itself that the picture of it came down to the next generation. The great gale of 1815 was such a storm.

"Saturday, September 23, there was a shower of rain from the East, then the wind veered to S. E. and increased in violence" we read in an old account "About 8 or 9 o'clock the tide became on a sudden (the time for the high tide was half past eleven) as high as the highest Spring tides and continued to increase its height with surprising velocity. At about 10 o'clock the tide water had covered all the English mowing lands. Wind veered from S. S. E. to S. and blew with amazing violence. Such wind never was known on this coast". The salt works all up and down the harbor were ruined and many

of the houses carried off. The houses would hold their positions until the tide reached the roof and then many of them were overturned and some floated across the harbor. Some of the ruins were found in the woods at Wareham. "A store at Great Neck containing India goods (West) was floated across to Wareham where it remained with its goods in perfect preservation."

"Coasting vessels in the bay were drawn high on the shore—one floated among the forest trees in an upright position and was later relaunched."

The tide rose eight feet above the common level and for many years until 1890 there were nail heads high up on some of the houses in the Upper Landing to show how far the tide came up in the "Great Gale."

"The spray resembled a driving snow storm. Grass was entirely killed. Leaves of trees appeared scorched, and several cedar swamps perished. Wells and watering places for cattle were filled with sea water. The saltness of the wells near the sea remained until November. After the snows of the winter the wells became fresh again suddenly. Some didn't recover for two years. In 1816 some of the overflowed fields were planted with oats and had a larger crop than ever before. Mosses flourished and wild grasses came in where cultivated grass had been."

In many people's opinion it is a century hurricane as the old people tell of the great hurricane of the 16th century; and the great terrible storm that sank the land, tore the ground apart, and made Buzzards Bay in the old legends of the Indians, was thought to be one of the century hurricanes.

That same year of 1815, perhaps because of the hurricane, the great sea serpent, the "Scoliophis Atlanticus, the Great Serpent of the North American Seas", was seen near Plymouth in August and two years later near Cape Ann.

"Between eighty and ninety feet in length and about the size of a half barrel" with "head as large as head of a horse." "Fifty distinct portions out of water at one time" and "moving at the rate of a mile in two or at least three minutes."

He had a "tongue like a harpoon" and at any minute might appear in Buzzards Bay.

He haunted the sailor's dreams for many years and at least one whaler later put out from Nantucket with the serious intention of hunting sea serpents as well as whales.

That same year of 1815, there was a scandal in town. The behavior in the meeting house on the corner was so bad that we can read in the New Bedford Mercury of May 15, of what the "Tything men" at least, thought about the situation.

"The Tything men of Rochester give notice that they should enforce the law" and it was signed by the twelve. Among the names are the familiar ones of George Bonum Nye and John Clapp.

On Saturday evening Sept. 10, 1819 we can picture every able bodied person in the village crowding down to the shore as far as Nye's Wharf, opposite Ram Island, to watch, as the sun sank behind the trees, for the first glow from Bird Island down at the mouth of the harbor.

"Ah! there she is! Old Bird Island Light!"

And a pirate for a keeper! Yes, he came in a government vessel and his bride is a lovely lady from Boston. He prevailed upon her to elope with him. And the story grew!

As the light glowed from the harbor's mouth, it brought a little shiver of excitement!

Pirates were Black Beards who "chewed wine glasses" in their cabins, and "burned sulphur to make their ships like Hell", or like "Domingo" who "walked freely at noon day parading the street of Matanzas in defiance of the law, and nobody dared touch him."

The girls saw

"An island in the Spanish main beyond the setting sun" with dare devils who might be fascinating, but the sailors saw

"Full forty gallant vessels
I robbed of gold in store
And full four hundred souls of life
They weltered in their gore."

For pirates were real people to old Sippican! It didn't help one's comfort of mind when a husband was off at sea to read in even the religious papers of the day of how

"when boarded, Capt. and crew sent below, so regular was the system, so well calculated to inspire terror and fill the breasts of all with the most dreadful apprehension that every man marching upon deck expected to meet inevitable death."

"True stories" of the old Sippican people to be read today in the yellowed papers.

"We were all in succession ordered upon the deck and made to run the gauntlett, fifteen or twenty most ferocious and barberous monsters disguised in the shape of human beings from the cabin to the windlass, being beaten most cruelly and unmercifully with swords and pistols until death would have been a welcome visitor. We were then ordered to sit on the windlass with our backs turned to them, there to be shot—they put the pistols to our heads and fired them—it is impossible to describe our feelings when after the report of the pistol we found ourselves still alive."

They "broke a sword over the mates head, hung him up by the neck and then threw him into the cabin." Oh! Pirates were well known and feared by the ship's crews that sailed out of Buzzards Bay and imagine a pirate, even though reformed, as keeper of Bird Island Light.

And according to one writer there was a pirate's cave "near the end of the tongue of lands, which separate Sippican and Wareham Bays." He writes "There existed many years ago a huge mass of rocks behind which, a little inland was a cave, the entrance to which was not noticeable to those who passed along the shore. If any one had landed at the exact spot, he might have seen a narrow hole entering the crags but it is doubtful if it would have attracted his attention. In 1814 it is said it was fitted up with many relics of wrecked vessels and a pile of shells that rose high against one of its walls."

The "beautiful lady" ran away in a little boat to the Point but was persuaded to return. She died and her lonely grave was marked by the flashing signal for a century.

For a hundred years Bird Island Light has glowed at the harbor entrance. Only once has it failed. In a terrible storm it flickered out, and anxious watchers sailing through the surf found that it went out as a signal for help for a dying child.

They found a crushed boat, a frantic father and mother and a dead child.

The light flared forth but that father never tended it again.

These early days saw busy times in the little villages. There were 14 saw mills buzzing; 3000 sheep nibbling in the fields of old Rochester Towne; business in the ship yards increasing.

At the town meeting at the Center, roads and bridges took up much attention. They also began to talk about schools and schoolhouses. The only school house in the Sippican district had been destroyed by fire. It took them a year to decide to build another and sell shares in it. Some of the buyers appear in the old "Acount Book."

The schoolhouse was about 9 x 33 ft. and 8 ft. high, and the cost was very extravagant, $250.00.

This year of 1819 there were so many more children in the village that another small schoolhouse was built, where the post office is now, for a private school, and Miss Elizabeth (called Betsy then) Sprague Pitcher, whose family was a prominent one in Sippican, became the school mistress at fourteen years of age.

Betsy's father and brother were captains of coasters in the Southern trade. One brother, Theophilus, became a Southern slave owner and was killed in a slave insurrection.

And so little Betsy Pitcher made her appearance in the history of Sippican.

Old ladies of the village tell of her rigid discipline, of how she rapped their heads and fingers with her thimble, showing the character that developed in the girl who as Elizabeth Taber later became the fairy godmother to the town.

The little schoolhouse was in existence in the '90's descended in use to a wood house back of the Roberta Bates house on Main Street.

In those old days in Sippican everybody went to bed almost at sundown with the little whale oil lamps, with two little tubes and no chimneys, for light.

The women spun and wove and made the clothes of the family, made patch work quilts, dozens of sheets and pillow slips still in the Sippican chests, and girls and boys both, sewed seams and made samplers.

There were singing schools and quilting bees and clambakes.

Sometimes everybody took a holiday and sailed down to Naushon for a day's picnic. The vessel always sailed from the old wharf now almost sunk under the water back of Miss Hamlin's garden on Main St.

They owned books. Elizabeth Pitcher was presented by her brother Peleg, a copy of "*Rokeby*" and also "*Marmion*". Her mother gave her "*Devout Exercises of the Heart*" by Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe and also Harriet Newell's Journal, and "*Lyric Poems*" divided into three parts.

"Sacred I Devotion and Piety.
II to Virtue, Honour and Friendship.
III to the memory of the Dead."

Mrs. Sarah Pitcher owned "*Meditations* and *Contemplations.*" "*George Barnwall*" by T. S. Surr, "*Children of the Abbey*", "*Watts Psalms,*" and Theo Pitcher owned the "*Arabian Nights,*" and Elizabeth "*The Letters of Abelard and Heloise.*" Also in the Pitcher Library were "*A guide to true peace*" from Fenelon, "*Lady Guion,*" etc., "*Paradise Lost*", —Dr. Edward Youngs' works—, "*A treatise on self knowledge*" by John Mason, Cowper's translations of "*Madame Guion, Spiritual Songs.*" Newspapers were treasured.

Sailors were reading in the New Bedford Mercury in 1822 familiar words to the village 100 years later.

"Only twenty days remain for the disposal of the mass of business now before congress, its existence terminating with the 3rd of March—The most important business now before that body is the bill for the revision of the Tarif, which it is thought will pass with some alteration."

It sounds quite like today.

Even if Emerson did say that from 1790—1820 there was not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought in the State, in the Buzzards Bay District, in 1822, the New Bedford Mercury was commenting on "the general intelligence, activity and enterprise, which pervades all orders and classes of people in New England" and says "it is a subject of frequent and just remark by candid and intelligent writers of all nations."

The Mercury goes on to give much credit to the newspapers of the state, but the general intelligence of the people of the seaside villages was because they were dwellers in no small world.

They might not travel by stage coach much, but their minds had a far horizon—the horizon of ships and sailors and the sea.

By 1816, 215 men were employed in their ship yards, and "sixty sail" were owned in Rochester Towne.

Deep rutted village roads perhaps and no sidewalks, but their long roads were made with each voyage.

As the water foamed behind the ship the Sippican sailors could look back and there was the road they had made from home, and so onward to the far islands of the seven seas.

Chapter VIII

THE WHALERS AND MOBY DICK HIMSELF

"Oh poor Reuben Ranzo
Ranzo boys, O Ranzo!
Oh Ranzo was no sailor
So they shipped him aboard a whaler
Ranzo boys, O Ranzo!"

OLD SONG.

As though the tide had washed up sea weed and shells, the little brown homes clustered around the wharves at the Old Landing and the wharves at the "Lower Landing", the "Wharf village." They *might* be strange sea bird's nests, for their builders were of the sea.

It took more than planting and reaping, tending of flocks and herds, making salt and building ships to give these men of Rochester-Towne their tanned weather beaten faces.

It was the sun of the Tropics and the brine of three oceans.

They came and went from the "Old Landing" to the "Wharf;" they jogged up and down from "the center", but they also came and went from the islands of the Pacific.

There was the sound of the sea in their ears; there were strange scenes in far lands pictured in their eyes.

Their roads led truly as far as Cape Horn, as Zanzibar, as far as the Japan seas; for the great days of whaling were beginning, and these men of the Rochester villages were of the "10,000 sailors who manned the whaling fleet of the Buzzards Bay District."

This was the whaling center of America, if not the world. Whaling!

A distant chanting down the centuries!

A long procession of canoes coming up the Bay! A great black sea creature in tow with the briny water swashing, and astride its back a tall bronzed figure shouting in triumph!

A stranded sea monster on the Cape Cod shoals! And thin lipped, stern Pilgrim faces in Plymouth bent over laws about "oyle that Providence cast up from the sea."

Watchers along the Cape and on Menshope's Island for a hundred years scanning the horizon for the feather of fine mist that told of "oyle".

And broad brimmed Quakers, canny land owners and money makers, rolling in oily fortunes from the sea.

For two centuries the great creatures had meant cheer to the villages so why shouldn't every man and boy want to go on a "greezy voyage"!

Everybody in Rochester-Towne knew the great plates of the upper jaw of the right whale—the "baleen", through which tiny sea creatures called "brit" sifted down the small throat.

Great wide horrible mouths lying on the lap of the ocean lazily drinking in food—the Right Whales of the Atlantic.

And the huge teeth of the sperm whales!

Youngsters were thrilled to hear stories of these creatures, Burke's "gigantic game," that some times appeared one hundred in a school; that stuck their noses in the bottom of the ocean and tore off great chunks of the giant devil fish that lurked there.

Little boys sat up in their trundle-beds, in the darkness of a frosty paned winter night, wide eyed at frightful dreams of a great black head rearing up as high as Capt. Paul Briggs' house; horrid jaws that reached up into the sky, opened, and swung around and cracked a boat into splinters! Jaws that broke legs, killed men! Sometimes the dark head turned around and around and the big ship itself went down.

And little bodies shivered under the patchwork quilts pulled up over the small cropped heads. A frightening but fascinating adventure!

A six year older might stick his head down in the feather bed but a ten year, twelve year old lad sailed away as

cabin boy, some times cook, and came home in two, three, four years after sailing 24,000 miles, a swaggering whaler, perhaps a mate of a great ship with tales of peaked fiery islands, and unfathomable depths of sea.

The huge creatures grow larger with every voyage. Barrels of oil from the tongue! Jawbones that are made into bridges on the islands! Pieces of back bone as big as the boulders that George Bonum Nye's oxen were dragging down to build his wharf opposite Ram Island.

All the people in Sippican wouldn't weigh as much as one of "the critters!"

Yes! Everybody in the village knew whaling! For it took so many to outfit the little ships after they were launched, that it seemed sometimes as though every able bodied man in the villages took a hand--carpenters, coopers, storekeepers, sailmakers, blacksmiths, block-workers.

Seventeen, twenty-one, thirty-two men for a ship. Cooks, stewards, cabin boys, ship keeper, three spare men, and so almost every man and boy in the village did get away for at least one voyage out into the swirling, wet, oily, smoky world of whaling.

Even the sailmakers and the village blacksmith took a look at the strange mammals who seemed so human in some ways; so tender in the care of their young and such fighters when any of a school were touched.

Back breaking, cruel, brine washed days and nights with some captains. Twenty-four hours a day at work, up at daybreak and all day long, the watch relieved every two hours, scanning the horizon for the spout that might mean a prize. With home folks on board, all sails furled at night, a lazy sailing cruise with not too much work, and the excitement of the best game in the world waiting some where beyond the great waves. Lands, and barns and sheep, and cattle, and fine clothes for the owners. Not much in the pockets of the sailors perhaps, but fathers and brothers and uncles were owners of the ship, and a boy had been known to come home with $400.00 in his pockets.

Whaling! An exciting gambling adventure on strange seas! A chance to see old *Mocha Dick* himself, the great fighting whale, the tough old "varmint" for whom every man who climbed into the "cro's nest" was on the lookout.

The thrill of the rolling long cry "Thar-she-blows!", and the careful quick putting off that the fight may begin at least a mile away from the ship!

Whalers! Whalers! of Rochester-Towne-in-New England! Alas! most of the early ones lost in the Nantucket and Newport lists, and later the New Bedford.

"It is impossible" writes Starbuck "to apportion the vessels among the proper ports."

The clumsy little vessels slid from the shores of the "Lands of Sippican", and were sailing, sailing after the great game for a hundred years before the "huckleberry pastures" of Dartmouth became the great whaling port of the world.

Ten years before the "Red Coats" felled the Nantucket Indian on the cobbled roads of Boston, 160 Whalers were sailing from Nantucket and Cape Cod.

In 1770 Representative Ebenezer White of Rochester was sending out the schooner *Desire,* with a Nye as Captain of her.

A Whaler! What difference what she was named! *Desire,* or the *Henry,* or the *Gold Hunter,* the *James Lopez,* the *Napoleon,* or the *Julian!*

A ship of adventure as she parted the shining waters of the harbor; as she cruised around *Dead Men's Chest,* and through the *Dragon's Mouth;* as she wallowed around the Horn!

Oily craft with horny handed, heavy footed farm boys climbing, swinging off into skyey depths, catching a rope to save themselves from dropping into curling foam, as they learn to be nimble sailors; with uncles roaring through ship trumpets as mates and captains; and little brothers doing ship chores, or stirring up a savory mess called "souse", or "duff" in the galley.

While old Sippicaners were still reckoning in shillings and pence those lumbering little schooners paid well, and from those lazy voyages came whalemen that the mother country coveted.

During the Revolution many a captain, the whistling Yankee Doodle fifes in his heart, threw a weapon at the great creatures rather than at his brother.

But in February, 1783, a Yankee Captain sailed right into the teeth of a hostile, bristling mother country.

"Wall! the war wuz over, wasn't it?" Anyway, not afraid of anything in the world—those old whaling captains! And "a chance to make some money" quoth those old Quakers.

Staring eyes along the water front of Old England see a strange little flag!

What! a Rebel from America? And an English newspaper prints—

"The ship Bedford, Captain Mooers, belonging to Massachusetts arrived in the Downes the 3rd of February, passed Gravesend on the 4th & was reported at the Custom House the 5th instant.

She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the Commissioners & the Lords of Council on account of the many acts of parliament yet in force against the rebels in America. She is loaded with 487 buttes of Whale oil; is American built; manned wholly by American seamen, wears the colors & belongs to the Island of Nantucket in Massachusetts. This is the first vessel which displayed the thirteen rebellious stripes of America in any British port. The vessel lies at Horseley down a little below the town and is intended immediately to return to New England."

Captain Mooers, lips set, waiting for word from the Lords of Council; the mate's hoarse trumpet commands, and the sailors go about the business of the ship.

Great talk about the whalers from the little tip of the land of the Pilgrims, and envious France offers exciting inducements to whalemen—lands and ships—and dozens and dozens of Yankee captains man British and French ships.

The Revolutionary muskets cool and the war worn uniforms are put away. There is the luring sea lapping the shore and adventure and wealth in the distance.

In 1790 the whaler *Amelia* sailed out of Nantucket, too late for a good whaling season on the Brazilian coast, not discouraged, ventured around the Horn, and killed the first sperm whale in the Pacific. The harpooner was Archilus Hammond born in Rochester-Towne.

The news filtered back, borne on little greasy craft, sloops, brigs and trim merchant men to the Cape Cod and Buzzards Bay villages, and the Rochester Towne outfitters and owners began to reckon how much in provisions, harpoons, casks, and tools a ship would need for a voyage of two, three, four years out into that unknown world of cannibal islands.

The owners, outfitters, captains of a century ago! Familiar names stare up from the pages of the Commissioners' Report—Blankinships and Hammonds and Bates and Luces and Nyes. And the terse lines tell more than names.

There are crashing timbers and cries and heroism; tense muscles and stern orders of command and iron wills saving lives in danger.

"In March 1796, the ship *Harmony* of Rochester, Capt. George Blankinship, ran upon a whale off the coast of Brazil and was stove and sunk. The crew was saved, but the vessel and cargo was lost."

And so the story of whaling, chapter by chapter, is written in the history of the Pilgrim's land.

Deep and dark the unknown ocean depths, the sea serpent appearing now and then, but out they go, whalers! Whalers!

From little schooners like Capt. Blankinship's *Betsy*, they grow to ships that are finding it hard to get over the Nantucket bar—and Nantucketers are screwing up their faces and making plans. No use! Vessels that draw 10 ft. are too big, and over on Buzzards Bay the huckleberry pastures and farms of old Dartmouth begin to put out wharves, and the cow lanes grow cobblestones, and the meetings of broad-brimmed gentle

voiced men who "thee" and "thou" their captains, and agents, and outfitters, are beginning to be felt in the far away ports of the world.

The tub shaped vessels put out year after year. From Rochester Towne the year after the *Nimrod* sunk her guns off Bird Island the little whalers are venturing round the Horn; the *President*, the *John Adams*, the *Sally*, the *Magnolia*, the *George*, the *Hero*, *Ontario*, *Orion*, *Spartan*, the *Swift*, the *Zone*, the *Omega*, the *Meridian*.

For three, four years they sail away! By 1819 whalers are off the coast of Japan; by 1822, whalemen touching the "cannible islands", Honolulu. By 1829 many Rochester whalers were clearing at the New Bedford custom house.

The Herald, Hope, Pocahontus, Dryade, Franklin, Lexington, Indian Queen, Shylock, Emerald, Young Eagle, Mary Ann.

Call them any names you wish. From names of favorite daughters to names of constellations, from battles to Greek letters!

They were fond of the name "Annawan", those builders of whale ships.

Annawan! that splendid Indian chief who stood by Philip in those dark days; who called "Iatoosh! Iatoosh!" "Stand firm! Stand firm!" as the curtain rang down on the last act of the tragedy.

The story of the *Annawan*, a whaler, is the story of the whalers of America.

Richard Halliburton tells in one of his adventures of the story of the whaler *Annawan* from Nantucket that in 1831 is the scene of a revolt of Chilian convicts on Alexander Selkirk's island with the savages taking the ship and the frightened white lipped captain's wife below.

In a brown stained log book bought in New Bedford Dec. 13, 1836 we read 'Journal of an Intended voyage to the West Indies and Elsewhere."

"Brig *Annawan*, Friday Dec. 16, 1836. Charles B. Hammond writes "got away at Mattapoisett." The old brown log tells a story of cruising about the islands off St. Vincents.

The tubby little brig goes through the Dragon's Mouth, and then lumbers off down the Spanish Main like all the others in company.

Speaks brig *Elizabeth* and Bark *Popomonett,* so soon to be wrecked.

They are constantly sighting humpbacks, and boiling black fish, but the real whales are scarce.

"Could not get any, almost discouraged" writes the mate "cruising off Dead Men's Chest."

On Feb. 23 "Cruising off Porto Rico at 9 A.M. saw a dead whale, lowered a boat and took him alongside. The *Elizabeth's* boat came and claimed him." Disgust written in the lines "Cast him off and made sail. So ends."

Discouragement written in the lines, and then suddenly the little black ink whales begin to appear on the pages opposite the fortunate days.

On Mar. 4, 1837, Jubilant, the mate writes:

"4 P.M. Saw whales, got two, at 6 took them alongside and got supper—after supper got up the tackles and cut one in and hooked onto the other and tore out—giving up cutting till morning, at 6 A.M. hooked on."

Then boiling, boiling, boiling, until "Monday 2 P. M. finished and by 4 P.M. finished stowing down oil. Strong gales and squally. Under Double Reefed Topsails. Sprung the Fore Spensor Mast. Spoke the *Sarah Louise,* Captain Taylor, 60 bbls, 4 months out. So ends." So the logs read.

Sometimes late at night the little figures work in the red glow of the boiling blubber.

"At 10 P.M. a large ship run down to us and hailed us and thought we were on fire. At 12 midnight finished boiling."

Day after day they sail, with tails of whales disappearing off the pages, until on May 9 he writes

"at 5 A.M. saw whales, lowered and struck one and drawed from him. Came on board and took up the boat. At 10 saw whales again, lowered and got one at Noon took him alongside and took a stiff horn all round and got Dinner." Most of the days "Saw nothing of the whale kind. So ends."

The next year Charles Hammond is writing in the same brown book.

"Log of the Brig *Solon* of Rochester" and is cruising with the *Orion* and getting a whale with her, and jotting down a sea tragedy in two lines, "On Oct. 5, at 2 P.M. Saw whale, lowered and got two at 7, took one to each vessel. The *Orion* got one boat stove and lost John Christian."

No further comment but they got to the business of boiling.

Then Blackfish! Blackfish! Blackfish! Blackfish! Real whaling captains snort at blackfish "Come around the Horn and get a real whale!" So the log ends "Saw nothing remarkable. So ends," with the crew fixing rigging and the last page "Brig *Solon.* Homeward Bound." A real plum pudding voyage!

But the *Annawan!* What happened that the young mate put his sea chest aboard the *Solon?*

Superstition sometimes shattered the nerves of a ship. Something, anything suspected must go overboard or it cast a spell of terror over a voyage.

Sometimes a man died.

"And never since that moment
Save a shudder through the sea
Saw we or heard the creature that had
followed in our lee!"

The brig *Annawan* was doomed!

Not until months after the tragedy did Dr. Robbins write in his diary—

"Apr. 4, 1839 news came that the brig *Annawan* of this place, coming home with a valuable cargo was wrecked near Bermuda and the crew are reported missing. Several families are much distressed."

Two weeks later he writes—

Apr. 15 Painful news received here this morning from the Brig *Annawan,* wrecked, of 21 of the crew, 14 including the captain and mates are lost; 7 are saved. 7 from this place; 4 lost, the cargo worth about $20,000."

Apr. 20, the doctor writes "Saw a seaman, Chase, who was wrecked in the *Annawan*, his story is very affecting. Four promising youths of this place were lost."

In the Records we find "Charles S. Bates lost at sea Feb. 27, 1839, 26 years old."

Young Captain Charles, of Sippican.

"Alexander Leach lost in the Brig *Annawan*." "James Delano, 3rd officer of Whaleship *Frederick* of New Bedford was carried down with the line while taking a whale and was lost."

Another Sippican boy that year of 1839.

News from the whalers was so slow coming. Months with no news at all.

Time for the whalers to come home! Eager, restless mothers, wives, watching from the lookouts on the houses; women who have had the painful waiting during the long winter storms when perhaps father was off on a merchant ship, a son, a husband on a whaler.

It is said that the little houses on Main St. were built close to the road and each other, that the women might have near neighbors when the men folks were away on long voyages. The day comes when a motionless rider on Charles Neck Point suddenly jerks his rein, turns his rearing horse, and spurring up the sandy road clears the bars that keep the cattle in, and galloping, galloping comes on to the main road to the gathering place where the well is at the head of "the wharf", one arm waving, calling "Flag's up! Flag's up!"

A tubby, lumbering whaler with the flag flying at the mast head, showing all's well on board is showing up around the Point, and before the slow craft can come into the vision of the watchers in the Mendell attic, "the lookout" for old Sippican, the breathless rider is talking to the excited crowd surrounding him.

They are all there; the old whalemen, the captains of merchantmen, the saltmakers, the ship builders, the outfitters and store keepers popping out from behind their desks on the

corner, the inn keeper, the postmaster, because that is the business center of Sippican village.

Sometimes before the rider has slipped from his horse the South West breeze has brought the brig, all sails set, round the Point, and the watchers in the attic have caught a first glimpse through the telescope and the news goes through the crowd—"It's the *Persia!* The *Persia!* She'll come up to Sherman's wharf! All's well! All's well!" Everybody is crowding down to welcome the bearded men folks home.

But if the flag is at half mast, how slowly the rider turns towards the village.

Sometimes timid women with husbands, sons on other whalers hardly dare to go down to see their old friends and neighbors come ashore; hardly dare ask "What news of the *Rainbow?* the *Omega?* the *Shylock?*" "Any news of Jim, of John, of Obed?"

The whalers bring letters and reports of meetings at sea, this ship and that, and have news of this one and another.

The joy of meeting a ship at sea!

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! What cheer! What cheer!" the sailors sing.

But often, too often, a death of a neighbor is reported. Davis in the *Nimrod of the Sea* writes "In one voyage one might speak 30 ships, on each one a death of a whaler, sometimes three."

So it is a little timidly, with hands clutching the shawl over the heart, that some women of the village go down to the wharf to welcome the *Persia.*

The stones in the village graveyards tell the story "Died at sea," "Lost at sea", and the town records the same sad tale.

But nothing daunts the young sailors.

Young Captain Charles Bates is gone, but on July 30, 1839 off sails Charles Hammond in the brig *Two Sisters* of Rochester, agent Noble Bates. It was bought in Boston, and is a lucky ship. A good voyage, with whales plentiful, literally frisking about the horizon.

A jolly hunting voyage! Constantly meeting friends and relatives on Rochester and New Bedford ships — The *Willis*, the *Agate*, the *Zoroaster*.

Nov. 26 they have just finished boiling one good catch when they spoke the *Solon*.

"At 7 A.M. saw a large whale. Lowered and got him and mated with the *Solon*, at noon took him alongside from the *Solon*."

The next day "At 9 commenced baling case. At 10 commenced boiling. All hands Boiling. Account of oil In company with Solon. Head 680."

By March 23 "people employed in heaving tryworks overboard" and the *Two Sisters* comes home from a seven months voyage with a full ship. 1500 bbls. Another "Plum Pudding" voyage, and some sailor had time to scratch a picture of the *Two Sisters* on a "busk" for a "fair ladye" of Rochester Towne.

Rochester now owned 15 whalers, 5 ships and 10 brigs and schooners. So many ships going out from the Buzzards Bay, sailors, and whalers swarming along the little wharves of the Buzzards Bay towns.

Climbing aboard for a three year's trip around the Horn; to a pan of hard tack, water, "Scouse", boiled meat, cranberry and dried apple duff. Always grumbling. Every sailor grins as he tells the old story

"Ain't the food good?"

"Yea, what there is of it!"

"Aint you had enough?"

"Yea, such's tis!"

The news comes back of wrecks and deaths.

The Brig *Chase* is abandoned at sea, and the *Shylock* with Capt. Taber, agent Capt. Stephen C. Luce, on a voyage to New Zealand, is lost at Feegee Islands on May 20.

The next year the *Volant*, Capt. Hathaway, agent J. S. Bates, sailed to the So. Atlantic Oct. 18, and was condemned at St. Helena in February.

But still the ships are sent out. Hathaway & Luce agents send the *Cherokee, Virginia, Erie,* Capt. Luce; and the *Cossack* goes out with Capt. Delano; Stephen Luce, owner, and Dr. Robbins takes a trip over to Sippican village.

"July 5, 1840, afternoon at six o'clock we had a very interesting meeting aboard a barque ship soon to sail for the Indian ocean. There was a large congregation. Dr. Cobb and the Methodist Minister were with me."

It was the *Indian Queen* that sailed July 9, and came back May 10, 1843 with 350 bbl. sperm and 1,356 bbls. whale oil, and 11,600 lbs. bone. That same year sailed the *Dryade; Lagrange; Lebaron; Pearl* with Capt. Blankinship, agent J. S. Bates; the *Solon* with Capt. Wing, agent N. E. Bates; the *Two Sisters* again under Capt. Bolles.

The *Richard Henry,* Barden & Sons, lost a boat's crew by a whale. 1841 came in cold and bleak. On one of the cold January nights a young sailor named Melville was wandering about the water front of the great whaling port of the world. Looking, watching, rubbing elbows with those who go down to the sea in ships.

On the *Acushnet* he lived the life of a New Bedford whaler, and old "Mocha Dick" came alive again, real, vivid in the whaling classic of the world.

And a great whaler, the *Charles W. Morgan,* was built, that was to sail, now here, now there, for 84 years.

The *David Paddock* built at Rochester, Capt. Keen, sailed out in 1841, and we read of the *Edward Cary* and the *Massachusetts* and the *Narragansett* built in the Rochester villages.

That year six little ships came in with 2530 bbls. sperm oil, and 16 whalers were owned in the little town.

That same year the name Sippican appears on the Commissioner's list, for the first time.

The Bark *Dryno,* Capt. Hammond, Capt. Elisha Luce, agent and Dr. Robbins wrote again in his diary.

"Aug. 1, 1841 Rode to Sippican and attended a meeting on board a barque ship soon to go to sea and preached without notes on Is. IV—5—2 A large audience."

On a summer day in that far away time the Sippican people were on board the *Dryno* listening to a sermon. The breeze coming up the bay lifted the flag, and Capt. Hammond heard "And the Lord shall create" — three years to be away from the family — "a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night" — the little girl didn't look very well— "and for a place of refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain" — The blue green water lapped the sides of the barque, and the friends and neighbors were silent as they bowed their heads.

The *Dryno* came back May 21, 1844 with only 600 bbls. of sperm and Capt. Elisha sold her in Fairhaven. The bark *Hecla*, J. S. Bates agent, had sailed a few days after the *Dryno*. She didn't come home until May, 1845 and only brought in 900 bbls. sperm.

But the little *Two Sisters*, under Capt. Bolles rolled off on another Plum Pudding trip and the *Callao* under Capt. Norton sent home about 20,000 lbs. whalebone.

The *Pearl* under Capt. Blankinship was "lost on Japan grounds, 6 of her crew lost with her" but the gamble went on.

Capt. Henry Allen sent out the *Popmunnet* to the Indian Ocean on Dec. 2, 1843, and she came in on July 3, 1845 with 170 bbls. sperm oil, 550 whale and 3000 lbs. bone.

The villages now owned 18 whalers.

By 1844, 400 whale ships were trading at Honolulu, and one writer calls it "as Yankee as New Bedford." By 1846 Buzzards Bay was booming. 678 ships and barks, 35 brigs, 22 schooners, and valued at $21,015,000.

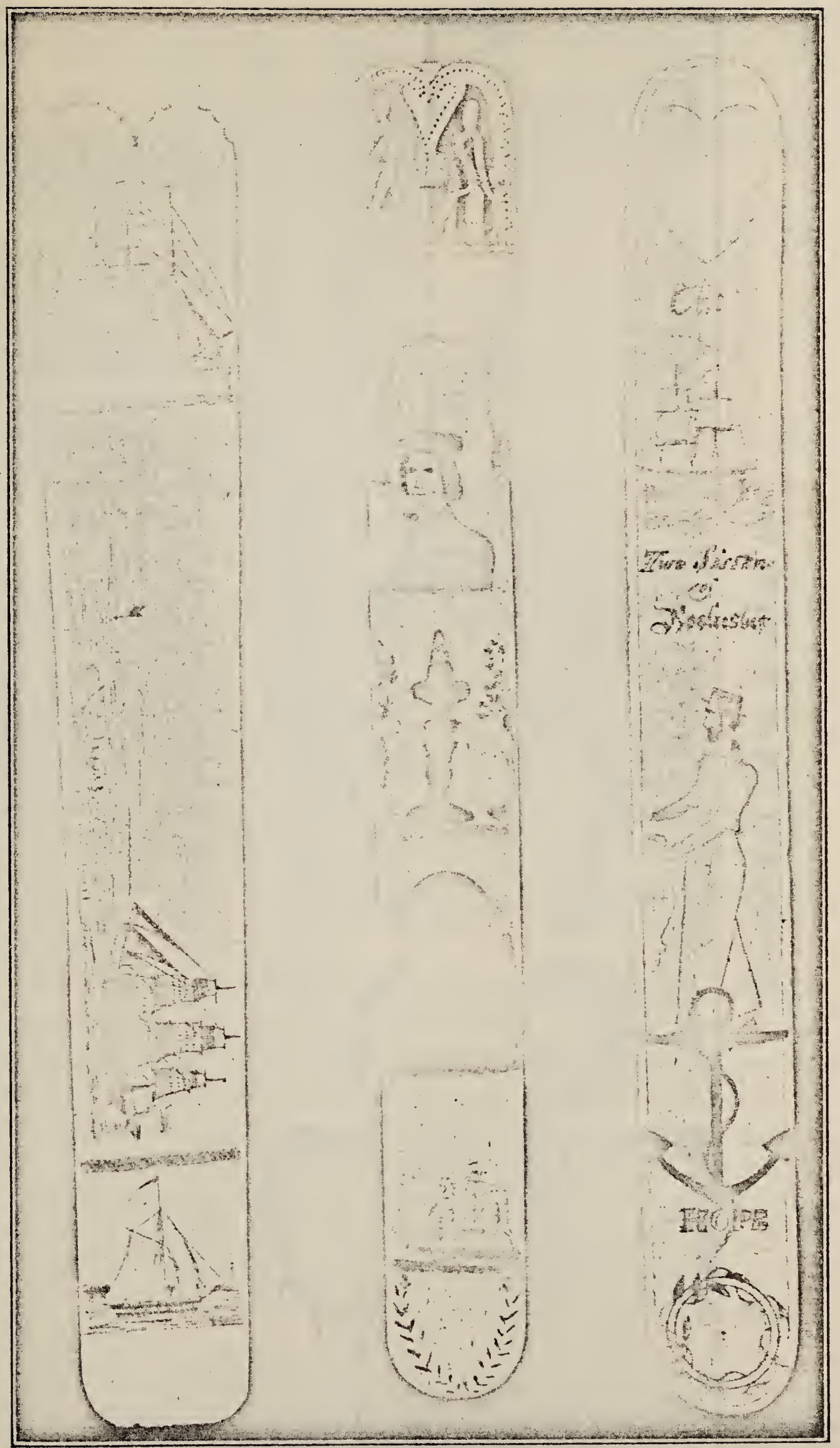
Off to the Western Islands, voyage after voyage; around the Horn to the Japan grounds, the Indian ocean.

As time went on the wharf village, and Mattapoisett grew more lively.

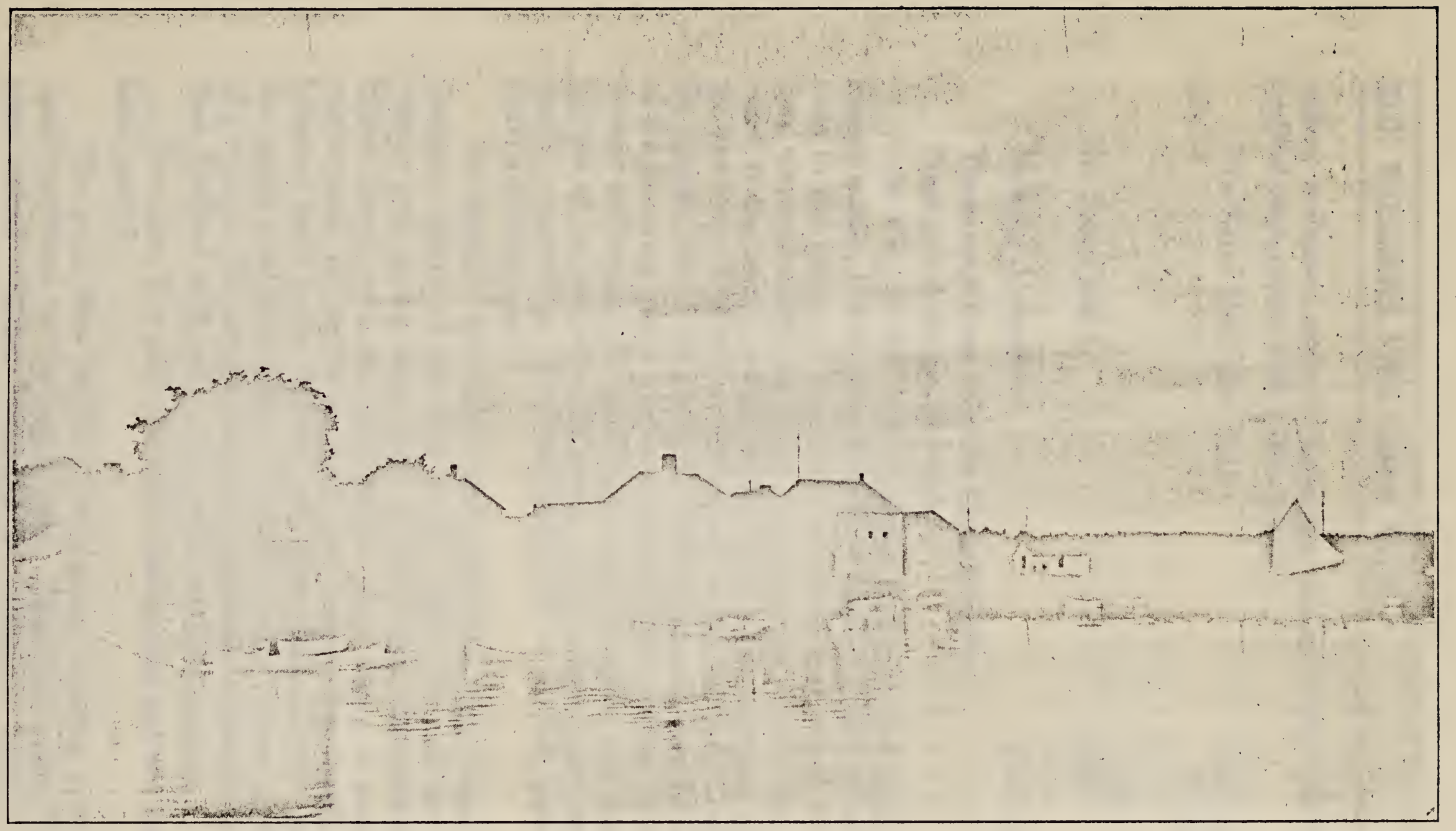
There was so much for a whaling outfitter to pack on board one of the broad craft.

Hundreds of oak barrels for the oil, extra sails and spars, tar, ropes, harpoons, tools, bricks, paint.

In May 1844 Capt. Hammond is busy on the *Zoroaster*. Barrels of beef, and pork, and flour, and bread, sugar, apples,



Scrimshaw Work — "Lazy days on a Whaler"
Hinsdale Collection



"The Sail-Loft and the Look-Out Attic"

coffee, molasses; and the carpenter reports "water on board", and the mate writes with a firm hand:

"In After Hold five Cask	885	gallons
	90	out
	795	
In Fore Hold	2965	
Making Altogether	3760	gallons

These were busy days on Buzzards Bay.

Starbuck describes the scene

"the ring of the black smith's hammer and anvil made cheery music; the coopers with their hammers and drivers kept time to the tramp of their feet as round and round the casks they marched tightening more and more the boards that bound together the vessels which should hold their precious oil: and the creaking of blocks as the vessels unloaded their freight, or the riggers fitted them anew for fresh conquests, and the rattling of the hurrying teams as they carried off the product of the last voyage or brought the necessarys for the future one lent their portion of animation to the scene. Everywhere was hurry and bustle; everywhere all were employed — on all sides were thrift and happiness."

In Sippican the cooper and sailmaker shops were on the Sherman wharf at the foot of the Main St. and the Wittet wharf; and up the lane, back of the Major Luce house, now Hiller Street, was the blacksmith's shop where a small boy might watch horses being shod, iron wagon tires fixed, and a harpoon head made. Sailors got their clothes from outfitters, the agents paid the outfitters from the sailor's share at the end of a voyage. No wonder that they sometimes walked home from New Bedford with only a few cents in their pockets.

For alas, it is only the little whalers that put out from the home ports!

The great New Bedford, the famous whaling port of the world swallows up the larger ones. Starbuck writes "of late years many whalers belonging to Westport, Marion, Dart-

mouth, Provincetown and Boston have discharged at New Bedford and cargoes conditioned to that port."

In 1807 only a whaler a year from New Bedford; from 1840 to 1850, a whaler a day.

The Buzzards Bay District with its 10,000 sailors!

Suddenly a strange romantic name appears on the pages of the Commissioner's Report. It is the year 1849!

"California! California!"

"Withdrawn for California!"

"Voyage broken up by crew deserting to California!" The news seeped in at the end of '48. Strange news of 16 whale ships deserted on the California coast, known as a Spanish shore where men sent hides out to ships lying off the wild coast line.

But have you heard?

"Carpenters are getting $12 to $14 a day! Laborers, $5 to $8!" But the whaler *Annawan!* Another Brig called the "Annawan," on Apr. 5, 1848, before the news came, sailed out again down the South Atlantic, wallowing along towards the River La Plate, speaking the *Barclay, Waverly, Doctor Franklin, Exchange, Parker Cook, Cortes, Nye, Chase, Mattapoisett, Governor Hopkins, Susan, Rainbow.*

Great days of whaling.

Not much luck, but the *Annawan* keeps on sailing, "March 9, 1849 with strong gales from the East with fine rain at 10 A.M. Saw Sperm at 2 P.M. took 2 whales to the ship. So ends with a gale of wind."

Wet, brine soaked, faces hard set; and whaling goes on.

It is the *Annawan* that is buying 300 oranges at Brava for $1.50, three quarters of a century ago. It is the *Annawan* that on April 17, 1849 in Pernambuco pays $24.00 for 4000 oranges and "6 water millions", but it might have been the *Philip,* or the *Hero,* or any other of the hundreds that sailed out of Buzzards Bay.

It was Charles M. Thompson, stranded sailor waiting for a whaler to touch, who had handed to him from the slop chest of the *Annawan* that far away April 27.

2 prs. of duck pants	$2.50
tin pot and pan	.50
Pr. gloves	1.00
6 lbs. tobacco	1.50
Linnen thread	.40
Knife and sheath	.50
one thick shirt	1.50
one thick pants	1.50
one thick shoes	1.00
Cash at Fayal	1.50
Sea Chest	2.00
Jack knife	.30
Sheath knife	.25

His wages vanishing like smoke, but once more he is a man, a sailor, not a derelict.

It was Charles M. Thompson, but it might have been John Jones or Peter Smith.

James Luce and all the other boys have cash at Fayal.

And on one yellowed page stares the astonishing item—

"Josephine to Asaph P. Taber, Dr.

To one French hat—$1.50

An oily whaler, a yellowed log book, and "one French hat!"

On Sept. 1, 1849 the *Annawan* is paying cash to "Soldiers at Fayal for apprehending men. $4.80 and one Manuel Porcira gets a chance to go to New Bedford.

He stands very patiently, barefooted in his thin pants, and receives his outfit; while the marks go down in the book that mean he will land in New Bedford not very well able to cope with the brisk life of the Whaling town waterfront.

"Sept. 4, 1849

To duck frock	$1.00
To jean pants	1.00
To thick shirt	1.50
To Gurnsey frock	1.00
Blanket and undershirt	1.50

one shirt, cap, Stockins, comforter, etc.	1.50
Monkey jacket	4.75
Sea chest	1.50
one striped shirt	1.00
one matras	.75
	$15.80

And one suspects that the shirt, caps, "stockins", "comforter", and "matras", are the deserted property of a whaler either bored or gay.

Anyway one who preferred to stay in Fayal.

Thompson stays with the ship and on July 23 the next year, a monkey jacket at $4.75 to go ashore in, is added to his list.

The *Annawan* comes in to Mattapoisett harbor July 25, 1850, and Thompson's account is totaled up as $22.85. Not much cash in his pocket probably, but he is on the homeland again, and over to New Bedford where he can touch all sorts and kinds of sailors from all over the world.

French, Dutch, Portuguese, English and black savages from the South Seas "gam" with Thompson until his money is gone, and away he goes again "shipped aboard a whaler."

Stained brown pages of the old logs.

A glimpse of the *Annawan,* the next year with the *Barclay.*

"Saw sperm whales."

The Brig *Annawan's* boats "fast to one whale, the rest went off" but on "Monday, Sept. 20, 1851 at 8 A. M. saw sperm whales—at 12 meridian took six whales to the ship," "one waist cut in two."

The scene is a blur of boiling blubber and slippery decks and red fires at night, and sharks, and smoky figures showing in the glare. Three quarters of a century later, the six little ink whales look startlingly black on the edge of the yellowed page of the log. The seventh is disappearing off the page labelled "lost."

But $500 a month is being paid to Captains in California!

And a whaler by the familiar name of *Popmunnet* is the first one to sail from San Francisco, the port, in 1850. It is the beginning of a new act. Slowly the scene shifts; and the great whaling day of the greatest whaling district in the world has almost reached its noon.

Golden California is calling the whalers, and they will remain away ten, twenty years from the home port!

Sippican's little whalers kept on bringing in wealth. Capt. Ben Handy, of the Tavern, sails out in the *Admiral Blake* year after year.

In 1853 he comes around Charles Neck Point. Oct. 5, been out four months, has 140 bbls. sperm and 6 bbls. whale oil.

A most profitable business whaling! Better than inn keeping Capt. Ben finds.

In 1854 about 7000 whales are taken, worth $10,802,-594.20; and Capt. Ben has helped swell that sum, for that year he made one of the best of his voyages. He leaves the wharf May 12, 1854, and comes in Sept. 8, jubilant. The square hummed with excitement.

156 bbls. of sperm oil and 10 bbls. whale, and the Captain had already sent home 100 bbls. of sperm.

Only gone from home four months. Two months of whaling, $11,000!

Capt. Charles Hammond, lucky Capt. Charles, had sailed in the schooner *Altamaha* owned by Capt. Stephen Luce that same day, and he came in Nov. 4, not quite so fortunate, but the next voyage he too was a winner.

Whaling at its peak! The New Bedford Customs District owned 169,986 tonnage of shipping. Buzzards Bay owned 426 vessels, and out of 183 ships arriving at N. B. 132 were whalers. Sperm was quoted at $1.77 whale oil .79 and whalebone 97c lb.

There is a difference of opinion about which oil craft of all the whalers has the record of the best voyage.

The *Pioneer* of New London valued at $35,000 went out June 4, 1864 and came in Sept. 18, 1865 with a catch valued

at $150,060, but Rochester Towne has its place in the whaling history of America.

The two or three lines in the Commissioner's Report on the voyages of the *Admiral Blake* and the *Altamaha,* become paragraphs in Starbuck's book on whaling.

"There are reported as making extraordinary voyages the following small vessels: The schooner *Admiral Blake* of Sippican, Capt. B. B. Handy in a voyage of two months and nine days (in 1854) took 250 barrels of sperm oil and 10 barrels of black fish oil worth in all $11,000. The schooner *Altamaha,* of the same port, Capt. Coinsider Fisher, sailed in 1855, was gone six months and nine days and returned with a cargo of 240 barrels of sperm and 8 barrels of black fish oil, valued at $13,000. She was worth with her outfit $2,200. and after paying off her crew and outfitting her for another voyage, the owners divided $8,000."

The schooner *James,* also of Sippican, he reports did well.

In 1858 there were twenty-five whalers owned by the Rochester villages.

Small gambling ventures of the clipper ship captains.

Out past Bird Island sail the *Altamaha,* the *James, Roswell King,* the *Retrieve,* the *Hopeton,* the *Admiral Blake,* gone for three, four months and come in with one hundred and fifty or more barrels of sperm oil, and a few barrels of blackfish oil.

But there are tragic, tragic endings to voyages of both big and little whalers!

One reads of the fate of the big game hunters and their little ships condemned on foreign shores.

A brave and strong crew leaving their ship, so alive to them, a creature that has buffeted winds and waves, to break slowly to splinters on a far off shore, so far from the Rochester woods where she was masted, and where her bow-sprit grew.

Stories in the Commissioner's List!

"Condemned at Honolulu" "Seized by cannibles" "Badly burned."

Some romantic stories, as the one of *Philip 1st*: Bark built at Rochester in 1825. She sailed and sailed far from home on many voyages.

In 1853 she was new topped and left Greenport in 1854 for the North Pacific, picked up a dismantled Japanese Junk with 27 people on board, carried her into Loo Choo. The story is not ended yet as the tie made then between Americans and Japanese is still strong in this day three quarters of a century later.

On New Years day 1854 Capt. Dexter of the *R. L. Barstow* of Mattapoisett village was killed by a whale and Dr. Robbins is writing in his diary again of a sad little village. Ships come in leaking, men missing, washed overboard in great gales!

In 1859 the *Osceola* is condemned at Pernambuco and the next year the *Superior* was burned in Solomon Islands by natives; all but six of crew massacred. Had sent home 200 bbls. of sperm oil and 3,225 lbs. bone.

Amelia of Mattapoisett sailed, came back leaking 500 strokes an hour, withdrawn 1861; out again; wrecked and abandoned in 1863.

And so the stories go!

There are war drums sounding; but something is happening in Pennsylvania that will draw the whalers from the sea more than drums.

Oil from the earth!

"Black gold" they call it!

Petroleum! 500,000 barrels gushing!

In 1861 there are 508 whalers out for the big game, but Pennsylvania is flowing with 2,000,000 barrels of oil!

The little *Retrieve* goes out and brings in as many barrels of sperm as she has tons to her name, but brother brings home from Wareham a new lamp.

There it shines on the best room table.

The family gather!

Father who used to read with his candle set on his newspaper, Mother who had welcomed the new whale oil lamp with its neat little wick, little sisters and brothers welcoming the brilliance with staring eyes, all crowded around.

Not too near, but watching with awe, the steady blaze!

A wonderful light, this oil from Pennsylvania! And the whale oil lamps are put away with the spinning wheels and pewter cups.

Theodore Tripp, the last of the old whalemen of Sippican tells of his first voyage.

"You know" he says "I'd never seen a whale until I was in the boat pullin' an' one of them ugly critters come right up along side of me. I jumped and Jarvis sez — you know Jarvis Blankinship he's the mate I told you weighed me and said I didn't weigh more'n a dried codfish — well, Jarvis, he hollered, 'What's the matter, Tripp, what you 'fraid of?' " The old man shook his head "You know a green horn flopped sometimes and he didn't want me keeling over there. 'Next time he comes up that way, Tripp' Jarvis sez, 'You spit in his eye! Don't you be afraid till you see my gills whiten.' "

The old man's silences were long.

"When the line you're sittin' in flies out an you have to bail to keep it from smokin' I tell you there's more truth than po'try in the sayin' 'a dead whale or a stove boat.' The ugly critter ararin' and a tarin' and the *Altamaha* a mile away. Yes, it was the *Altamaha*, 1861. Course the whale boat is big — twenty-five, thirty feet; oars, fourteen, fifteen feet long, and it has took the boys half a day to coil the line in the boat so there's no kinks in it. When the critter is struck and dashing ahead, with the boat flying through the foam, there's some says you better not change your quid nor breathe or you'll upset her. A fightin' whale can pull out a powerful lot of line — miles — and all the harpoons you can stick in him!

When you git him you are sometimes six miles from the ship, and then alongside! And sharks! The water's full of 'em!

And then cuttin' in! Blubber peeled off in strips, and try her out like your Ma used to try out lard when the hog is killed in the fall. An' then the oil in the cooler, and run through to the casks. Used to use leather hose. Then, it's clean up the ship. Some captains throw the tryworks overboard, and everybody is set to paintin'. If the ship's full, we sing the old Altamaha song."

A Sperm Whale — "How the critter looked to a greenhorn!"

Figure head of the Admiral Blake — "The little whaler that cleared $8,000 in two months"

His eyes twinkled.

"It's when you see those New Bedford girls
Good By, fare you well; Good By, fare you well
With their bright blue eyes and flowing curls
Hurrah my boys, we're homeward bound."

He nodded his head as he hummed the tune. "Did you go to hear MacMillan? Humph! I wintered in the Artic before he was born." He shrugged his shoulders. "I told him so! And we didn't have no radio, neither" he added. "Oh, we had a good time up there, gamming and scrimshawing. We made lots of pie crimpers, and canes, and boxes that winter. It was the next voyage we went to the Artic. We was gone 20 months. Had 30 tons of coal and wintered within 70° of the Pole. Nigh enough, I should say". He smiled and then his voice grew grave. "We lost two men, one drowned off the coast of Labrador.

The 3rd mate was a French Canadian. He married an Esquimoux and had two children. We left him there. The captain that trip was Captain George Tyson. His next voyage he commanded the *Polaris* expedition.

We gammed with the *Admiral Blake.* Two Captains aboard, sailing captain and whaling captain, one didn't know navigation but he sure did know whales."

He went on.

"Capt. Ben — you know Capt. Ben Handy. He kept tavern until the railroad come in. Course the tavern didn't pay then. No travel in the stage coach!

Capt. Ben went up and kept the deepo, and the stage driver was conductor—then Capt. Ben went to sea!

Tim Briggs was ship keeper that voyage. You know, Josephine's husband, he was lost on the *Emerald.* No! Nobody knows. Never heard from after she left the harbor. Nobody knows!"

The long pauses held great grey wastes of water, a sunken ship and lost whalers.

"George Handy, a little feller, was cabin boy. He was Capt. Ben's nevew. Jim Blankinship was mate, and Art.

Hammond, 2nd mate and Bill Handy, 3rd mate — all captains afterwards."

"Yer, five whalers put out 'bout the time we did. Capt. Keen on the *Herald* was one. Gus Atwood and Henry Dexter was Boat Steerers." Seventy years after the voyage of the boy of long ago the names came rolling out.

"Let me see, Sam Swift and Jim Caswell and Alph Haskins and Clif Keen, Charlie Leonard, Warren Atwood, Mark Atwood — and John Meak, and Phil Sisson, and Toby Robinson, and Len and Charlie Covell, and Tom Hatch."

His boyhood friends and neighbors. "Queer, I remember it all better than I do what happened last week. I'm gettin' forgetful." Silence, then "Mark! Mark, he was killed in the army!"

He suddenly remembered the date of his first voyage.

"It was May 16, 1861 when we sailed out of Sippican Harbor in the *Altamaha*."

Slowly the words came.

"Four weeks out I lost my cousin — overboard in a gale of wind. The water was full of ice. Heavy clothes, no chance! Boat cut away and got overboard, but he went down."

"Got his hat" he added, and his faded blue eyes had a far away look as though he saw the lad's hat there before him.

He shook his head, remembering.

Whaling!

Forests of masts in New Bedford, and wharves covered with casks of oil!

Off they rolled out of the Buzzards Bay villages to find an ear ring with which to dazzle their home folks!

And only too true it was that for "every drop of oil burned there was a drop of blood spilt."

"The *Orion* got one boat stove and lost John Christian."

A lad's hat floating in an icy Labrador sea!

"And so ends."

Chapter IX.

THE GOOD OLD WAYS OF THE CAPTAIN'S DAYS.

"Human voices, long hushed, and the subtler speech
That steals from the dumb, dead walls, and whispers and thrills
From the shadowy chimney-places, and haunted nook."

GILDER.

From harpooning, scrimshawing, scrubbing white the oily decks of the lazy, blunt whalers, the Rochester-Towne boys moved to officer's quarters, and soon came home as mates of schooners in the Liverpool and Southern trade, and then as dictators of the shining queens of the "seven seas", the clipper ships of America.

The boys often sailed before the mast on a coaster; but on the Liverpool packets they didn't remain long in the fo'c'stle. If they weren't of the stuff of which officers were made, they drifted back among the home folks on a whaler.

As the young men of the villages rose to be mates and then captains — forty, fifty, one hundred of them — they became men of intense individuality. The sea took the lads and with ice and brine, winds and human blows, fashioned strong men alike in many ways, and yet figures of great distinction.

He could be himself — a Captain!

It was as though the sea washed away all unnecessary trappings down to the soul, and the man stood stark, just as he really was — god like or a devil.

As mates they learned to know and discipline men; watching the rough specimens of the town water fronts as they stowed away; knowing many a sailor by the slant of his shiney hat or his stumbling feet.

As captains they had to learn also to transact business. Melville writes in *Moby Dick* that "a sea captain is a man who

has been led to think untraditionally and independently." These boy captains, often but twenty-one years old, retiring sometimes at thirty-five, dealt in their small sea kingdoms with perilous situations in strange waters in the uttermost parts of the earth. Only men of a strong type could face the contact, not only with the baffling winds of the oceans, but with the baffling moods of the squint eyed, suave traders of the ports of the continents. It was sometimes a respectful opinion, sometimes an instant decision, sometimes a grave silence, that was imperative to make the voyage a successful one.

The Captains! Grave gentlemen! The aristocrats of the towns by the sea!

It seemed as though at the beginning of the century all the men of the three villages were captains ("mariners") and ship builders.

Of course there were the saltmakers and a few other "gentlemen", Deacon Jesse Haskell of the Center, for instance.

"This is to certify that Jesse Haskell, of the Town of Rochester, in the County of Plymouth and District of Massachusetts, *Gentleman*, hath paid the duty of Three 75/100 dollars upon a two wheel carriage, called a Chaise, owned by himself — having a top, to be drawn by one horfe, for the conveyance of two perfon; for the year to end on the 30th of September, 1800.

Wm. Goodwin, Collector of the Revenue
9 Divifion, Survey, No. 3
Maffachufetts.

Plyme, Ape 10, 1800.

Besides this "gentleman" and others, like the schoolmasters and ministers, there were millers, carpenters, shipwrights, sailors, laborers, blacksmiths, taylors, caulkers, nailors, blockmakers, pump makers, seamen, and even a "quact doctor": a good crew to carry on the shipbuilding and salt making, the tilling, sowing, reaping and grinding corn.

But all these really served as the henchmen, the supernumeraries of the play, for over all were the captains! Captains!

Count them! The town records bristle with their names! By 1809 every family in town was represented by at least one captain, two, three sometimes in far away waters.

A few adventurous sons drifted off landward, up in the Northeastern part of the state, now Maine, and some of the comments on the speculation in land reminds one of a century later.

"I do not see how the brother could have bought such!"

Some were drawn out into the unknown world of Indians, and black forests, and rushing rivers by letters such as Noah Fearing wrote from

"the city of Moratta in Columbus."

"Now that there is an agreeable pece made with the Indians" he says, "Down the River, 150 miles Square, Settled thick as Middleborough from the Mountains down the River Ohio there is Deer in a hundred & turkeys without numbering. After you Gott the farm in Some order you may Live as well hear without half the Work as in New England Settlements."

He goes on "The proprietors have given 100 acres to 1500 persons Ech that will Settle first."

"There is a boat almost Every Day coming down the River with their families to Settle. Down River thoufands of persons a year, it is the moft healthy Country that Ever I was acquainted with, there is no feavers hear of any kind the year past. I like the Country So well I do not think Ever to Come to New England again. Giting over the Mountains the Taxes is almost nothing. A farm of 300 acres, 100 cleared cuts 20 load of hay and Reeps 500 bushels of wheat, have 20 head of cattle, 8 horses, 50 swine, 2 sheep is rated 16s."

But Deacon Jesse Haskell is making 4 saddles and 8 bridles that month of December for $42.00, and the faces of old Rochester Towne are turned towards the East, the sea!

Call the roll of old Rochester Captains' names. Adams; Allen (Albert, and Joseph and James and Ephraim); Blackmer; Bates (Joseph, Sylvester, George, Roland, Albert); Barden; Blankinship (beginning with Capt. James in 1720, George Job, Seth, Peleg); Briggs (Paul, Hallett, Nathaniel); Bolles (Wil-

liam, Frederick, Savory, Obed); Clapp; Coleman; Church; Cleghorn; Crandon; Clark (James, Henry, Elisha, Lemuel, Lem Jr.); Delano (Stephen, Franklin); Davis; Fuller; Jenne; Lovell; Keen; Look; Luce; Norton; Nye; Pierce; Pope; Ruggles; Rogers; Ryder; Snow; Swift; Sherman; Sprague; Taber; Weeks; Winslow; White (Resolved, Resolved, Jr.); and the Wings, Quaker Captains, (John, Resolved, Timothy, David, Jedidiah, Stephen, Samuel, Clifton, Paul); and the Hammond family from Alfred Elnathan, 1787, (Nathaniel, Gideon, Nathan, Stephen, Jabez, Israel); the Hillers, saltmakers and Captains all: and so on down the long list of captains who lived in the days of "satten" vests, and swords, uniforms, pantaloons, "saddal" bags, chaises, and "Nee buckles".

In some families, fathers, brothers, uncles, were captains; and captain's sisters and captain's daughters married captains.

One girl of old Rochester married a captain from Sandwich, Capt. Geo. Gibbs, and her five boys became sea captains — George, John, Charles, Joseph and Lot.

Their life was from the sea — the sea claimed them in death.

Death was so near their little ships, that no wonder when the captains came home to look over their estates they went to the meeting house regularly.

With the great white throne above and the deaths of old and young alike the decree of the Lord God of Israel, that God of Abraham and Isaac, with the last day and the judgment lurking just beyond, there were many protracted meetings, great religious revival services in the villages.

A letter sent to Deacon Haskell, Rochester's representative in the Legislature in Boston, brings back a picture of "a work of Grace" in Sippican.

"Respected and Beloved Sir, and may I say Brother in the Lord —

"Thursday eve I went to the Wharf, there was a most solemn season our Beloved old Mr. Luce prayed — very few but were in tears. Widow Luce spoke in tears of the dying love of J. H. S. and her own awful ingratitude, it was enough to melt the heart of stone.

A number say we have sinned — we have sinned what shall we do — some feared that they had sinned that day.

Friday at Mr. Clapp's a very solemn meeting — great solemnity. Capt. Hillar became a new man and some others. There it appears the Lord intends to show what his ALMIGHTY grace can do. Mr. Shepard, Mr. Grey, Dean Bailey came Saturday to the harbour meeting Saturday eve, solemn, solemn, joyful."

He goes on to describe many meetings; one he calls "solemn as eternity itself" where he "warned sinners to flee from the wrath to come." "friday eve a meeting is expected at Earl church, he is very solemn. Christians are alive, some their hearts leap for joy to see serious trouble and some rejoice nothing but the ALMIGHTY power of God could do this".

And he signs himself "from an unworthy and hell deserving sinner,

Your humble servant

Daniel Morton."

There was a kind of fearful shivering excitement about it that relieved the soul, and the sailors went off to sea again at peace with Jehovah.

Out the Captains sailed in the little coasters to New York, and to the merchantmen lying at the great town wharves.

Sippican didn't know Boston well. It might be the Capital of the growing State but in order to get anything from Boston, one had the slow ox cart journey to Plymouth, to get the supplies brought down in schooners.

Of course there was the stage from Bedford to Boston, sinking to its hubs sometimes in mud and slush, or clinging, silvery sand.

But easier to travel by the sea, and Gosnold's "mighty headland" still blocked the Northern passage, so the little ships sailed South, and New York was the home port of Rochester Towne. New York with the pigs running in the streets; people coming out to the street wells with buckets for water, and sailors, sailors, swarming on the wharves in their red checked shirts and shiny be-ribboned hats.

Boarding house runners given a receipt by cool eyed mates, for all the would-be sea-men they can drag down on board.

A lively water front!

A young Sippican captain leaves half his heart in the home village with his business affairs in the hands of an agent who looks after his whalers, his ship on the ways, his cranberry bogs and sometimes his outfitting store, and with a man on the farm to tend crops and cattle and sheep.

And the anchor goes "apeak", and he sails for Darien with memories of the village playing on his heart like gentle fingers on harp strings. He looks from visions of a cheerful sunny kitchen and pink and white babies tumbling about, to bleary eyed Jack Tars who when roused, think they are still in New York; and as far as both captain and crew can see stretch grey waters.

And the young captains' wives left at home! Like squirrels they provide for the winter. Mince meat and pickles, horse-radish, jellies and preserves, pound cake, candied flag-root, fruit cake; all this put up in the big summer kitchen and set in solid ranks on the pantry shelves in the store-room, to go with hams, sausages, lard, and barrels of pork, and vegetables — potatoes, parsnips, cabbages, carrots, beets, onions cramming the "root cellar" under the house from its low ceiling to the sand floor.

How they did toil! Little brown fingers working harder than their grandmothers of fifty years before because life has become more decorated. There are more furnishings than wooden benches and sanded floors. Heavy iron pots have to be lifted from the fireplaces, so soon to be replaced by the little iron stoves.

From sunrise to sunset, as their grandmothers did before them, spinning, weaving and cutting out little frocks and trousers, making sheets and quilts and blankets and rag carpets, soap and candles, doing all the tasks that were so soon to be swept out of frail hands by steel and iron electric monsters that would create, like demi gods, millions of garments in the

time it took one mother to spin, and weave, and fashion the winter suits of her dozen children.

The clumsily clothed little infants with pious sounding Biblical names of their grandfathers and mothers, or fanciful appellations of tired mothers reaching out after something romantic, different.

The Hammond captains all over the world, with little Amittai, Antipas, Beriritta, Pernal, Pollipus, and Amezia growing up at home with the Clark ship builders' little Melentha, Mattish, Sena, Azerba, Milatrah, Zerviah; and the Doty children, Garshow, Arolotha, Uphemia, Asoph, Ruhamer and Zerishaddi.

And the fathers loading Canton willow ware and tea in China, or cotton, molasses and peanuts at Galveston and Darien, that little Beuritta might learn to play the harpischord or Melodeon, and later make wax flowers. The next generation must not work as hard as their grandmothers had. "My girls shall never braid rags" said the mother, and "My boys shall go to Exeter and Harvard" quoth the fathers.

Capt. Joseph Hammatt of Martha's Vineyard who was round the Horn as Captain at 21 years of age, started before the end of the century to think of his children's education and he sailed over to the mainland with his wife in his little vessel, the *Spinet.* His wife was homesick and tired, and it began to get dark as they landed in a cove at the Old Landing, called Hammett's to this day.

Immigrants, sailing to a better opportunity.

Ever since the first wharf was built in 1708, with its tax of "one shilling in money for every boat's load of whit' caeder brought on or carried off", the little coasters and whalers had brought in their loads of sailors.

Sailors, as in New Bedford and New York, rolling down the sandy roadway round by the Landing Wharf where the water lapped the wagon ruts as the tide came in over the marsh; and into the taverns for lively yarns and a good stiff horn. And nuts, and ginger in blue jars, casks of tamarinds, strange jellies, and rock candy came in to the Rochester homes. Or out

they piled from the stage coach from Bedford with shawls and silks from China, and whale teeth, and parrots that talked in strange tongues.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands; three, four, five years away from home!

Are these John, and Scott, and Steven, and Peleg — foreign, fascinating, bearded, tattooed, strong, strange, men with earrings in their ears! Could they be the slight lads who went away so different, these tall bronzed men with stories of cannibals and naked tribes!

The bashful children stand watching these new fathers, and the maidens shyly listen to these startling wooers.

And Captains come and Captains go!

David Dexter, Isaac Hathaway, Jonathan Swift, Clifton Wing, Jonathan Mendell, what difference does the name make?

On the Black Ball packets that by 1816 were great ships of 400 tons on the way to Liverpool, or on the deck of the rolling *Annawan*, the captain stood, Melville's "mighty pageant creature fit for noble tragedies".

He stood apart, aloof on the ship; and the small boys of old Rochester strained muscle, heart and soul to reach that lofty place.

And the girls dreamed dreams, and the banns were posted on the meeting house door.

Sometimes a wife took the littlest one in her arms and off she sailed with her captain husband. Of many an old Rochester mother, could be said as of the sailors, she "laughed the storms to scorn"

"Crossed and re-crossed the line
Cancer and Capricon
And doubling cold Cape Horn
Saw Southern icebergs shine."

To New York sailing for two, three years leaving the older children with relatives to go to school. Little Sippican children singing "Charley over the Water"; playing "I'm up chamber spinning tow," boasting sometimes of the far away father

and mother and what they would do "when my ship comes in from India!"

They chanted for a nursery rhyme

"Great Naushon and Nonamessett
Uncatena and Weepeckets
Nashawena, Pasquanese
Cuttyhunk, and Penekese."

And sailors' songs that many had heard from their birth on ship-board off strange coasts or in foreign harbors.
The whalers had a song

"In fact I asked a little boy
If he could tell where he was born
He answered with a smile of joy
Around Cape Horn!"

The old days of the sea in the Rochester villages! It is as though the wind from beyond the world blew back again the curtain of years from that century ago time, and one hears voices stilled long ago, and sees faces dimly, and can follow the little figures in and out of the doorways, the "mil", the stores, the ship yards.

It is May, 1828, and house cleaning time!

A little more color than in 1728, a few more houses and gardens, but the same deep rutted roads through the villages.

On these May days the lilacs are blooming in the door-yards in the "Old Landing" and "Wharf village". The South-west wind is blowing all the Spring afternoons. The gardens and the farms are being planted and the little schooners go out.

This is the month that Capt. Elisha is busy outfitting the *Persia.*

Can it be the same *Persia* that had arrived in New Bedford from the Japan grounds in 1823, and caused such consternation in the Quaker town for discharging her cargo on "the first day of the week"?

Anyway, all hands are busy at "the wharf", for Capt. George Luce is taking out the *Magnolia,* and Capt. Osborne is outfitting the *Meridian* for the long Indian Ocean voyage. The blacksmith shop! The sail loft, the cooper shop, all busy!

The wharf! the massive stones, the oxloads of sand and boulders brought down to make the wharves that jut out into the harbor!

Young Frank Sherman had to lift, and lift, and lift again, until he saw stars, and then lift some more; but slowly Sherman's Wharf grew and grew, until the whalers could dock there in safety, looking out for Gull Rock as they came in.

Busy! Busy that year of 1828! Saltmaking, and ship hammers sounding, and of course the "mil" humming.

Herring running, too!

Everybody seemed to be buying "goose neck" hoes at the Old Landing store, and "Pearline" was a favorite with the shoppers.

They come in and out, and the storekeeper jots down "4c and 9c", but once in a while somebody steps in like Methra Clark and purchases

1 bbl. flour	6.25
20 lbs. pork	2.00
	$8.25

It is a very good day when Archippius Leonard comes down. He orders "Rum, sugar, molasses, pork, tea, 4 fish hooks, Raisins, Tobacco, gin and snuff." The iron makers, the Leonards, are up at "the Sippican mil", and don't get down often, perhaps.

Can this be the "Archippius" who appears in the Wareham Treasurer's account book in 1815 as the only man paid out of the town's account the year before, when the *Nimrod's* boats appeared?

"Paid Archippus Leonard for standing guard when the British landed, seventy-one cents."

Talk in the store tacks back and forth from planting to weddings; from price of whale bone to Quaker meetings.

More banns up on the meeting house doors!

Rochester girls are pretty, and captains come from Wareham and the Cape towns and carry them off. Captain John Pitcher's boys are doing well. Beginning as cabin boys at

$2.50 a month, and here is James Scott captain at 21 and wed to Captain Hammett's girl Ann.

Captain of a steamer is James Scott! You can see to this day engraved on his silver headed cane the picture of the queer little steamship of 1829.

And Betsy Pitcher, the little school marm has married Stephen Taber, and has gone to the whaling town to live. A good warm winter, that of 1824 when Betsy married, but do you remember the winter before when the Nantucket packet didn't leave the harbor all winter?

And then Butler Wing, Esq. comes into the Store, and has 60c charged to him for a "horse and waggon to the herring-ware." Horses were scarce in town, but you could always hire one at "the store" for about ten cents a mile.

Widow Sally Crapo comes in and buys "1 oz. allom, ½ pt. N. E. rum, 1 pt. Holland gin."

It wasn't so shocking that the wives of the village bought rum. Everybody drank.

Many a housewife threw her apron hastily over her head, and ran by a back gate to a neighbor's to borrow something to replenish her empty demijohn, when she saw the minister coming.

A disgrace not to give him wine with his pound cake. Between the long sermons on the Sabbath Day it became the custom for the aristocrats to go less and less to the tavern, but rather to some prominent deacon's house near. — The Major Rowland Luce house became noted for it's hospitality.

The story of one of the Luce boys, Captain Elisha, was the tale of many a captain in the Rochester villages at the beginning of the century.

He had married Jane Hiller, daughter of Timothy Hiller whose farm lands were later cut by South Street. Capt. Elisha built his house, corner of Main and Water Sts. today, near the Hiller homestead, which later blossomed out under the astonishing name of the "Bay View House".

The year that "Hosey" died, Jane died too at the age of 29 years. Of her might have been written as was that same year of another in Rochester.

"I think she was a valluable woman one that was humble & Feared God & I hope & trust she is gone to a better world — & may the trying scene be sanctifyed to our Dear Nephew and he be made Alive unto God."

The young captain voyaged again, and in 1823 married one of the Clark girls, Lucretia.

In 1825 he stays at home, and runs his store and outfitting shop with the Bates.

That year they are organizing a company of light infantry for "home safety", under the name of the 4th Plymouth Co. with David Hathaway, Colonel, and John Clark, Ensign.

That was on June 18, 1825, and Capt. Elisha comes back to his store, and sells a crowbar to Capt. Bolles for $2.00, to Capt. Gurney, chains, cables and anchors for $79.30, and wood to Capt. Barden, and also jots down

"George Look to E. Luce, Dr.

	Cash advanced in Savannah and Darien	
New York	8m 15 days wages at $20	$170.00

Later in the year he writes

To Sloop *William*	Dr.	
Freight to Savannah		$72.62
		9.22
	Darien	125.50

and on Jan. 10, 1820 he is writing a long list of articles of freight to Darien. Sugar, salt, mackerel, potatoes go aboard, and gin, rum, Brandy, wine, coffee, tobacco, flour, soap, beef, pork, Bars of iron and 152 Plow moulds!

Just underneath all this he writes

"To one sixteenth Sloop *Anne* __ $75.00"

So, a captain, like George Bonum Nye up the long road to Charles Neck, kept his accounts in the year 1825.

He is getting to be an old captain now in this year of 1828. He is forty years old, and outfitting for the China Sea! "Wall! Elisha's most overhauled" says one on the bench in the Whaler's corner in the Old Landing Store!

Frederick Mendell comes in. His wife is going to mend his vest and he dutifully buys

"1¼ Brown	.44
1 stick twist	.06
2 skeins colored thread	.03
8 horn Button moles	.03

Then he is taken by a vest he is shown, and he buys it regardless of price.

"Vest	$2.25"

That 31st of May, 1828, Cornelius Briggs is going to write a letter.

Besides taking 15¼ lbs. Pork	$1.53
½ gal. rum	.25

he buys 3 sheets of paper at a cent a sheet. He can take plenty of time to write it. The mail went three times a week on the stage coach that ran through the center from Plymouth to New Bedford. Later John Delano got 12c for carrying up the mail from Sippican. Letters were expensive, for it cost sometimes 17½ or 18c to send one any distance; so the captains and sailors and other travellers often found themselves on their trips with letters from strangers to strangers.

Quite a task to write a letter, and a thrilling event to receive one, to hear your name called out by the Postmaster with everybody at the store gathered around when the mail came. Every letter was tied up in a piece of brown paper which told when it was sent and the amount of postage, and once a month the names of those who had received letters were sent to Washington.

Sometimes a note to the Post Master was written across, "Mr. Ruggles the Postmaster is requested to forward this immediately."

After one got safely home from Rochester to Wareham in the stage coach one wrote a real letter of Thanksgiving!

One cold January day a visitor to the Haskell family wrote "Got home on account of cold very comfortable indeed. Found parents and friends in health. May I duly appreciate & with humble gratitude acknowledge God my preserver from

whom all my blessings flow and all my hopes of future happiness depend."

She became more cheerful in the Post Script. "Singing school to commence here tomorrow evening." And all this while Cornelius Briggs buys 3 sheets of paper for 3c.

That month of May, 1828, they are buying Lottery tickets! Moses Westgett thinks he can chance $1.50 so he gambles blithely

"To	1 ticket	.50
"	1 do watch lottery	.50
"	1 do Connecticut lottery	.50"

Peleg Hathaway's family, we suspect, are all dosed with sulphur and molasses on May 25, 1828, and the boys in Alexander Hathaway's family are going to look real ship shape for he buys

2 boys Hatts	$1.84

Nathan Jenne comes in and buys

5 yds. gingham	$1.00
1½ yds. Brown Cambrick	.50
1 gall. gin	.50
	$2.00

Two whole days of labor for Nathan as John Blankinship and B. Nye are paying $2.50 down in the wharf Village for 2½ days shingling, and 4½ days lathing and plastering $4.50, and for making hay gear, 75c.

Widow Sally Crapo must live near as she is always running in and having charged something like

To 8 needles	.04"

The store keeper thoughtfully writes below Elam Look's purchase of 1 bbl. flour, "if not paid in 60 days, Interest."

The *Persia*, the *Meridian*, the *Magnolia*, all ready, just the last few things to pack aboard! Then a fair wind, and they will spread their white sails and disappear around Charles Neck Point.

Rochester buys shirting and oak timber, port wine, nutmegs, ginger, woolenette, and rye, corn, striped silks, cardigan,

Pine wood, gin, calico, Souchong tea, Pork; and the store keeper is busy also as banker, lending three dollars, five dollars!

Peleg Hathaway buys 1 pt. new rum for .07c and stands around, and then spends 8c for rum for "son and self."

Stephen Allen and Steven Briggs are making a sociable call, so Stephen treats Steven to rum for 15c. If you wanted a real time of course you cruised off up the road to the Landing Tavern, but if you were just gamming in the store you sometimes took a drink if trade was slack. Good stock of supplies in the Old Landing Store! Of course you could go to New Bedford. That was getting to be a lively town of 6 or 7 thousand people, although some of the whalemen said money was scarce over there, and the population had dropped a thousand or two.

But you could buy just as cheap at home. A "pare of bellouses" only cost 42c, knife, 25c; vial of peppermint, 13c; a good pair of shoes $1.67 (Clifton Wing got a pair in April for 50c); Spectacles, 58c; gall. stone pot 30c. Josiah G. Handy must be going to have a "vendue", or a house raising, or is he buying for Handy's Tavern?

"4¾ lb. L. Sugar	.95
2 gall. maloga wine	2.00
1 gall. H. gin	1.25
½ gall. barberry rum	.38
	4.58

Somebody is a little sensitive about the "liquor question", and it appears on the storekeeper's account as

"To 1 pt. W. I. Rum (for sickness) per Betsy."

That's all. Betsy must have been charged "Be sure you say it's for sickness, Betsy!"

David Hathaway takes "a horse & waggon (for Maj. Luce) 25c" and down on the book goes

"Walter Turner, By shining horse (for Z. Eddy) .62½c. and Eddy "Pays butter to Turner at .62½c," so that account is clear. And what do you think! They say Packet ships are going to Liverpool in fifteen days! Incredible! and "Widow Susan Delano" buys "½ gall N. Rum 25c."

On June 9 off sails Capt. Elisha in the *Persia*, and the *Meridian* sails and Capt. Geo. Luce in the *Magnolia*.

The next year is charged in Capt. Elisha's "Worfage Book"

"Sloop *William* Run	$1207.50
Wages port charges	229.54
	997.96
Charges against sloop	488.98
	199.48
Balance	289.50

But it was his agent that made the entry as Capt. Elisha was still swashing about in the Indian Ocean.

The boys on the whalers as they mend their clothes and scrimshaw, talk of home with the thousands of miles between, of how David Hathaway and Rufe Leonard bought new frock coats at the Old Landing store. "Paid $17.00 a piece." "Wall, Tim Clifton had his made at home. There's the Quaker in him!"

The Old Landing Store Book

1-3/8 yd. Blue B. Cloth	7.57
2 skeins black silk	.12
1 doz. horn buttons	.06
	7.75

Out on the Indian Ocean there are pictures of the Rochester villages! The trees, the familiar skies of New England! They wonder what is happening at home, and talk of the Quakers and "New Lights" and "Old Lights", and who has died, and who has married. Out where the great sea "smiles and smiles" Pilgrim names are spoken.

Capt. Elisha sails in on the *Persia* May 6, 1831, with 2800 bbls. sperm; and in the Commissioner's report in one word is told the story of the *Meridian*, "Full".

The excited home comers find that Capt. Barden has married Charlotte Dexter, and Allen Dexter has persuaded Widow Cynthia Pitcher to cast her lot with his, and Capt. Jabez Handy

carries off Ruth Briggs. A little Haskins baby has been baptized "Daniel Webster" for the great man who used to come so much to the Center, and Ichabod Burgess, "soldier of the Revolution", and Capt. John Wallace "soldier of the Revolution" die, and they say in the village,

"How soon they will all be gone, the old soldiers!" The last Indian is gone, and soon there will be only a few old muskets left of the Revolution.

"Capt. Elisha" home from the Indian Ocean sits in his store and collects "worfage" from the little coasters that come and go.

And little boys, Stephen and Emerson, and John and James, and Newton, and George who will take the places of the grizzled old captains, are climbing over the ships at the wharves.

As the captains grew wise in the shipping world, the houses became larger in old Rochester Towne, and all the way along the road down from the Center, and the Old Landing, new homes were built, with beautiful doorways and mantles carved and decorated; paper from France and England, and panelling of beauty.

The captain's farms were small settlements in themselves with barns, and wood houses, carriage and dog houses. The great brick fire places, and ovens, still turned out pies, 24 at a time, and Indian puddings, and beans, and brown bread in enormous quantities.

Wooden shutters kept the sun from the best room carpet, not the clumsy ones for protection from Indians, but lighter and ornamental.

The bedrooms were almost filled with the enormous four posted maple bedsteads with deep downy feather beds — live geese feathers of course — and great fat pillows and bolsters. Feather beds needed especially in the best bed room where the sheets fairly rattled on a cold February night. Acres and acres of farm land with hay fields and cow pastures, gardens and barns with sleigh wagons, oxen, horses, high backed sleighs, plows, harrows, and the little nests of the sailors in the wharf village held high boys, low boys, Windsor chairs, stools and tavern tables, and maps and colored pictures on the walls.

The captains and mates came home and went to husking bees, spelling bees, house raisings, skating parties, hayrides, and sleighing parties. They had their daguerreotypes taken and their portraits painted when a whaler made a "greasy" voyage.

They came in hearty, blustering, talking to the family in their ship trumpet tones, filling the big houses where fathers, mothers, sometimes widowed aunts and sisters with their children, all lived comfortably together; with Grandma or Grandpa smoking contentedly in the warmest corner near the fireplace. A feeling of the bigness and breeziness of the oceans came in with the sea folks.

A great time when they came home!

Everybody stayed up late, as late as nine-thirty or ten, and even when the house quieted down so there was only the tick-tock of the tall clock in the corner, the great living room kitchen seemed filled with a clean cold wind from the sea.

The beautiful center village with its handsome two story farm houses, was still the important part of the town, altho the Mattapoisett village was growing rapidly with its ship-building and whaling. It was said that there was a good deal of grumbling in Mattapoisett about going to the Center for the town meeting.

But that was treason! The Center was where the "town meet" had always been held, and they keep on jogging up there to lay out roads and build bridges as usual. In 1832 the road up from the Eben Holmes' farm house was laid out, also "into Charles Neck by John Clarks" (the present Pleasant Street and Converse Road.)

The temperance question comes up in town meetings! In 1830 the town had sent a petition to the legislature to make a new law authorizing the county commissioners or the Selectmen to license tavern keepers, giving them all the usual rights except the right "to sell spiritous liquors."

Another petition sent in was in a very pathetic key! It told of "the wife's streaming eyes over her naked and supperless children" and went on to say that "Banking, Turnpike Roads,

Canals, and even Railroads sink into insignificance beside the important subject."

Several deaths in Mattapoisett village aroused them! It had always been a disgrace to be without good liquor in the house, but the villages began to have temperance meetings.

The Captains came home disgusted with drunken crews, and between voyages they dipped into town affairs. They prohibited drinking at picnics, clambakes, and all public gatherings. A cold water Army was formed in the villages. In Mattapoisett 250 children joined according to Dr. Robbin's diary.

And the little vessels come and go from Capt. Elisha's Wharf. In 1834 he adds the names of the *Georgia, William Rusell, Nigel, Virginia, America, William, Angel, Swift,* and *Florida.*

Aug. 1 he writes "upon a'ct of Ship *Shylock* toward 1/8 part of same of $1200. Twelve hundred dollars." By the next year the *Washington, Lydia, Stranger, Wave,* and *Levenant* appear on the pages, and later he adds *Brig Pearl* and *Barque "Copoeck"*. That same year Dr. Gage of Rochester Towne is paying $3.00 for a chaise to Boston. Perhaps it is Deacon Haskell's, for it costs the Doctor 50c for having the chaise mended when he gets to the city. Perhaps the trip home, in and out of the deep ruts finished the old carriage, as the doctor buys a "Sulky and harness" for $100. that year. He has on hand "leeches, Sulfa, castor oil, oil of Golden Rod, Camphor, Laudanum, Alcohol, sugar of lead. chalk, ointment, cardamon, Digatales and lavender." It cost him $2.00 for 8 Leeches and $10 for "one gross of sq. bottles." He had toothbrushes too. He had bought a dozen for $1.13.

In Sippican people are having furniture made. In Geo. Bonum Nye's book there it is written

"To making one chest	$3.00
to one work stand	2.00"

In the stores, the blacksmith's shops, the gamming centers of the village, one hears stories of the ports of the world; and Captain Elisha puts down the *Altamaha* on his list, and charges

"Worfage" for salt to B. B. Nye, B. Holmes, Caleb Handy, Jonathan Dexter and John Clapp.
And the sea takes its toll, and in the Records is written

"Lost at sea".

"Lost at sea".

The sadness of the last words from the *Caducius*! The choked voices of the sailors! "Don't ask me to tell you!" And they shake their heads, these boys who saw! But the village life goes on. They marry, and are born, and die!

Young couples put their household goods on a schooner and take the long journey to the big sea port to make their fortunes.

On Thanksgiving Evening Dec. 3, 1835 a Rochester lady is writing "Fifty times today have we wished that our dear friends that have become residents in the big city were with us."

"Our family at dinner was the smallest I ever recollect. Eben dined at Capt. Tobey's upon the ducks. Now he and Martha are at Dr. H's. Hannah has gone out with Martha Gibbs. Mother is knitting. George is sitting in the great chair with the singing book in his hand. I have been out this afternoon — called at the Parsonage — also at Mr. Holmes, Capt. Lombard's, and Mr. Bonney's. Mrs. Lumbard's party was pleasant and social. Two weddings to take place. Dr. Ellis of Sippican to Miss Delano and our cousin George Gibbs to Miss Shiverick of Dartmouth. The whole matter has been adjusted since he came home, he told his brother if he waited to perform another voyage he should be so old that no one would marry him. I suspect he thought *now was the present time.*

We were very happy indeed to receive your letter. We had many fears respecting you, but still hoped that you would not suffer so much. We felt that we have the greatest cause of gratitude to our Father in Heaven for his goodnefs, mercy in protecting you when dangers stood thick around. I think there is no situation that one so sensibly feels their dependence on God and the fraility of human aid as when they are on the water."

And little sister adds a note

"We missed you very much last Wednesday about making the pies. Mrs. Bigelow has had a new Bonnet and shawl sent to her from Boston this week."

At the end Brother writes about his Thanksgiving dinner. "the ducks was all we had, much as ever the feathers was off. George says I must go and milk so good night"

And off goes the letter

"Sent to New York City, per steam boat."

Some boys who had become good ship wrights, went to New Bedford and home Saturday nights; walking towards home until some of the folks who had started out with the old horse, met them. Later some went to New York to the clipper ship yards.

They watched the port grow to be a town of 300,000 people. It was a risky gamble to buy farm land above Tenth St., and the great excitement of the town was the yelling rivalry of the fire companies as they raced to the sound of the bells.

But the chanteys ring louder to most of the boys

"Then up aloft that yard must go
Whiskey for my Johnny"

And sooner or later they took their course before the mast and up and up to walk in beaver hats and canes with the captains of the world ports.

April 1, 1839 the familiar name of a whaler, the *Solon*, appears on Capt. Elisha's book.

He pays Noble E. Bates, ship agent, "Two hundred ninety one dollars and twenty cents in full for two shares in Brig *Solon* and out fits bill made up to Sept. 1, 1838."

And he credits "By cash from said Ship, 1 March, 1839, Six hundred dollars, $600.

He buys on June 13, 1839 from M. S. Lincoln &c, Boston "Plaid silk cravats" and "Gent's kid gloves", "Fancy prints", "Cambric", "Taffeta ribbon", "Fancy pongee handkerchiefs", "Satin vestings", "Blue pilot cloth", "German Silver strap at 50c", "Buckskin", "Super pearl shirt buttons $1.00", "Cologne", "Satin vest and coat buttons", "Wallets", 'Scotch

flannel", "Queen's own Cassimere", "Alpaca", "Black silk velvet", "Black silk coat cords", "Fancy silk vest bindings", "Lavender Cassimere", "Ladies kid gloves", "Green broadcloth at $2.50 a yard." "Invisable green broadcloth, $1.58", "Fine purple broadcloth at $3.50", "White flannel", "Scarlet flannel", "Fancy prints", "Eng. prints at .27c", "Book muslin, Bishop lawn, Wh. Cambric", "Satin ribbons". Oh, those Captains and their wives dressed well when they went to meeting, or on to New York and New Orleans and Liverpool.

The door of the meeting house was interesting in those days for how the captains were sailing out into matrimony.

Capt. John K. Hathaway and Mary Hammett; Capt. Ira Baxter of Barnstable carries off Sylvia Delano, Capt. Henry Delano's daughter; Rhoda Briggs to Capt. Thomas C. Bates; Capt. Stephen Hadley to Mary Soule of New Bedford.

They stand in their poke bonnets and stare at that big door between services, and what a shaking of heads to learn that one stern "Parent has ordered the publishment taken down!"

Capt. Peleg Blankinship married to Eliza Leonard Hadley; Capt. Russell Grey comes up from Yarmouth and wins Sarah Luce; Capt. James Luce who has gone to New York to live, marries Squire Fearing's grand-daughter of Wareham and Capt. Obed Delano marries Verona Hadley, and then is off on a long voyage.

Young captains with high hopes of good voyages! And that year of 1839 the old captains were slapping their thighs and chuckling "By Godfrey" he's landed his fish at last! Mrs. Eunice Delano had been prevailed on to take the final step and go as bride to the fine large house on the road that went through the Hiller farm that Capt. Stephen Luce had built.

It was several months after the intentions were nailed on the meeting house door, and how the tongues did wag!

In the three villages the people were much interested in education; that is, the aristocrats were to the extent of building Academys in all the villages, even the North village of Rochester.

"Oh no!—no indeed!" said a Rochester captain's daughter, 80 years old, "We never went to the public schools. There were private schools for the captain's families!"

The public schools of her time almost a century ago, were noisy, vulgar affairs.

Boys and girls of all ages, up to the grown young men home from whaling, would come rushing out of the plain little buildings at recess like young savages.

One little school building, at the corner of the road that branched off to Mattapoisett and down to Charles Neck (afterwards a part of the Lucy Faunce house) was quite out of the wharf village, but sixty pupils crowded into the small room, 19 by 20 ft. To make room for so many, wooden boards were placed across the seats, and what a clattering when the boards come up to make way for a class coming up to recite.

The Sippican Academy was afterwards made into St. Gabriel's Chapel, and where South St. runs from Front St. to Pleasant, was called "Academy Field" in the memory of many living today. The Academy on the "green" at the Center was built in 1836, and many children from Sippican attended it.

Dr. Robbins was a member of the school board, and he writes of visiting Rochester Academy Sept. 15, 1841.

"Rode to Rochester and attended the examination and exhibition of the Academy. The performance was good and honorable to the school. At the exhibition in the evening there was a great audience."

Nobody in "nee buckles' now but Dr. Robbins. The captains are wearing the latest beaver hats and stocks and blue broadcloth "coates".

They are constantly coming home to improve their villages.

Subscribing to this and that. Back in that far away time now, when "esses" were 'effs", they were writing their names at the bottom of a paper that ends in part.

"It is well known in this Vicinity that the pall made youfe of in this place is old and poor, we have thot that it beft to raife money by Subscription to purchafe another" and the names go down followed by $1.00 signs for a new "velvet pall."

Now in this year of 1841 it is the meeting house in Sippican. For forty-one years they have been paying "pue rent" to George Bonum Nye who sat in his little kingdom that stretched a half a mile to his wharf at the narrows.

But Geo. Bonum Nye had made the last entry in the long sheep skin covered book. His heirs had the building. It needed repairs.

Why should the members pay for improvements on a run down building that they didn't own!

John Clapp, grown well-to-do from salt making, offered a lot between the Tavern and the meeting house (where Church's and Blankinship's stores are now.)

Capt. Henry Allen, grown well-to-do from the southern and Liverpool trade, whaling, and ship yard, came up from his house (the Cudahy House) through the barred gates, past the Hillers, and offered the corner lot opposite the old meeting house in exchange as a better place to "set the meeting house."

And ten men put in $1,000 a piece, and the present white meeting house (New England Christopher Wren style) was begun on Apr. 1, 1841. Capt. Henry Allen, Dr. Walton W. Ellis, Capt. Elisha Luce, Capt. John Pitcher, James Wittet the sail maker, William Taylor, Capt. Rowland Luce, William W. Allen, Capt. Stephen Luce and Silas B. Allen.

Ship owners and ship masters!

On July 5, 1841 the villages celebrate the 4th of July at Sippican and Dr. Robbins writes:

"Independence Day. A number of people here went a sailing and many and I went with them to Sippican. We had good services and a procession and a dinner in a grove with a great many people. No spirits or wine and great harmony. Mr. Bates of Wareham gave the address. Warm, and very dusty."

The temperance question!

"An intemperate man died last night, with a short and violent sickness."

"An intemperate man died yesterday."

And a month later.

"We had a temperance meeting in the evening and formed a Total abstinence Society with a reformed drunkard at the head of it."

Dr. Robbins was slowly becoming an adherant of the temperance movement, but he had no use for the abolitionists that were coming into the villages to talk.

He goes to Nantucket and encountering abolitionists "on the earnest invitation of all on board I spoke on the subject against them."

Later he jots down "At every hand a miserable abolition lecturer." He goes to a lecture on "electricity, that new fangled thing that people are beginning to tell about."

But temperance Societies are formed and they are having celebrations, and processions, and military guards.

Dec. 1, 1841 the new white meeting house was dedicated. Dr. Robbins writes "Quite cold and good sleighing. The council met few in the whole and some absent. Leander Cobb read a summary of his articles of faith. Very satisfactory. He was installed pastor with his father. Mr. Putnam preached very well. The new meeting house was dedicated."

And then follows an item that shows that John Clapp the salt maker has gone.

"Met with the trustees appointed by the will of John Clapp, deceased to take care of the fund about $10,000 left by him to that society." The Clapp house was left as a home for the Minister Cobb.

Salt from the harbor helped build and still helps support the white meeting house on the corner, for John Clapp wrote

"to continue the salt works business and apply annually amounts necessary to defray expense and repairs, the principal amount to be kept intact with power to sell the whole or part by majority vote in good interest of church and Society."

The church flourished. Dr. Robbins writes about "the powerful work of grace has commenced at Sippican, Great are the mercies of the Lord." But the salt works wind mills are silenced, and from John Clapp's land the great timbers were carted off to build houses and barns.

The whalers come and go, the schooners tie up for the winter, and Capt. Samuel Luce's daughter Jane, for whose self alone a big house (the Sargent) had been built by an aspiring suitor, married Harvey Cobb of Plymouth and went and lived almost opposite the rejected gift.

The discarded lover shut up the house and never went into it again, it is said.

By 1846 they are pasteing carefully in the Scrap Books "Life or Death or the Last Race of the Horse Beppo". "The Betrothed, or the Exile."

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney was a favorite author for the scrap books.

"Bengen on the Rhine"; and "Emilia, a tale of the Heart": and Hood's Advice to Wives, "Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty"; and mournful poems on love and death.

That year the "Sippican Benevolent Society whose object shall be to aid (by contributing the avail of its labor or otherwise) such Benevolent objects as they shall see fit", was flourishing and "they" are sending "a box of bedding and clothing to the Portugese who have been persecuted and driven from their country on account of their religion."

That year it took only 16 days to cross the 3000 miles of the Atlantic.

Smiling summers on Sippican harbor and blue grey winters come and go with letters few and far between.

Relatives reckon and carefully mark the days of a voyage in the Old Farmer's Almanack that is sewed up and down the back and hung beside the big clock for reference as to moon and tides, sunset and sunrise.

And on the marked dates letters are mailed to reach the dear boys, husbands and fathers and sons, to catch them in curious ports of the world from the turtle shell on the Galapagos Islands to far away Canton.

Agents send news of home.

Sippican, 1847

"Capt. H. D. Delano
Sir

Your favor from St. Marks come to hand the 3rd inst. The next day I went to New Bedford and shiped your boat to New York. I hope she may reach you in safety. Josiah had an offer for the Boat $50. Sent to me to know what he had better do. I sent him word not to sell until we heard from you as you might want her again.

Josiah received your letter from St. Marks and he is now building a vessel 300 Tons without contract, as John says.

The old Col. and myself have an idea of fitting up the Dock below my store and fitting up a ship yard. If we do, John Delano, J. D. Allen and myself shall try ship building and if we start shall calculate to build one or more a year commencing next fall and have her the next August—if she will not sell run her. They think that we all being concerned can build to good advantage. When you write give us your views and advice.

P. S. Nothing heard from David Wing about your boat come ashore last fall about 2 weeks after you left badly stove over to Nye's harbor.

(Signed) G. Delano."

Old letters!

Down the long years comes a treasured letter written to Lydia, daughter of Capt. Bowles, who lived at the turn of the Old Landing road. Lydia's letter! Three quarters of a century old and yet its faded blue lines spell romance.

"J. P. R." he signs himself.

"Dear Lydia", he wrote

I flatter myself that the integrity of my intentions will excuse the freedom of these few lines. Those only who have suffered them can tell the unhappy moments of hesitating uncertainty which attend the formation of a resolution to declare the sentiments of affection. I who have felt their greatest and most acute torments could not previous to my experience have formed the remotest idea of their severity. Every one of those

qualities in you which claim my admiration increases my diffidence, by showing the great risk I run in venturing perhaps before my affectionate assiduities have made the desired impression on your mind, to make a declaration of the ardent passion I have long since felt for you. If I am disappointed of the place I hope to hold in your affections, I trust this step will not draw on me the risk of losing the friendship of yourself and family. I will press the subject no farther having made this candid declaration I shall wait patiently for your answer."

Yours sincerely,

J. P. R."

Did J. P. R. copy from a "Letter Writer?"

What did Lydia answer?

Romance and tragedy! Poor Josiah, for a young captain captured Lydia!

The town records tell the end of Josiah's romance.

"Capt. Franklin Hathaway, 24 yrs. old, son of David and Abizail Hathaway, married Lydia H. Boles, 21 years old daughter of Leonard and Lovica" in 1849.

And "J. P. R"?

Off he sailed "For California O"

"There's plenty of gold
So I've been told
on the banks of the Sacramento!"

Everybody is singing "Blow my Bullies, blow!" And Josiah lost the memory of Lydia in the gold rush. Ships from Mattapoisett and New Bedford; and whalers, not only disappointed sweethearts, but many a husband was carried away on that shining river of gold!

"Does she think he is dead?"

"Why, she ain't heard from him for two years!"

"Wall, I saw him in Frisco, my last voyage!"

Young Oliver, son of Minister Leander Cobb was caught in the tide, but the expense of getting across the Isthmus, and shoes $40., $50. a pair, and eggs $10.00 a dozen!

Allen Dexter is accidentally shot in California! And after a few months homesick boys scramble aboard the Whalers to get back to New Bedford and home!

The ship hammers still sound in Sippican; but the great excitement is the quarrel of the villages over where the town meeting shall be held, and the railroad coming through.

"Sippican Jan. 12, 52.

Capt. H. D. Delano

Dear Sir.—

We have been trying hard to build a vessel at the landing but have not got it yet and dont know as we shall yet. We can raise the owners well enough. But Keen authorized Capt. S. Luce to build for him first. And he holds out the idea that he is agoing to do so. Its evident enough that he does not intend to do anything unless he is driven to it by our movements at the Landing.

The R. R. is the great subject of talk here this winter. We think its bound to go through now. Its thought that there will be no difficulty in getting the stock taken up at once. The books will be opened in about a week from this date.

Captain S. D. Hadley at home yet. Isaac Delano has gone to N. Y. today to go with J. E. Hadley as mate.

Ward P. Delano."

Pale blue paper, faded ink! Old letters that have come back to Sippican from China, Italy! Home again in the sea chests and kept in packages that crackle to the touch in Sippican homes three quarters of a century later.

The days of the Captains! Those far sighted straight seeing bronzed men!

Their world—their words of the sea!

An old captain sitting on his porch overlooking the harbor, whose tides would lap the dusty road that winds in front of his home if he hadn't walled it out with great granite boulders, gives advice to his nephew who is at home from a voyage. The young sailor stands before him, hat in hand. "You're in the doldrums!" the rough voice rings out. "Throw all that overboard, and get underway! You can't make any headway

less you do! Give John a wide berth! In the long run you'll do better without him. Take a reef in your sails when its squally, but don't be a figure head and don't be always lookin' for a soft berth. The coast is clear for you, but show your colors!"

Still the young man stands hat in hand, and the murmuring of the bees comes from over the cranberry blossoms in the bog which the old captain is nourishing nearby.

The old man goes on.

"You know you are the main stay of your ma. She is fagged out. She can't make both ends meet if you don't help splice it. She is coming to the end of her rope. She'll bring up with a round turn, so overhaul yourself and tide her over. Steer clear of John! I never did like the cut of his jib! He carries too much sail, and he backs and fills!"

The old man grunted and the young sailor shifted uneasily.

"You're on the wrong tack, my boy."

The faded blue eyes squinted and gave a long, long look across the sunny harbor. He was seeing human wrecks along the water fronts of the great ports. "It may be a long, long pull, but don't you lose your bearings just because John is out of his reckoning. He needs ballust. He'll go on the rocks and be left high and dry."

The old man reached for his cane.

"Wall, I got to see that that boy steers the cows home. Now you clear out and tackle your job! The young man says respectfully, "Yes, Sir!" for although it is his favorite uncle who is talking, it is also the Captain of whom he stands in awe.

The young sailor goes down the wide stone steps, putting on his hat, while the harbor lies across the road not fifty feet away, shining under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun.

And not many years after, the boy commands a trim clipper ship in the harbors of the world.

He is living the life of a real Sippican Captain, one night going to the opera in Barcelona, six months later at a plum-pudding party in old Rochester Towne; one night at the Astor House with his Captain friends, the next week "agoing fishing on Bobel."

Chapter X

SUCH AS THESE SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS

"He turns his head, but in his ear
The steady trade-winds run
And in his eye, the endless waves
Ride on into the sun."

BENYON

The ports may be different; they were wrecked on different reefs; but their vast unknown oceans and the cold, wet worlds of the century ago captains were the same as fifty years later.

Most of them who sailed from New York knew little of the interior of the continents from which, and to which they sailed their ships.

Melbourne, Hong Kong, St. Petersburg, Shanghai, San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, Calcutta were home.

They entertained, and were wined and dined at these ports, and knew the great merchants and agents of the world's shipping affairs better than they knew their own nephews and nieces in the home village.

At sea sometimes when they were ten years old, captains at twenty, they rolled up the streets of their native villages with the gossip of the world on their tongues, and the sights and sounds of a dozen foreign ports in their memories.

Sharp witted, keen business men with an autocratic hand in all affairs they touched.

From out the forest of slim shining masts and clouds of square white sails steps little Joseph Emerson Hadley of Sippican. He came on the scene just before Hosey the Indian died—Feb. 1817—and he grew up with his brothers, Andrew and Stephen, and the other boys who were climbing over the

"*Persia*", when Capt. Elisha was outfitting her those spring days in 1828.

He chopped the wood and milked the cows, hoed the garden and lifted rocks into the long rows that make up the fences of the New England pastures; did the chores just as any boy did in old Rochester.

He went to school when he could, with his mind far out at sea. He tells the story himself.

At sixteen he is off on the Barque *Manilla* of New Bedford to Bremerhaven; from there to St. Urbes for a cargo of salt, and back to New Bedford; and his long sixty years of life at sea begins!

From his own account we find that the fo'c'stle didn't discourage him, and he sailed on several other ships getting acquainted with the ways of sailors before the mast.

He steadily climbed up; second mate, mate, and at last captain of the brig *Cumberland* of New York.

He was twenty-five years old when he sailed from New York to Charleston, N. C. and back to New York; on to Havana and Montanzas, took on a cargo of sugar for Trieste, landed it; obtained a cargo there for New York.

The next year he had taken his ship to Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and on his third voyage from New York he remained in South American waters for more than three years. There he learned to trade with the dark eyed agents of the Brazilian and Paraguayan ports. He bought and sold cargoes, and the adventures of those who go to strange shores came to him.

The dictator Rosas, of the Argentine Republic ordered the Parana River closed to all commerce. England and France offered to convey all merchant vessels up the river. The American flag was new on the river, and the *Cumberland* under Captain Hadley, and four other vessels flying the stars and stripes, under the protection of four English and three French warships, went up the river.

About thirty ships remained at the mouth, the captains not daring to risk the loss of their vessels.

Capt. Hadley ran past the battery carrying all sail; but one shot struck the main sail, and another carried away the taffrail of the *Cumberland.*

It took them three long tiresome months before they arrived in Goya in Corrientes. They took on a cargo of jerked beef and it was three months more before they could start down the river.

In the six months, another fort had been built, and the fleet of sixty vessels was subjected to a terrific bombardment. They all ran safely by the fort, but three that were run ashore and burned.

Captain Hadley had the *Cumberland* repaired at Montevideo and sailed for Havana with the cargo of jerked beef.

When the *Cumberland* arrived at Havana the yellow fever was raging and the Captain was taken ill and nearly died.

1846 was the year of the great hurricane and the Sand Key lighthouse was destroyed and Key West was damaged. The *Cumberland* was struck by the hurricane and damaged so badly that she was condemned and sold.

Up to New York the twenty-nine year old Captain came, settled his affairs, and took command of the barque *Patriot,* and sailed for Brazil where he was under the Brazilian government for a time.

He came back to become commander of the ship *Ambassador* of New York. He was carrying cotton from Mobile to Genoa in 1849, when the Genoese declared their independence. The Captain was sympathetic with the little Republic; but the Government army captured the city and the bow of the *Ambassador* was struck in the bombardment.

Cotton from the ship's cargo was used in the fortifications and barricades to protect the Doria Palace.

But this was the year 1849! Gold in California! And the *Ambassador* was off from New York to San Francisco!

She arrived in the midst of the great excitement. After strenuous work the cargo was discharged, but the crew had vanished!

California! Mud! Tents! and beached deserted vessels made into lodgings!

Captains and crews into the mountains and along the rivers to find gold! Gold! And Captain Hadley's friends tell him "No use! No use! You can't get a man to go out of the harbor!"

But the mate haunted the crimps and runners, and for days and nights he worked until he got a crew aboard.

He paid $70 a man, dumped, dead or alive he hardly knew; part shipped for Calcutta, and part of them for the Sandwich Islands.

At the Islands most of the crew deserted, but he got others, and by April, 1850 he was sailing for Calcutta, where he loaded a cargo for London and arrived with the first cargo to come into London on an American ship after the repeal of the British Naval laws in 1849.

At London, the first mate, Wm. O. Putnam, who had done such good work in getting crews in San Francisco and the Islands, was rewarded by being put in command of the *Ambassador*, which was chartered to carry coal from Cardiff to San Francisco.

Capt. Hadley was to go to Liverpool to take the ship *Ivanhoe* coming in from New York, but she was wrecked with all on board on the Nantucket shoals, so the Captain sailed for New York on the ship *Joseph Walker.*

The ship's doctor did not arrive, and Capt. Hoxie said that Captain Hadley must take his place, so "Dr. Hadley" took charge with the knowledge all sea captains must have about medicine and rough surgery; and with his insistence on fresh air and cleanliness he brought all his 575 passengers into New York Harbor, well.

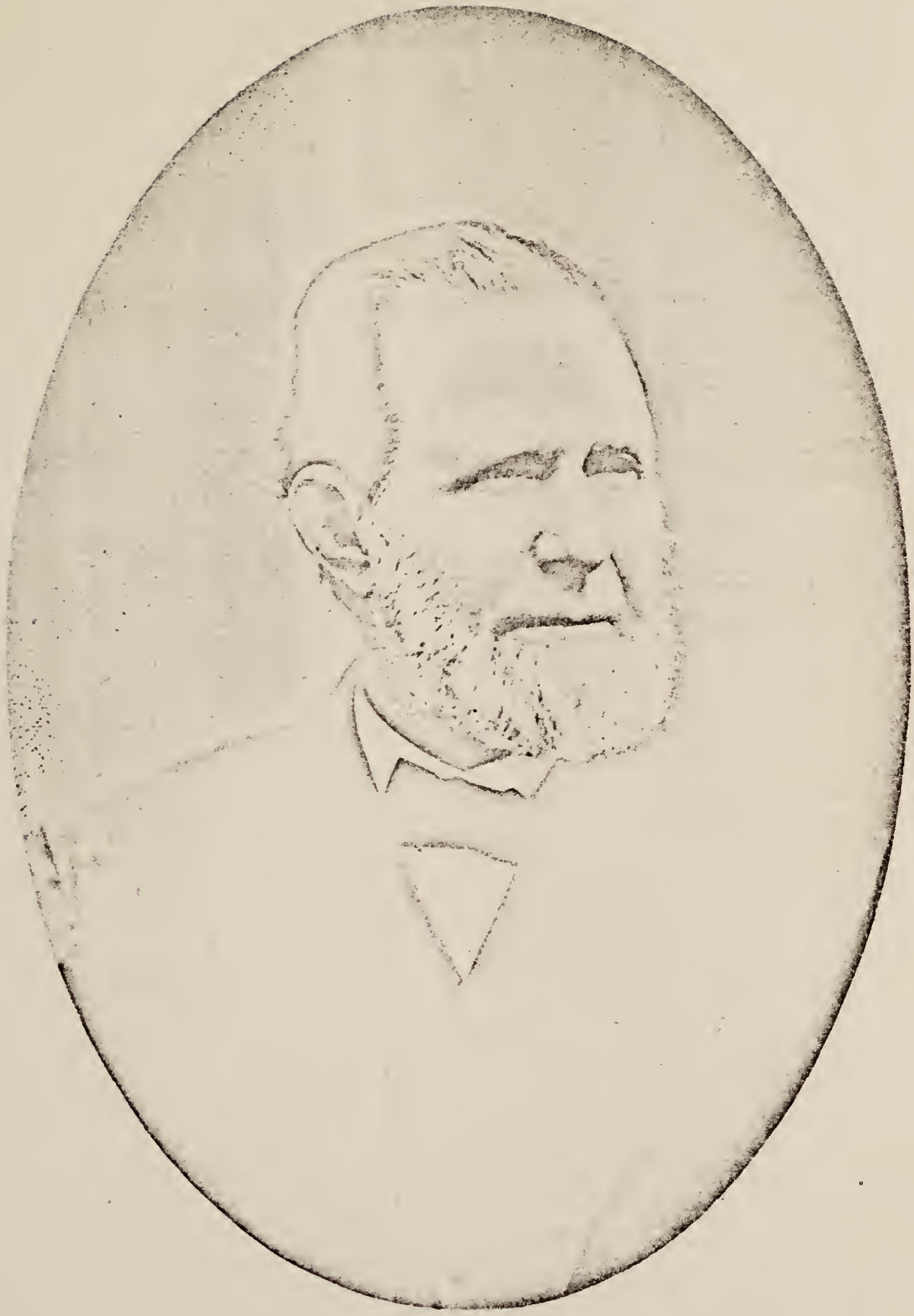
"Where have you practiced, Doctor?"

"Oh! I have been travelling recently", said the "Doctor"!

One day, years afterward, an Irishman stopped him on the street in New York.

"An' how are ye, Doctor?"

The Captain was surprised, and the man went on "An' I came to this country in the ship Joseph Walker with ye. What ship you on now?"



Captain Joseph Emerson Hadley
"The stars were set for guides for such as he
And earth was but a cup to hold the sea."
Guiterman

When the Captain said the *Marmion,* the Irishman exclaimed "Now I have friends in the ould country soon to come over, and I'll write 'em to come with ye!"

And the *Marmion* brought many from the "ould country." "This splendid vessel of 900 tons burthen, anchored in our Bay on the evening of the 4th bringing 380 emigrants, 96 days from Liverpool and 90 from Cork" one reads in a N. Y. Paper of the time. "We are happy to report that the immigrants whom we have met and conversed with speak in complimentary terms of Captain Hadley and Dr. King, the Surgeon Superintendent. The immigrants who are of a very respectable class have nearly all met with engagements, and at a very fair rate of wages."

The Captain made many quiet voyages in the *Marmion,* but in 1854 when he left Liverpool for New York he struck a gale which became a hurricane.

Two men were washed overboard. He then bore up to go out the North Channel.

It was the 22nd of January and that night was a terrible one. The seas were terrific! Another man was lost from the main topsail yard. At 9 A. M. the bowsprit was carried away at knight heads. The head of the fore mast gave way and landed on top of the deck house amidships.

The man on the lee foretopsail yard arm when the mast broke came down with the wreck. He was uninjured but the wreckage carried away the slings of the foreyard.

The sailors may sing in good weather

"Oh give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast!"

But when the mast comes crashing down, it means lifting, tugging, sometimes lashed together, clearing away; and in this instance replacing the foreyard, with great seas thundering over the ship.

Day after day the gale swept the ship, which was drifting towards the New Hebrides.

On the night of Jan. 28, the main topsail sheet went, injuring three men!

A third of the crew gone!

At 2 P. M. the next day they could see the islands. It was impossible to make the Barra Head, so they risked making a passage between Pabba and Wengola. It was a narrow way; it might not be clear; but it was their one chance in the fight for life.

The Captain tells the story:

"The next morning the wind hauled to the South West and became foggy. Cables and anchors made ready for use, wore ship and stood to the South East and fetched to the leeward of Banna Island among reefs not on the general charts; luffed and kept off to clear them as was necessary.

At 4 P. M. of the 30th the wind hauled to North West, the fog cleared, kept wearing ship off and on until 4 P. M. the next day."

They had saved the ship! A pilot came along and took them into Loch Slavin, Isle of Skye, where she anchored at 7 P. M. Jan. 31.

They had been fighting for their lives for nine days.

"The ordeal was a terrible one, but the officers and crew worked very well, except the 3rd mate, a very brave and profane man in fine weather" says the Captain, "but who was found frightened out of his wits in his room, praying."

Loch Slavin was a place of thatched huts, only two real houses. There was no chance to repair the ship there, so Capt. Hadley had to start for Liverpool for help. Through Scotland in midwinter, 80 years ago was not a pleasant trip. He went to Perth, and there took a train to Liverpool. The next day he had chartered a tug, *Dreadnaught*, and started back for the Islands. They put into Troom for coal, and Capt. Hadley went ashore to wait for a pilot who could take the ship back to Glasgow for repairs.

When the pilot came, and he and the Captain boarded the tug, they found the captain and mate so drunk that the pilot, who was an old sailor, and the captain started out and reached the ship the next afternoon.

The crew of the tug, sober by that time, towed the ship for about a day and a half to Grenock where the ship was repaired and sailed again for New York in April. She was an unlucky ship. On the trip to New York, on the 23rd of April, another hurricane struck her which carried away head of main mast, but the Captain sent up a jury topmast and at last arrived in port.

Captain Hadley sailed then in the *Rock Light,* of which he was part owner, and in which he made several successful voyages around Cape Horn. Voyage after voyage — ship after ship are in his life.

Sometimes he remained at home, and improved his property. He built a large house with barn and carriage house on an estate of many acres in the Old Landing. He set out trees and hedges, made stone walls and driveways; dipped into town politics; then the sea called again.

He made many good voyages on the ship *John Bright.*

On one return voyage from Antwerp to New York the ship struck a shoal off the coast of Brazil owing to an error in the chart. The ship was wrecked. "All hands were saved" said the Captain, volumes in the four words!

In June 1876, Capt. Hadley took passage from New York to Liverpool to take charge of the ship *Jeremiah Thompson* of New York, 1900 tons register, formerly a Black Star Liverpool packet. He went with her to San Francisco with a load of coal, arrived after a passage of 109 days. From San Francisco was chartered to go to Callao and then to Huanillas to load guano for Queenstown for orders.

Arrived at the port in March, 1877.

On the 9th there was a severe earthquake and tidal wave; the sea, rising 30 ft. by irregular waves. A British ship lying near the *Jeremiah Thompson* parted her cables, came down upon the latter, returned to her old position by a receding wave, then was driven into another vessel, and then was driven ashore.

The ship, *Geneva,* Capt. McLoon, loaded and ready for sea, which lay farther up the coast, parted her cables, struck upon the rocks, came off and sank. Five ships of the fleet be-

came total wrecks; twenty-one others were damaged, leaving but two or three uninjured.

Captain Hadley's wife was with her husband on that voyage, and that night was a terrible experience for her.

She was put into one of the ship's boats in charge of the second officer with orders to pull out seaward clear of the fleet. As they got some distance from the ship and into the offing, another ship came down with a crash into her, carrying away one of her boats, and doing much damage. A British ship also collided with her, and was cut down to the water's edge, but as the Captain's ship was larger, she stood the shock better.

A nephew, later at the golden wedding of another Captain and his wife, wrote of Mrs. Hadley:

"She knew the storm's refrain
  She walked the slippery deck;
In the fierce hurricane
  She felt the timbers strain;
She saw the sinking wreck.
She sailed to many a port
  Where despot will was law;
Viewed many a frowning fort
  Heard tyranny's retort
And swarthy races saw."

That night was her most terrible experience!

A waste of tumbling waters; black darkness; above them the cliffs reaching 3000 feet up into the sky; great rocks rolling down the mountain sides; ships crashing into each other; human cries of distress from both ships and shore; and an Old Landing Captain's wife in a small boat with an officer of the ship, tossing so near the black water, listening, praying that all would be well with her husband.

On the ship *Avonmore*, Capt. Corfield, whose wife and three children were on board, was entertaining Captain Frick of the barque *Arctic*. Mrs. Corfield sat at the piano playing "Home, sweet home," when the earthquake and tidal wave struck. A ship snapped her cables and came down on the *Avonmore*, sinking her. Mrs. Corfield, and two of the children, and Capt. Frick were drowned. Capt. Corfield and one

of the children were picked up, but the little one died soon after.

It was almost impossible to save the people in the darkness amidst the drifting wreckage.

All the Government buildings and wharf, in fact the town except a few huts, was destroyed.

Mrs. Hadley was not harmed. She went aboard a friend's ship after a few hours — a ship that was at anchor outside of the fleet.

Capt. Hadley's ship was so much damaged that she was taken to Callao for repairs, but Mrs. Hadley left for Panama, and so home.

Capt. Hadley remained, and made several more voyages to Queenstown and Liverpool, but on returning to New York, the Captain found that Mrs. Hadley was very ill, and he gave up his command and came home. He had sailed as a master 36 years, and it was time to anchor.

Another boy who began as Capt. Emerson did, was Nathan Briggs. One of his ancestors had marched gaily to Sandwich to keep the court from setting in the old days of Red Coats, and shillings, and pence.

At fourteen years of age Nathan was at sea; at fifteen he was cook; at twenty-one captain of a schooner; and at twenty-four he had crossed the Atlantic as master. By 1834 he was captain of the ship *Cato*, and was in Calcutta. He became a part of the world of the clipper ships. Those ships of shining masts and spars, and beautiful figureheads, and fittings of brass and mahogany, that were clustered like great birds in the harbors of the world.

At thirty-three he owned farm and woodland on the road that is now Pleasant Street, and had built himself a house standing back from the road with a driveway lined with fir trees, and had planted so many roses about the house that he called it "Rose Cottage". He was ready to retire.

He had this estate, and $15,000, and he came home to work his farm hands, and live at home with his growing family.

But like many others, his ships at sea didn't pay; some were wrecked; and he lost so much that off he sailed again.

Capt. Briggs was what was called "a gilt edged captain". When he walked the deck for exercise he was dressed just as he would be on Broadway, spotless linen, shining boots and beaver hat when the weather was fine. The sailors looked at the "Old Man" with pride and awe.

Dr. Oliver Cobb, his nephew, who as a young boy went to sea with Capt. Briggs, says:

"No matter how intimate on shore, my uncle would never speak to me on board ship unless the etiquette of the sea demanded it. I went as deck hand and was never recognized by my two uncles, Captain and mate, altho I had lived in the family for months."

A nephew who was a sailor was looked over and through, and was never recognized by the captain who walked in pleasant weather in his high silk hat!

A real aristocrat, this captain!

We catch glimpses of him now here now there on the ship *Saxon.* In 1851 he is master of the new ship *Winchester* which when loaded on her first voyage at New Orleans for Liverpool, had the largest cargo ever loaded at that port. In fact too large for the depth of water in the Southwest Pass, and she grounded and was delayed ninety days.

As his boys, little Oliver and Benjamin, grew, they sailed with him on different voyages.

In 1847, Oliver, ten years old, is on board the ship *Hampden,* and is climbing the Liverpool docks, and watching the unloading of cotton bales. When out at sea there are the daily lessons and the Captain writes in his diary of "Polishing up his French".

If Oliver could have seen down the coming years, and caught the picture of the great, black, stormy Bay of Biscay, his own white face and clinging, clinging hands, and the great waves washing the picture out; and if Benjamin could have seen a ship drifting, drifting, with only a phantom crew, the mystery ship of the century, the *Mary Celeste,* which sails on and on in the wonder of the world! But Benjamin, and Oliver, and Zenus, played and studied without fear of the great sea,

and when they were left at home the captain on the grey waves wrote advice to his boys in a little memorandum book.

"If you would command learn to obey."

"He who is good at apology is good for nothing else, always govern your conduct so as to need no apology."

Of wealth he writes: "As care accumulates with it in equal proportion, and as it is so apt to swell one's self-importance and make us ambitious of that which is as much beyond us and as unattainable as when we had less, so great wealth is scarcely to be wished."

He writes poetry to his wife in those lonely days of long voyages, and she answers in rhymes. He has the masculine viewpoint of Governor Winslow so many years before, " I have a word to say on personal independence. Females can be independent only by dependence on virtuous men."

And then he jots down for his boys:

"We should never despise or treat with contumely, either the rich or the poor. God has placed them in their peculiar circumstances, and where he has given much he will require much."

"Have some time everyday for converse with your maker."

"Children need recreation but they never need idleness, nor do they ever want it till it has been forced upon them by habit."

He writes, as the ship plunges along through the darkness of the great oceans, of a vivid dream he has of flying and letting himself down by a parachute.

Mrs. Briggs sailed with her captain husband, as did the other wives.

She is with him on the ship *Hope* from New York to San Francisco, there to Callao, and the Chincha Islands, then home again. Capt. Briggs retired when he was forty-seven years old, and took up the duties of life ashore, becoming a member of the school board; and in company with other captains retired, lived and planned for the home village.

Little sons leave home as sailors, and come back captains!

Captain Elisha Luce's son George L. exchanges his study at Groton for the hard schooling of the sea.

On Tuesday, Nov. 16. 1847 he is writing in his diary — on board the *John R. Skiddy*: "At 2 P. M. got under way with 2 steamers and proceeded down stream — discharges Pilot — (those New York pilots in their beaver hats) — and steamers and made all sail."

"Commences with fresh W. S. W."

We feel the wind blowing, see the fast ship with all sails set as she flies before the "brisk winds", not like the whalers drifting all night, but constantly all day and all night long changing sail to suit the wind to make a quick passage and money for the captain and owners.

"Nov. 22 at 5 P. M. wind shifted suddenly to the Nd. and blew a perfect gale, let go all the hailyards and double reefed the Topsail, reefed the Foresail, reefed the main sail and furled it."

"A. M. shook out reefs and set everything. Distance run 206 miles."

Constantly changing, setting sails, reefing, one day making 260 miles. So day after day she flies and at last he writes on Monday 29 Nov. "commences with heavy gale from NNW. with hail squall", but by 7-30 A. M. they "outreefs, and made all Sail" and "made the land to the northward. Set Larboard studding sail" and at 12 there is Kinsdale!'

A good run of 13 days and 15 hours!

By midnight, Tuesday the 30th, they have passed Turk's Head with a fresh N. N. W. wind, and at 10 have "passed Holyhead, having made the passage from Sandy Hook to Holyhead in 14 days, 13 hours," writes the exultant young sailor from Sippican.

A record trip on the ship *John R. Skiddy* from New York to Liverpool! By the first of the year off again to New York, the Captain driving the ship to *beat all* records!

And the young mate writes as one's day's work —

"Thursday Jan. 20th at 0.30 took in Fore & Main topgallant sails & outer jib, at 1 P. M. double reef the Fore & Main topsail, single reefed the courses & Mizzen topsail. At 2 P. M. reefed the spankers, at 3.30 P. M. close reefed the topsail and stowed

the courses hauled down the jib. At 5 P. M. took in the Spanker & clewed up the Mizzen topsail and stowed it. Blowing a complete gale. At 10 P. M. wore ship to the S. W. set whole Fore sail close reefed Mizzen topsail, reefed spanker & reefed main sails. At 3 A. M. shook a reef out the main topsail, at 6 shook a reef out the Fore & Mizzen Topsails & main sail & set the jib. At 9 shook both reefs out Main topsail and one reef out Fore top sail, at 10 shook the single reef out Fore topsail. Ends with a strong N. W. wind."

And so on, all night and all day.

The days go by: the ship plunging along, the flying spray veiling the little figures climbing with the wind whistling in the rigging clinging with numb fingers to the sawing ropes, trying to follow the hoarse trumpet commands from the deck; and the boy mate writes on Jan. 28 "tremendous seas running. Ship laboring. Very bad indeed."

"Very bad indeed," and then next day when the calm came "Jan. 29. Crew employed in tarring and scrubbing ship outside."

In three days again the fight!

"Feb. 1, Gale heavy. Lost a Fore Topmast studding sail boom" and on the next day "Lying to Reefed." Two months and 23 days on the voyage back to New York!

Not discouraged—this young captain in the making! "July 16, 1848" he is moved to write in his diary "commences with clear beautiful weather with a fine 9 knot breeze from the S.W. All sail set except spankers, all the starboard studding sails set and the ship moving along like a thing of life and if the people that are now hived up in a hot dusty town could but take a view of the ship and those on board they might truly envy us our happiness" . . . On July 21 he comments on the number of sailing vessels in sight — 16 nearly all "square riggers." Aug. 2, again at Waterloo Dock, and on Monday Dec. 11 he is sailing on the *B. R. Milan* with Capt. Henry Allen, down to Galveston, for sugar and cotton, sometimes with 40 ships in company.

Then he is at home in Rochester, "attending Church in Sippican today" he writes; and two days later he is off again to New York.

By 1849 he is sailing to Galveston, Captain of his own ship the Brig *Herald.*

Back and forth he goes! Home to go fishing! "Father, myself and brother Alfred left in the boat *Wave* for Bobel at 8.20 made fast to the buoy on Bobel Ledge and commenced fishing — found fishing very good, very good."

He goes out to tea, and three times to church on Sunday, and then he is writing in his diary.

"Go to Astor Place, and Niblo's."

And Capt. Nathan's boys grew to be real sailors. Oliver, off for himself, comes home after three years absence to his family in Rose Cottage. He is 21 years old, and has been a mate for nine months, and the next time he comes home he will be a captain.

And Capt. Emerson Hadley's large estate grows beautiful, and his brother Capt. Stephen Hadley opposite sets out shrubs, and trees, and great hedges, and builds stone walls.

Within hail were a dozen captain's houses and barns; Capt. Peleg Blankinship, Capt. Obed Delano, Capt. Pardon Tripp, Capt. Henry Delano. "Old Landing" Captains; of each one could be said he had slept while "under his very pillow" "rushed bands of walruses and whales."

On hot summer Sabbaths when Minister Cobb's voice went on to the "finally my brethren", the old captains and the young captains, who were home from voyages, were all at divine worship. There was no question about it. Unless you were "sick in your naked bed" you appeared in your family pew in the meeting house on the Sabbath Day.

But strange scenes must be printed on the walls of the white meeting house on the corner. Pleasant shining islands, roaring seas, slippery dark docks of foreign ports, and women and men a long way from the elm lined, sandy roads of New England.

Perhaps there is the soft sound of "Si! Signor!" in a captain's ear, that makes him look dazed as with a rustle his family rises and faces the choir for the last hymn.

Perhaps instead of the organ note rolling out and the voices of Sippican and the Old Landing singing

"Hasten sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun."

the meeting house is ringing with the sailors' voices in the harbors of Sing-a-pore — Hong Kong!

"We'll sing
Ay,
And we'll heave
ay
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!
We'll heave
ay
With a swing ay
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!"

Chapter XI.

A PHILOPENA FROM SIPPICAN.

"But the standing toast
That pleased the most
Was the wind that blows
The ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor."

FORECASTLE SONGSTER.

It wasn't only the farm boys on the whalers that got home sick!

Eighty years ago, Thursday Nov. 28, young Captain George was writing forlornly in his diary:

"This day is Thanksgiving in Massachusetts, and it reminds me of home, and of those friends and relatives whom I left a few months since. Methinks I would like to be among them enjoying a New England Thanksgiving, but it is impossible."

Out in mid-ocean he watches the porpoises gamboling about the ship, and jots down "If human beings were as active as they appear to be there would be less idleness. We are now in the Florida stream and a head wind or a calm we move along by the current. The cause of this remarkable stream is a problem yet to be solved. At daybreak find ourselves not alone on the mighty deep, as there are three vessels in company."

In December, 1850 for the old whaling captain, Elisha, the earthly voyage ended, and young Captain George came home to find his father gone to a far country.

But ships do not wait; sailors cannot stay at home; so he is back in New York again in a few weeks to find that "brother Henry" has made a voyage to Liverpool with Capt. James Luce in the steamship *Arctic*.

"Rode over to the *Arctic*, bid my Brother good bye", he writes, "and at 12m saw one of the greatest specimens of naval architecture as she commenced her movements on the water bound across the wide Atlantic. God speed her on her passage, and may she carry those safely who have trusted to her safety."

Back home again, takes tea with relatives and day of day in his life, he receives a Philopena, a little ring with date and initials, from Sophia M. Delano, a pretty girl of Sippican!

Then off he sails, taking the same route that he has been over so many, many times.

In his diary Dec. 17, he complains "I should like to pass Cape Hatteras once with a fair wind and good weather. I have passed it many times, but have not yet seen it."

The girls at home are going to the meeting house to services and choir rehearsals; and to revival services up at the Methodist meeting house in "Happy Alley"; and reading Godey's Lady's Book; and sewing seams in sheets; putting the cover down on chests full of quilts and pillow slips, all marked, tidily with indelible ink in fine penmanship decorated with flourishes, with the name they are so soon to change; taking their knitting and patchwork up at all spare moments; spending the afternoons and evenings at parties in genteel company. And their young beaux, captains and mates far out at sea!

"11-30 A. M. a heavy sea hove her upon her beam ends, carried some of the lee bulwarks, started water casks, and started the boat and davits. So ends the day one of the most unpleasant of my life," writes the young captain George.

And then he is in New York hearing "Forrest the great Tragedian at the Broadway, I admire him much", and he is calling on Sippican captains, Captain Henry Allen of Ship *B. R. Milan*, Capt. Brown, Capt. J. Bolles, Capt. Alvin Young on the steamship *Southerner*, Capt. Joseph Briggs, Capt. Henry Delano, and sending letters by Captains bound home.

Sophie's chest was filled long ago, and her wedding clothes are ready; and there is the little brig *Herald* coming around Bird Island home to the wharf in Sippican.

And young Capt. George Luce and Sophie are married. He must away on another voyage, and on this pleasant day in

August, with the wind from the North he is "Engaged in getting the Brig ready for sea."

The *Herald* lies off Island Wharf, and it must be fit, for he is taking his bride with him for their honeymoon in New York City.

He finishes his duties on the ship, and at 6 p. m. accompanied by his bride and her sister Bessie, he goes to a launching. It is the schooner "*Broadfield*, and she went into the water in fine style."

Busy every day overseeing work on the brig until Aug. 31 then he writes in his diary:

"At 8 P. M. I succeeded in getting into the stream and came to anchor off Sherman's Wharf. I am now ready to start for New York."

"Sept. 1, at 7 A. M. went on board the brig and got under way. My wife and five others being on board. Proceeded down the harbor with a light north wind," and so the honeymoon begins.

On Sept. 4 "came to anchor near City Island." Off Blackwell's Island they "watch persons endeavoring to make their escape by swimming. At 3.30 came to anchor off the Battery."

While painters are at work on the vessel the young Captain shows his bride the city, and with the group of Rochester Captains coming and going, they are among friends. They visit cousin Capt. James Luce on the steamer *Arctic;* they go to Barnum's Museum and "saw an act called the Orphan's Dream, after which took a look at the different curiosities, many of which were very interesting, after which Capt. C. Delano came on board and spent the evening."

They "walk up to Taylor's on Broadway and got some very good ice cream."

They go to Washington's Headquarters; call on relatives; Capt. Henry Allen came on board and took breakfast with them; they "walk to the Croton reservoir for the excellent view of the surrounding country," to Christies Minstrels, to Greenwood Cemetery, to the Tabernacle to church.

On Friday Sept. 24, they "went to the Broadway Theatre and saw Mr. Forrest in the character of Othello."

Called on Capt. Nathan Briggs on the ship *Winchester*, and went to see "the celebrated Indian Chief and Warrior Billy Bowlegs, and a few others of his tribe." One Sunday the little bride in all her wedding finery went to Trinity Church, and then to hear Henry Ward Beecher in the evening.

On the 29th the young Captain puts Sophie in her bridal bonnet and hoop skirts, on the steam boat *Bay State*, in care of Capt. Nathan Briggs, and Capt. Isaac Delano, who were on board bound home to Sippican.

And he is off for St. Marks, this captain of twenty-six years.

It is winter before he is at home again. Arrives on Dec. 15 and must be off again Dec. 30.

"At 2 P. M. I left home, but feeling so bad I could not say Good Bye to any one" he confided to his diary.

And the young wives, too, were sad and absent minded. They walked and talked in Rochester Towne, but their hearts and minds were out on the wide ocean following like sea birds the little ships battling the waves. Sophie went to quilting parties, and out to tea like all the captains' wives in the Rochester villages; but always when the winds blew hard and fierce, there were Rochester wives praying in their hearts.

"I always get nervous", said Mary "although Jim says it may be as flat as a pancake out where he is."

And the captains in New York go to see the acts of Professor Anderson, the wizard of the North and "he did perform some wonderful feats."

But young Captain George is homesick for Sippican. He writes in his diary "I feel very lonely. Remain on board and commenced a letter to my S—."

A group of Captains went to Broadway Theatre and saw Madame Celeste act, and Capt. George writes "I must say I do not love theatres and I would not go to see Madame C again if I could go free." But when the ship is towed down the har-

bor, he remains on shore and goes with Capt. Grey to Christie's Minstrels which he likes better.

Off South! The Sabbath Day depresses him. "This is my lonely day. I wish I could be at home every Sunday, instead of being tossed about on the ocean."

Loading cotton, and back again in New York buying "Delane" for his wife, for his mother. He buys "gift ticket no. 78,173 and writes: 'Capt. Grey's wife came from home today. Sent a check to Uncle Stephen for $1,000." He sees Uncle Tom's Cabin, with Capt. and Mrs. Grey; takes supper with Capt. Grey; calls on Capt. Briggs; goes to the Museum; and is off South again, taking and stowing cotton! Cotton! Cotton!

Back again. "Discharged all hands except the mate" and "Sent a package containing a silk dress, two muslin dresses home."

It is June, 1852. He sees "a riot in Brooklyn between a few hundred New Yorkers and a number of thousand of Irish Catholics."

He is a father now, and he comes home to Sippican engaging board for himself, wife and child for $5.00 a week, and when he gets back to N. Y. he goes to an "Aquerian Saloon" to have a miniature taken for the new mother.

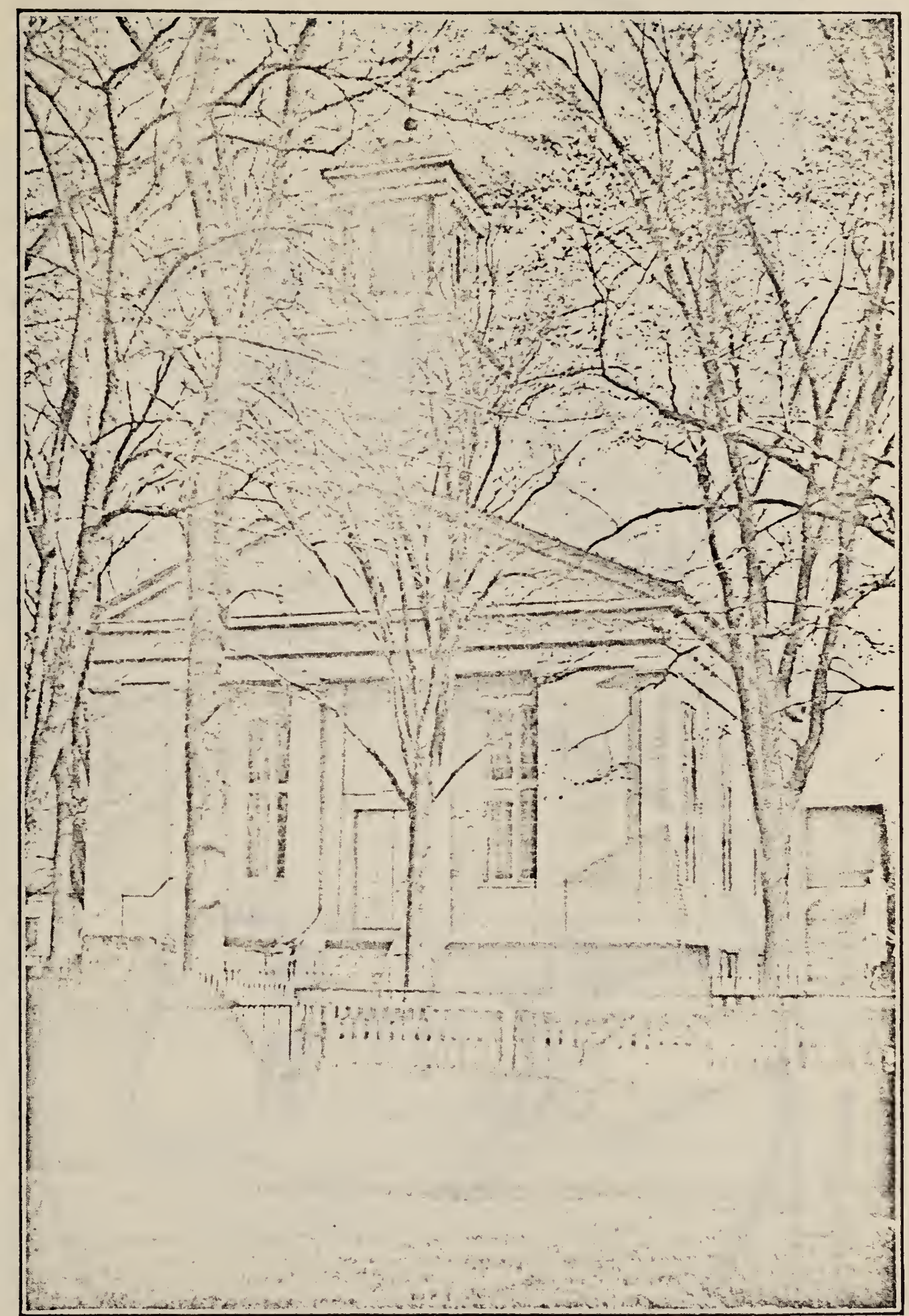
Back and forth with a dozen other captains he sails, sometimes staying with one, sometimes another, dining, and going to the theatre.

May 26, 1853 he is "staying on board the *John Frazer*, with Capt. Emerson Hadley and his lady," sending letters home by Capt. Henry Allen, and taking a look at the Crystal Palace. "On the *Arctic* with Capt. Luce, afterwards came down to Astor House. Have now got all hands on board. Some pretty drunk."

And the years fly until he is lamenting that he is 29 years old. He is leaving the coasting trade.

Monday July 16, 1855 he writes in his diary:

"Commences pleasant. Remained about home most of the day."



The Captains' Meeting House

Captain George and Sophia Luce — "Whose ring lies under the Cape Horn seas"

"Making preparations to leave home for a voyage around the world, oh dear, it is hard to leave home."

But he is a sailor, and he clears from New York on the long, long voyage with 1372 tons of coal for the Nicaragua Steam Ship Co. to be landed at San Juan Del Sud, Pacific Ocean.

As the ship plows the Atlantic his mind is on his young wife, his child, and he writes:

"Many say August is the most tedious month to make a passage to the Equator and I agree with them." He speaks whalers, and hears home news; the greasy voyage of the *Admiral Blake,* 110 bbls. sperm in 2 months.

Sometimes he is alone in a waste of waters, not a sail for a week. He recognized a spot where he took a sperm whale once, and comments on the fact that "16 days in the Horse Latt has caused an unusual long passage."

Sept. 29, 1855 he writes "This A. M. I met with a loss which has grieved me much. In trying to catch a dolphin I lost a plain gold ring marked 'Philopena from S. M. Delano'. It was a Philopena present from Sophia Matilda Delano (now my wife, presented to me in the winter of 1850-51). I will when I get to San Juan (if there is time to get a return to my first letters) get her to buy another and marked in the same manner. It was prized very highly by me as a present from her before I commenced paying her any particular attention. Well do I remember when I secured the present at Mr. Sisson's where a company of us had gone to visit Sophie's sister Bessie."

He is dreaming of his love story.

In two days his mood has changed. He is writing "A sad accident occurred in taking in the topmost studding sail John Jacob Urgo of Hanover, Germany, fell overboard and was lost. Hove the ship to, but did not see or hear him after he fell. It was blowing heavy and very dark." And the captain writes how "one must be prepared for death at any time. The morning I left my wife to depart on this voyage we knelt in prayer" and on board ship in the loneliness of a captain's life at sea

he says that prayer, while John Jacob Urgo lies "where the Trades and the tides roll over him and the great ships go by."

When the days are beautiful, they remind him of New England. He can see the sandy roads, the elms, the meeting house, watch in memory his wife and child, but his mind must be on the cold hard facts of a captain's control of his ship.

On Tuesday Oct. 16 he writes:

"I will remark that my mate took the sulks, would eat no dinner because there was nothing but an excellent piece of salt beef, shoulder of salt pork, soft bread, pilot bread, pea soup, Tapioca pudding, butter, catsup, pickles and etc. How many would fall on their knees and bless the Maker if they could but have such a meal. It is somewhat singular that you will seldom hear a complaint of bad living from those who have been brought up with high living but nearly always such complaint comes from those who have been brought up on almost nothing. I always make up my mind when I have such a complaint that the complainant was brought up with hard living and poor food."

So wrote Sippican in going around Cape Horn!

The ship "went through the straights aflying" and then on Sat. Oct. 27, "Gale, Ship rolling hard and laboring tremendously, a till of water casks broke adrift and lost 2200 galls. water. — Shipped a heavy sea which did some damage and injured the third mate."

Oct. 31. "The ship whirled around, the current appears to change sometimes running well towards the East and then again towards the North.

6 P. M. double reefed the topsails, 3.30 took the most sudden most heavy squall I ever experienced ran before the wind expected to lose everything but everything being good and strong lost nothing except splitting a new fore topsail. The sea was smooth and white with foam. The Barometer had fallen but rose rapidly during the squall."

Day after day he writes "commences with gales. Ends with heavy gales."

"Two clipper ships in company. Land in sight about the Cape."

The ships tossing like corks on the "Cape Horn seas." Nothing very unusual!

Most of the captains of the three Rochester villages could have written the same words.

"22 days ago we were just about where we are now. 6-30 P. M. took a sudden and severe gale from the W. S. W. split the main topsail, hove to under a reefed fore sail and main spencer."

The days go by! Heavy gales! Heavy sea!

Cape Horn fifty miles away!

"Running under double reefed topsails. Ends severe squalls."

"Gale from the West."

"Heavy gales from the West" and a young captain learning patience and determination, and at home they are going to the singing school and out to tea.

"Nov. 28. Commenced with gale. 4 A. M. close reefed the topsails, 8 A. M. heavy gale, took in Fore & Mizzen topsails. Bark *Lord Burleigh* in company. 4 P. M. took in Foresail. A very heavy gale. 10 P. M. a heavy sea struck the ship which broke as high as the main top. Took the main spencer clear of every hook upon the gaft, tore the ring bolts from the dirk and carried the Lucy boat & two other boats with spare spars to leeward smashing the boats to pieces, broke in the sky lights & took away much of the bulwarks. Ends with a tremendous heavy gale."

The next day he writes:

"Commences with an uncommon heavy gale from the West, 4.30 A. M. a heavy sea struck the ship broke 13 stanchions and took nearly all the bulwarks, stove in the doors of the forward house taking lockers and galley fixings from the galley, stove a hole in the upper between decks & doing much other damage, broke a deck beam and stanchion & started up the deck. Very heavy sea running. 8 P. M. moderate more to the N. W. & set reefed fore sail & mizzen topsail. Cargo of coal shifted badly. End with heavy gale from W. S. W."

So small they were, these little figures with quick beating hearts. The great trees of the forest called masts, mere splint-

ers of wood in this wet world between the great currents of sea and sky.

With a surly mate watching; with water rushing and whirling beneath and the air whirling and rushing above; the timbers bending and snapping, and the little wooden world they are in groaning. Brave little New Englanders battling to put China and India shawls, and delane, and schools, and church services in the lives of the loved ones at home.

It is a long way from Sippican, and Sunday School Picnics, and Plum Porridge Parties, and fishing on "Bobel".

The young wife with a new delane frock on bends this way and that, looking down at the village dressmaker, who, in the house for the day, is kneeling on the big patterned Ingrain carpet, with pins in her mouth, while she loops the ribbon around the full skirt, and makes comments on the gossip of the village.

"Mrs. Cap'n Grey's gone to New York, and Mary Will did up 16 qts. beach plums, and Cap'n Allen's is thinkin' of puttin' in a new cranberry bog back of his house, and they are goin' to pack a missionary barrel Tuesday at the Benevolent Society."

And the wife chats with the kneeling figure while the autumn haze lies on the Bay, and the "Indian summer" days come in Sippican.

"Friday, Nov. 30, commences with a heavy gale from W. S. W. 2 A. M. took in mizzen topsail, sea breaking over the ship fore and aft. My mate badly frightened told me the vessel was leaking very bad and had 5 ft. of water in her hold. I told him the ship's leaking was one of the least of my troubles; wanted me to run the ship before the wind & have all hands at the pumps, the second mate went down the pump well & found so little water that the watch sucked the pump 30 minutes or less, but he wouldn't believe no man but that she was leaking and had water in her & after sucking the pump he said he did not believe it. I never saw an officer so frightened. He hove (or ordered) overboard all the empty barrels from the deck and between decks, wash deck tub, etc. without any orders. I hope it will never be my misfortune to be at sea in another gale with such a mate. We have worked too hard to get West

to run off East for nothing and his council I heeded not. This has been one of the most severe and longest gales I ever experienced and I never saw the Barometer so low down to 28.22". On Dec. 7 he is exchanging signals with Bark *Harder* that he saw — 40 days ago off Staten Island and on Dec. 11 he passed the Whaler *Nautilus* of New Bedford which had sailed 9 days before he did.

"Wednesday, Dec. 13, commences stormy. 4 A. M. from the South fresh breeze, took a sudden squall from the S. W. the Barometer gave truly warning but I heeded it not supposing we had got clear of bad weather. My mate had the sulks very bad, and had the men about an hour and a half trying to reef the fore topsail with the gear not hauled out sufficient. After getting in one reef & wasting so much time trying to put in another finding they could not reef it & the gale increasing I called the men down & close reefed the main and mizzen topsails and then let the mate try the fore topsail again but after trying gave it up, split the sail, cleared it up & stowed it. Reefed the foresail. Coal shifted badly."

"Monday, Dec. 17, pleasant at daylight made Juan Fernandes, bearing N. by W. dist. 30 miles."

He calls the Island a hard looking spot, with its mountain peaks some above the clouds.

"I cannot see a green spot" he writes, "It is inhabited by some Chilians who bring off to vessels who touch for water, Lobsters, goates, potatoes, etc., in exchange for clothing."

Christmas Day not noticed by this New England captain, but they at last have pleasant weather, and fly along at 160 — 170 miles a day.

But the mate! "I shall be obliged to put him off duty. He said he didn't care whether the ship went to Jamaica or the coast of Africa."

In Sippican the singing school meets; and young Capt. George is around the Horn at last on the great Pacific. But water is scarce, and mutiny is stalking the ship! "My 1st officer I discovered last night had given in to the men an order to take the water from the water cask to wash some of his (sailor's) clothes & I went to ask (all hands being on an allow-

ance of water) the man about it but did not & this morning he came to me upon deck & attempted to get up a disturbance & knowing that he has times a number made complaints before the men of his living such as this that he was agoing to have one or two bbls. of beef when we arrive at San Juan & that everyone aft was entitled to a bbl. each because he did not eat much when there was great plenty & thereby saved that much for the ship. He made a remark that he was agoing to cut royal sheets sometime ago. I requested him to keep the coil as we should have no ropes to discharge with as I thought I could get no new rope in San Juan; he said he didn't care whether I could or not, and other times he has said he didn't care about things that he should care. This morning instead of giving the second mate the ship's course he said 'I have steered N. N. W. but I don't know what you'll steer' in a very sulky insulting manner so that it awoke me from my sleep. Some time ago he had trouble with the carpenter, and the carpenter told him he would do it (the work he wished) if the Capt. told him. He (the mate) made the remark that he did not care for the Capt. & he (the carpenter) had got to do as he (the mate) wished."

A Sippican boy, alone with his problem, while the great seas wash by.

But he is Captain of his ship!

"Finding him disposed to make trouble & that he was using everything with a don't care principle, having used up a number of things already that was calculated for a 16 months voyage & his making such remarks as he didn't care where the ship went, and giving me insulting language at various times I deemed it best for all concerned fearing that his repeated complaints to & before the men might get them dissatisfied & breed a disturbance perhaps mutiny & behaving in the manner he did the last gale (see Dec. 12) I should not dare to trust him in another such time, and other things here set down & other things not related, I deem it my duty to put him off duty to be returned when I see fit, and have therefore done so.

I will relate an instance of his insulting language during the last gale, the cargo shifted very badly and after it moderated the ship lay down so the copper was out of water one side

and on the other the white streak was almost in the water. I gave him orders to let the men go down and shift some of the cargo, he says '*which way do you want them shifted now*' in a very sulky manner." And the young captain adds as he writes in his diary for that day:

"Ends smooth and pleasant."

"Friday, Dec. 28. This is one of the most pleasant days I have spent for months as I feel as though I could have everything done without growling."

The next day "the mate came and wished to be put on duty again, but made no acknowledgments of his past conduct & I think best for him to remain off duty a time longer."

Trouble! Trouble! and Dec. 31, 1855 he is writing in the little book that he thanks the Lord for his goodness in bringing him up to port — for there are four men in irons!

He discharges coal day after day; is boarded by Whalemen from the *Cachelot* of New Bedford, 16 months out with 535 bbls. sperm oil, and they talk of whaling and home.

Days go by, and some of the crew with the cook, desert, but on Feb. 22, the new mate arrives from New York, and on Feb. 27, he proceeds to sea again, making his way, leaving no track around the globe.

While the months are rolling by, the young wife in Sippican is planning with "much trepidation" a voyage to Liverpool to meet her young husband as he circles the globe home.

At last the day comes Sept. 11, 1856, and with "Hopes and doubts" as "shadows of her heart" she leaves New Bedford on the *Potomska* for New York.

When she is safely on the ship in New York with Mary, Capt. Allen's daughter, she is much relieved and is looking forward with "high hopes and joyful anticipation and longs to experience the wonders of old ocean". "I almost feel inspired to sing 'A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling sea', but will refrain now until I know how I am able to endure when my courage is put to the test" she writes in a fine hand in her blue leaved "Journal".

"Day closes quietly and pleasantly" this captain's wife writes, and she adds a comment on what she has heard about

London. "We have actually had a foretaste of London in a glass of water and a boiled potatoe." She and Mary venture from the ship to go to make some needed purchases, but she finds that "the noise, stir, and confusion is almost bewildering." It is strange to her eyes to see so many beggars "objects of charity, misery and degradation & appeal on the streets. Every appeal seems to be made directly to me" writes the young wife from quiet Sippican.

But at last "The sailors are cheerfully singing while they are heaving up anchor."

The ship moves out to sea, and in the stained diary we read

"Now looking behind, still lingering with those fond ones we have left to meet no more at present. In looking forward the ocean lies between us & the objects of our hopes, and desires. At all times it is a privilege to commit ourselves, our interest to the Father of Mercies; but how blessed is the privilege at this moment of trial to be permitted to look to Him & invoke His mercies for us and ours," and she adds

"Have not yet experienced the dreadful sensations we have made such great preparations for."

The ship plunges along twenty-four hours out to sea, and down in the diary she writes

"Oh the pitchings and plungings and tossings of the ship. We are tossed and tumbled about as though we were of little consequence" and to calm herself she reads "the memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, missionary to Syria. Find it intensely interesting and hope the perusal may prove profitable as well as entertaining."

There are rough ways on the ships!

"Ran into the Captain's room & on looking out of the window, saw a sight that filled me with fear and trembling; for I did not know what would be the result of such an affair. A sailor, who was raging with anger was prostrate on the deck — they were screwing on handcuffs. For a slight offense the sailor had drawn a knife & attempted to stab the mate."

But the ship sails on; winds blow; whales spout and porpoises and petrels are near.

"Our rebellious sailor has promised obedience & is now released & at work."

She reads Scott's and Burn's Poems, and after many, many days — land!

"To me it appears nothing more than a cloud." "Sails in all directions."

Up the river at last!

"We are again permitted to rise from our beds in health & comfort." She sings with English soldiers "My Country 'tis of thee" to their "God save the Queen" as they "embark to India on a large frigate."

It was Sept. 11, 1856 when Sophie left Sippican for the long voyage at the caprice of wind and calms.

On Tuesday, May 20, 1857. "We are in the dock at London. My cup of happiness is almost full this morning for I have heard of the safe arrival of my husband at Liverpool. From a telegraphic dispatch I learn that I may expect to see him this night."

The globe is circled, and the Sippican captain and his bride proceed to see the sights of London — "Can almost persuade myself that I am a new creature this morning. I'm in London & this is a new revelation to me, and what is more interesting my husband is here with me arriving last night."

The ship must be refitted and the cargo stowed. And to Liverpool to stay in lodgings — "Another smoky morning, and I hear remarks about the remarkably fine weather we are having!"

Captains and their wives arrive from home, but, to her distress, no mail for her.

Bells ring for the ascension of King Charles the Second, and it is her child's fourth birthday in far away Sippican.

On Wednesday, June 26, she is writing about the "Frigate *Niagere* which is now at anchor in the river Mersey preparing to receive the electric wire which is to be laid in the Atlantic Ocean & telegraphic communication established between Great Britain & the U. States. Both nations are waiting the result with great interest for the project is a wonderful one & the success of the enterprise will be a greater wonder."

At last they sail for home!

Buffeted and baffled, the ship is slow for the anxious young mother. She is wearied by the "constant adverse winds", but she can't complain "it would be against Him who holds the winds in His fists and the waves in the hollow of His hands."

"Strong winds from the Westward with a heavy squall. Am unable to rise this morning. Ship's course is changed frequently, but we make little or no progress towards our destination, but I am constantly hoping and looking for fair winds, at night so rough as to make it difficult to lie in our berth."

Two weeks out!

"Wind still ahead and very rough. It seems to me that Columbus (Whose life and adventures I've just been reading) never looked out for land with stronger hopes than we have had for more favorable winds since we sailed —. We have been wishing that we may be soon permitted to enjoy a Sabbath in our own native place with the congregation with whom we have united so often & whose faces we love to recall to memory."

Dear village; but three weeks out, and still head winds and hardly one fourth of the distance! Four weeks and halfway across the tumbling Atlantic!

"Passengers' provisions getting short. Second & Third mates had a fight on deck this morning, and made such a disturbance as to alarm me very much."

Almost a year since she left home to meet her captain husband.

At last Aug. 28, 1857, at eight, they come to anchor off the Battery.

"A delightfully cool clear sky; & the whole scene illumined by the light of a half grown moon. Thy works praise thee, O God!" "I feel that I cannot be too grateful for all the favors and mercies granted unto me through the goodness of God."

Aug. 29, 1857, she writes "Passengers are up early making preparations for leaving the ship. At ten a steam tug came to take them to Castle Garden where is the emigrant office. Was sorry to learn of the failure in the attempt to lay the telegraphic cable in the Atlantic."

And then the young Sippican captain and his wife are home again and going to the meeting house, and out to tea, and to call on uncles and aunts, to house raisings, and ship launchings! The dear life of home!

But a captain's road is an ocean road and it leads far from the fireside, and captains' wives are used to farewells.

The ports of the world! In 1860 Monday March 26, Capt. George is writing in his diary in Sydney, N. S., Wales, "Arrived yesterday from London."

May 1, 1860 "Took dinner at the Consuls with the American Captains in port", and on May 6, Sunday he writes, "We are spending a Holy Sabbath upon the mighty deep. May our Heavenly Father be with and protect us from any danger on the passage and grant that we may arrive in safety at our distant port."

By June 19, 1860 he is on the coast of Peru. "Went up to Lima." Homesick for New England elms "Saw nothing of note" he writes.

He comes up from Peru, overland to Panama, and then sails for New York.

And on this trip, he *sees* Cape Hatteras for the first time! But he is 35 years old, an old captain now!

The little Philopena ring was of his youth!

Both far away.

One under the Cape Horn seas!

Chapter XII.

AND IT SHALL HAIL AS "MARION".

"To Daniel Hall, Constable of the Town of Rochester in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Greeting . . . . . you are hereby directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of Rochester . . . . . ."

WARRANT, TOWN MEETING, MARCH 6, 1837.

While the seas foamed in far oceans and the air was full of the rising of the winds, creaking timbers and shouts, and the distant muttering of thunder for the sons of the lands of Sippican, there was a growing restlessness at home.

"The Lands of Sippican" that had stretched from Dartmouth to Plymouth!

It was as though a great hand with a giant's scissors clipped here and there!

On June 11, 1714, bounds had been established between Rochester and Tiverton; July 10, 1739, clipped for the new town of Wareham; April 9, 1836, a part given to Fairhaven and bounds established.

What next, rich comfortable Rochester-Towne-in-New England? A township of 4,017 people, with farm lands, and ship building, and whalers putting out from her wharves, and merchantmen, and retired clipper ship captains rich from prosperous voyages, why make any change?

The richest of the Rochester villages was growing important in its own eyes. It had the most whalers, the biggest ship yards, and many captains building large houses. Early in the century there were signs of restlessness, and the Center was like a hen clucking after a fat chicken.

Bustling Mattapoisett grumbling about the six, eight, twelve miles the voters had to ride to town meeting; wagon

wheels sinking to the hub in mud, and horses foundering almost, after a storm.

But the town had been fixing roads for Mattapoisett since 1772 when it had voted to alter the road that went through "Towser's Neck" (where the old chief held his fort after the death of Philip) "past the Haunted House so called" so it should enter Mattapoisett in "Such a Place as shall be most convenient for same to be laid and to bee opened."

Mattapoisett village had had one selectman ever since 1697. In 1796 she had had all three of them. What more did she want?

From faint grumbling through the years it grew into noisy bickerings at the taverns, the blacksmith shops, the wharves, the out-fitters, even far out at sea, until there it was posted on the meeting house doors in the villages — what Mattapoisett wanted!

"to Daniel Hall, Constable!" The call for the town meeting for March 6, 1837.

Article 12th. "To hear request of the First Parish in said town in regard to moving the town house and repairing the same, and to pass any vote the town may see fit in regard to the whole matter."

And below to the amazement of the Center meeting house could be read an unnumbered article

"To decide if the town will hold their town meetings in Mattapoisett village for the term of one year from the 20th of March 1837."

The town meeting not at the Center!

Sippican and the Old Landing were amazed!

Why the Center was the Center. The Probate and Justices Courts set there; and the dignitaries of the County had come along the "Rhode Island Path", and the "King's Highway", horse back, and in stage coach, to the Center.

Judges, grave dignitaries of New England, Daniel Webster among them.

The Center had the finest of everything. The largest houses, Major Haskell's among them where there were rare mementoes of great doings in Washington and foreign ports.

A goblet from a banquet where Napoleon had touched the glasses with his lips to present to the guests! The Center was the home of the belle of the county, Miss Eugenia Haskell, bringing home from Baltimore and Philadelphia fresh laurels!

And the stage coaches rolling in with the mail! The Center was the Center!

That was a busy, talkative Spring in old Rochester-Towne. The town meeting! It overshadowed the banns on the meeting house, the temperance question, whaling, everything!

And when March 6 arrived feeling ran high!

Abraham Holmes describes the scene

"The day arrived and Mattapoisett poured forth her legions thick as the locusts of Egypt. They had procured carriages from Bedford to bring up the aged and infirm and had engaged in their services foreigners not belonging to the town and some from other states. Stole a fishing pole which they made a flag pole of from which they impaled a canvas flag which they hoisted from a large stage coach which they had procured from Bedford and exhibited every specimen of insult short of bears."

An exciting "town meet!"

Article after article they dismissed until they came to "When the meeting be adjourned to be adjourned to the First Christian Meeting House in Mattapoisett Village, and that all the town meetings be held in the village of Mattapoisett for one year from the 20th of March, 1837."

And it was so voted!

The Center felt as though she had lost her moorings, but on April 3, the town meeting was held at the Meeting House in Mattapoisett.

The Rochester voters sent down a full crew.

The town records of the stormy meeting read:

"Reconsidered the vote about the town meetings being held in Mattapoisett and adjourned the meeting to the 17th of April at the Town House at the Center."

299 in favor, and 296 against.

The old diary reads "They put up our horses and gave us our dinner but we got together the votes and adjourned back to the town house."

How the two villages worked for votes, with special committees appointed. Even Dr. Robbins was dragged into the "unpleasant affair". He writes in his diary of the "great strife for the place."

"Apr. 17. Rode with company to Rochester by the particular desire of my people, and attended town meeting, and voted on the question of holding the meeting a part of the time in this village. The only time I have ever voted in a town meeting since I was settled in the ministry."

A crowded town meeting that immediately voted on reconsideration and adjournment to Mattapoisett.

"It was moved that the vote as above, should be taken by yea and nay."

Such a crowd that the younger men were sent out into a field and the votes were taken as they came back through the bars, while the aged and infirm voted in the town house.

There were 324 nays to 278 yeas. A majority of 46 in favor of holding the meetings in the Center.

The town had so much surplus that they voted to pay for the poor house in full, and "Ballance to be invested in Bank Stock."

They then adjourned for one week to 1 P. M. April 24. That day was very cold, with a raging northeaster blowing, and many could not get to the meeting. The Mattapoisett people were able to muster two more votes than the Center when the motion to adjourn to Mattapoisett came before the meeting.

Motion made "to adjourn to the Rev. Thomas Robbins Meeting House in Mattapoisett Village, April 26"; and it was carried 139 to 137 against.

Two days to ride around and drum up votes. Two days of riding horseback, and in the farm wagon and chaise, over deep rutted roads, so the Center decided to stay away and let Mattapoisett have its will at the next "Town meet."

Mattapoisett couldn't think of much to do except to elect Ebenezer Holmes, assessor, to please Sippican, and then vote to adjourn to July 10.

On July 10, they voted that "the meeting be dissolved."

The feeling in the villages grew more intense.

Abraham Holmes wrote of the voters against the Center being united only in one way, and he gives a picture of the different beliefs that had crept into the villages.

"They are a party of men who have long been antagonistic to one another, composed of Van Burens and Whigs whose antipathies are as unreconcilable as that of elephants and rhinoceroses, the Universalists and the believers in eternal punishment, the Congregationalists and the Quakers, the Baptist, orthodox and the free willers, the natural people of experience and the mind theory — 'Let that people alone and their union would crumble to pieces.' "

The whole year the villages crackled with excitement over the matter, and at the meeting of March 20, 1838, at the town house, the Mattapoisett people lost on the motion to adjourn to that village, but the feeling between the two villages was growing so bitter, that Sippican began to feel that there should be something done, so a committee was appointed to settle the question of the "town meet."

Charles J. Holmes, Esq., Nelson Barstow, Esq., Philip Crandon, Esq., and Capt. James Delano were appointed and the meeting adjourned for three weeks.

The committee reported on May 17, 1838. After fixing a bounty on crow's heads, Charles J. Holmes, Esq., rises to read the report. There is a shuffling of feet, a clearing of throats and silence as the words are said

"The committee to whom was referred the subject of future town meetings have considered the same and submit the following report: In territorial extent, Rochester is among the largest towns in the commonwealth. For a century after its settlement agriculture was almost the exclusive pursuit of its inhabitants and the population was scattered with great equality over its surface. In later times this primitive occupation has given place to other modes of obtaining subsistence

and acquiring property. The fact has been that while population has remained nearly stationary in many parts of the town, in others flourishing villages have sprung up and population greatly augmented. This increase has been principally manifested in the south west division of the town."

And old Rochester stares straight ahead, while Mattapoisett village heads nod and cast side glances.

And then comes an argument for the village of Mattapoisett with 1200 inhabitants, ship building, etc., and the village many miles from the town house, and the many propositions that had been made in regard to lessening the cause of dissatisfaction which was "the distance of travel to the place of meeting."

Distance! This modern generation of 1838 whose great great grandfathers and mothers jogged every Sabbath Day over the trodden paths horse back to the Center, and whose grandfathers and mothers must have their own meeting house nearer, and now even once or twice a year is too far to ride to the Center.

Distance! It is a bustling little sea village feeling its importance!

Why should it ride over muddy roads, turning its back to the sea, to vote how to run its affairs!

"The evil complained of might be diminished by placing the town house nearer the center of travel, and opening roads for convenient access to it, and if this measure would be satisfactory as a permanent arrangement, the committee would recommend it to the favorable consideration of the town; but if it should be deemed inexpedient to adopt this mode of relief, and the opinion of those who feel that the existing state of things has so much more of evil than advantage that its longer continuance may not be endured, and that the only remedy is by change of public meetings, then the committee respectfully recommend that measures for a division of the town be adopted."

And there in the silent meeting of the children of the villages of Old Rochester-Towne-in-New England, "the lands of Sippican" are slashed again. Not with scissors this time but with a dagger thrust.

"The committee have not arrived at this conclusion but with difficulty and regret. They would not recommend this painful remedy for evils imaginary or unreal, but to avoid those that seem to be certain, enduring, and more to be deprecated. A state of things that shall annually or oftener bring together the citizens, and array them against each other under local banners, and keenly excited feelings when mutual confidence and respect are made to give place to jealousy, distrust, crimination, and reproach, is more to be deplored, while it endures, than separation; in which, in all probability, after many struggles with alienated feelings and lasting enmity, it would terminate. In behalf of the committee.

David Hathaway, chairman".

This resolution was like a cannon ball crashing through their gathering and the meeting was immediately "dissolved", by motion of Major Haskell, seconded by Capt. Peckham.

On the town records it stood that town meetings were to be held in Mattapoisett village for one year from Feb. 1839, and yet the warrant was posted for the spring meeting in 1839 for Rochester Center.

An article read "To reconsider any votes passed in said town at any previous meeting for holding town meetings at any place except the town house."

Another read "To hold the meetings one third of time in Mattapoisett village."

But the 16th Article was what turned the crew of the ship against Mattapoisett.

It read "To see if the town will petition the legislature of this session to divide said town of Rochester by setting off Mattapoisett and including or excluding that part known by the name of Sippican, as the town may think proper; if included, the line to run between the Old Landing so called, and the lower village, and running westerly across Bartlett's hill, so called" (where the old chief lay under the great split rock) so in a westerly course to the dwelling house of Jeremiah Randall, thence westerly till you come to dividing line between Rochester and Fairhaven."

At this meeting "the town voted to reconsider all previous votes that had passed at any meeting held in said town for holding town meetings at any place except at the town house."

Mattapoisett voters had not turned out and "a protest was then presented against the proceedings of the meeting signed by several of the local voters of said town —

"To the selectmen of the town of Rochester. The legal voters of said town assembled in town meeting under authority of warrant issued by town of the selectmen, under date of the 16th of February, 1839 for a meeting to be held at this time and place, the undersigned legal voters of said town believe, inasmuch as there has been a previous town meeting which instructed the selectmen to issue warrants for town meetings to be held in Mattapoisett village for one year from Feb. 1839, that this meeting is illegal, anti-republican, unjust and oppressive. We therefore solemnly protest your proceedings and that we shall not consider ourselves under any obligations to conform to or comply with any acts or doings of this meeting."

Mutiny on the ship of state of Rochester; it must be quelled, and law and order prevail, and Capt. John Pitcher writes his name with the other 247 signers.

They then voted that the next town meeting should be held at Mattapoisett, then for two years at the town house, and at the end of three years the town shall be divided upon fair and equitable terms in all respects."

The vote was small, 65 in favor—62 against. The meeting on April 1, 1839 was held at the town house, and Dr. Robbins writes of riding to Rochester and attending town meeting:

"There seems to be a growing alienation between this and the Town quarter of the town" he writes in his diary.

Capt. Stephen Luce of Sippican was appointed on the Board of Selectmen, and they adjourned the meeting to "Dr. Robbin's meeting house one week from today at one of the o'clock."

And the quarrel rose and fell like a great tide that at last reached every home in the three villages.

By 1844 they are holding sessions in the different villages; in 1846, April, at the old Congregational meeting house,

Sippican; November, at the Center; then two at Mattapoisett; then two at the Center again; but still the town house was at the Center.

By April 1, 1850, they consider repairing the old town house "or to sell or build a new one"; and Sippican is fighting for her life. It had taken her a score of years to decide but this year of 1850 it was all settled.

There were to be but two towns, Mattapoisett and Rochester. Even the new railroad was to go North through the center. There were spirited discussions about town boundaries, and George Delano and James Young drove all about one moonlight night, with a strange secret attachment "to record the lengths of the roads traversed".

Nov. 11, 1850 at the town meeting called at the Methodist meeting house, North Rochester, they voted "to hold all future meetings at the town-house in the center of the Town".

This was the end for Mattapoisett village, and she hurried about, and on Jan. 20 at the center a special meeting was called at 11 A. M.:

"To take into consideration the expediency of petitioning the legislature to set off Mattapoisett as a town by itself also that said Mattapoisett when set off as a town, may be annexed to Bristol County, and act thereon."

Mattapoisett didn't want to be in the same county even!

A committee was appointed to investigate and report on Feb. 27. It was evidently a hostile committee, and reported that it was inexpedient to petition the legislature to divide the town. Joe Snow Luce, Gilbert Hathaway and Dr. Nathan Ellis of Sippican were on the committee!

Sippican to be divided through Bartlett's Hill between the two villages Rochester and Mattapoisett! Too preposterous, and Dr. Ellis and other Sippicanners petition the General court. At this town meeting a motion was made "that in consideration of the great extent of territory, and the great inconvenience the citizens in the southern part of the town are put to in attending town meetings, it is advisable, and the town believes it expedient that the town of Rochester be divided . . . . and that the new town or towns should receive proper shares in

the town property." Three towns! The vote went against Dr. Ellis.

On April 7, 1851 they are at it again; and just before "Capt. George" sails out on the *Herald* he rides up to the center to town meeting to "see the excitement as the division of the town was the principal question and found that the people from this part of the town had things as they wished."

The vote was 197 to 127 in favor of a motion of Gilbert Hathaway.

"Whereas the citizens of Sippican are to much expense and inconvenience in attending town meeting, and for other good and sufficient reasons, it is very desirable and necessary that the southeasterly portion of the town of Rochester be set off and incorporated into a new town on the basis of the petition of W. W. Ellis and others now before the legislature praying for such new and municipal corporation".

Then Nelson Barstow got up and moved that the town vote to a division of the town agreeably to the petition of R. L. Barstow and others. Voted 204 to 93 in favor. Gilbert Hathaway moved that

"Col. John H. Clark, our representative to the General Court is hereby instructed to aid by his influence with the members of and his vote in the general court, to obtain the enactment of such acts by the present legislature; namely Incorporating two new towns from Rochester disposing and dividing the present town property and privileges, also the poor and insane, etc., as fully desired by the vote this day taken, a true copy of which together with the vote on the motion the town clerk will make and attest the same, and see they are forwarded to Col. Clark, Tuesday morning (tomorrow) and Col. Clark to present the same to the committee on towns in the afternoon of the same day."

Then they ride home and observe Fast Day, these New Englanders.

"Long may this day be kept for fasting and prayer as it was the custom of our Fathers to observe it" writes Capt. George.

And then they go at it again!

Rochester's quarrelling children at the Old Landing on April 12 called for another town-meeting in regard to the division of the town.

And on and on it went, incessant turmoil in the meetings, with captains trying to sail the ship of state of Rochester-Towne-in-New England, with the little ships sliding into the sea and the whalers going out past Bird Island.

Gilbert Hathaway worked hard that term of 1851-52 in Boston.

It was a question whether the town set off should be Mattapoisett or Sippican.

The fight was very bitter! One of the representatives favoring Mattapoisett said Sippican didn't amount to anything.

A man could wade across the harbor!

The old rhyme was again chanted sneeringly

"Agawam and Sippican
Neither fit for dog or man
In Agawam the cattle die
In Sippican the people lie."

The name became a joke, so that when at last the matter was decided, everybody, even Betsy Pitcher Taber, consulted in New Bedford, was against that oldest name on Buzzards Bay "Sippican".

Gilbert Hathaway, fresh from his successful winter in Boston, suggested the name of "Marion" in honor of Gen. Francis Marion, the Southern hero of the Revolution.

It was an easy name to hail across the water.

In the coaster trade and "live oaking" the Sippican people were constantly meeting the Southern people.

They liked the South.

On May 14, 1852 the villages of Happy Alley, Old Landing, Sippican, and Great Neck, and Charles Neck were no longer Rochester-Towne-in-New England.

From ship to ship they hail "Marion"!

An exciting event! Fifteen years after Mattapoisett had put in the startling unnumbered article in the warrant on the

meeting house doors and Mattapoisett is more restless than ever. And even the Pond village wanted to be set off under the name of "Clarion".

But Marion was a town five years before Mattapoisett could call herself a township, Mattapoisett who had begun the mutiny!

Marion with three peninsulas extending into the sea! Little Neck where the Indian village was and where the first settlers gathered around Minister's Rock, almost lost as a peninsula as the state road to Wareham has filled in the marshes and covers up the inlet where the old Pawkichatt River wound along; Great Neck almost divided by Wing's Cove cutting into it on the east shore, with the only high land in town, Great Hill, 127 ft. above the level of the sea, where the guns pointed towards the British troops going up to Wareham; Charles the Indian's Neck, on the West side with Aucoot Cove and a line crossing the road a long way from Bartlett's Hill to divide later from Mattapoisett town. Bird Island at the entrance to the Sippican Harbor, and Planting Island, Ram and Little Island, all Marion.

The rivers that Capt. Church crossed to meet Queen Awashonks, the Weweantic and the Sippican are a northern boundary, and Mary's Pond a partial boundary between Marion and the Center.

Back from the sea stretch three great swamps in Marion, Great Swamp in the Eastern part, Bear Swamp North East and Lawrence Swamp in the South. Almost the old Pilgrim boundaries of eight miles by land and eight by sea, where the cattle came down to graze 200 years before. About 8700 acres with its harbor of 2500 acres still called "Sippican".

There were about 900 people in the little town, and they set to work voting about $500.00 for schools, and borrowing money from three rich captains to finance the new voyage.

There didn't seem to be any difference at first between being Rochester or Marion.

The ox carts came slowly down from the Center to the Old Landing around the bend in the road and on to the Wharf

Village, where one might turn by the meeting house and go down to Sherman's wharf, and along the water past the Hiller farm house to Ebenezer Holmes' and Nye's Wharf, or one might turn up the road towards Mattapoisett. If one kept straight on past the meeting house and the Sippican Seminary one would be stopped by Capt. Pitcher's farm gates.

No other roads; just farm land and pastures stretching down to the water.

The sandy roads out of the village, through the pine forest, lined with high grasses, swamp honey suckle, shad bush, and wild grape vines. No noise except the creaking of the harness and the voice of the driver; the horses, the oxen's hoofs sinking deep in the yellow sand, sounding only on the little bridges over the brooks. Little bridges of four or five logs laid down across planks, or a few rattling boards; and the horses sometimes turned down the side of the road through the brook, unchecked, to drink the shining cool water that ran under on its way to the sea, coming up with dripping legs and wheels as the carryall or farm wagon is pulled through up to the road again.

The Center came to its family salt meadows on Great Neck or Charles Neck, or went clamming along the shore that everybody seemed to own as it had for almost 200 years.

The herrings went up Mattapoisett river, and when they began to run in the April days, every father of a family went for his barrel as regularly as the dandelions showed their yellow heads. The villages reeked of herrings fried and smoked. Dozens of them were speared on long sticks, and stowed with the strings of dried apples in the woodhouses in the fall.

The captains came home from eating strange dishes at foreign tables, and straightway ordered a supper of "herring and cucumber" when they did not ask for "codfish and potatoes" or "potato bargain".

Those herrings were such a saving of provision for a large family of growing children!

Back in 1840 Dr. Robbins was writing in his diary in April:

"Our people are doing great things with herrings. It is said that on the 13th and 15th they took one hundred thousand."

The old Rochester villages with herrings running, and ship launchings, and whalers.

"Capt. George" at home writes of going to a launching "but owing to some difficulty the vessel did not move."

The next day they try again "but the vessel remained unmovable". Once again and he was "gratified with the sight of seeing a vessel of 395 tons ride upon the Ocean with safety."

They kept on driving to the Center for parties, and the Center came down to tea.

"Capt. Nathan Briggs entertained a company of ladies and gentlemen" and for a change they took a sail in the sloop *Independence*. But when it was time for town meeting then the little town must sail its own course.

Very unsettling doing things on its own responsibility without the advice, in ringing tones across the town house, of uncles and brothers and cousins of the Center and Mattapoisett.

But Capt. Paul Briggs, Gilbert Hathaway and Capt. H. D. Allen collected taxes to the amount of $1580.76 and from Great Neck School district $23.62, and collected for highways $17.18, altogether $1621.76.

Soon they are spending for schools $1217.08.

There were 5 male teachers in 5 districts. The school houses were pretty poor, and it was recommended that all the school books be alike. Recommended books were the Bible, Russell's Series of Reading books, Emerson's First Part, and Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Willis' Grammar, Mitchell's Geography, Cutter's Physiology and Russell's new Spelling book.

They are reading Uncle Tom's Cabin, and talking of the death of the great Daniel Webster.

The little harbor is busy. In 1853 August 22, "Bark *Emily* built at Landing came down and anchored in the harbor". Two or three days later the Schooner *Altamaha* sailed, and the schooner *Benjamin Franklin* and *John Frazier* arrived, and riggers are taking out the *Herald's* foremast, and the Schooner *John Frazier* sailed. Capt. Barden is leaving for New York to

go again on the *Florida* to Savannah, and Capt. Grey and other captains are going these fall evenings in New York to the Broadway Theatre. On Sept. 29, 1853 a party of them see Forest in the Character of Jack Cade, and the schooners *Broadfield* and *John Frazier* are sailing back to "Marion".

No longer master mariners from Rochester Towne, but Captains from Marion.

These are the days too when the children are running excitedly from school in "Happy Alley" to see the new railroad, and the unemployed of the village are kept busy watching, guessing as a crew moves here and there digging great gullies and laying "sleepers", they call them, and heaping up sand. Then straight and shining as far as eye can see there is the railroad coming down through the swamps and woodland from Tremont.

The Center had one more trial, for the Old Landing was to have railway trains with puffing engines pulling in from Boston.

With the railroad, Boston comes into the life of the lands of Sippican.

"Four hundred ladies and gentlemen of Rochester and Wareham" had been shown the wonders of this new kind of travel. They went to Sandwich, but not over the old trail by horse back. "They arrived in Sandwich" according to a local reporter "about 10 o'clock and while a repast was being prepared in the spacious Depot, many of the party visited the Glass Factory—Returning from there they found the tables set and bountifully supplied with sandwiches, cakes and fruit."

There seems to have been a rivalry in butter making.

Mrs. Dillingham's butter "the gentlemen pronounced the best they had tasted for the season".

"Mr. R. W. Hammett of Rochester sang between the toasts. The closing piece was "*The Silver Moon*" sung by Mr. Hammett with the ladies accompaniment also assisted by Misses Allen and Thompson which added greatly in the performance. They all regretted they were obliged to depart "but the carriage was at the door, the iron horse impatient, snorting and blowing, therefore we got *aboard*."

So the railway figures in the scrap books of the new town. Old logs and long ledgers of the Sippican outfitters, and wharfage books on whose yellowed pages are pasted with flour and water such items as how the glorious Fourth of July was celebrated in 1854.

"The people of Sippican and vicinity — who are second to none for the observance of holy days — celebrated the last anniversary of our nation's birthday in a manner becoming a joyous, happy and patriotic community, a brief description of the festivities may be interesting. A Picnic in a grove about two miles from Sippican was the object of attraction. A party of ladies was conveyed in a carriage sufficiently large to accomodate nearly fifty persons to and from the grove. The car was neatly trimmed and decorated in the style of the season by the ladies and their gallants. Banners, with suitable inscriptions were furnished gratuitously by Capt. J. S. Bates.

The grove in which the tables were set was rather pleasant."

The reporter goes on

"There were some hundreds of speakers and from most of them we had eloquence. After passing a few hours agreeably we returned to Sippican. Capt. Ben Handy was superintendant and Mr. B. F. Sherman was conductor in the ladies' car. They understood the important office which they occupied and, being inspired with a sense of the high calling, officiated like men.

The Sippican Band gave its services and (as Shakespeare says) discoursed most eloquent music. As the chariot entered the pleasant village, the Band performed an appropriate piece with the vocal accompaniment of the ladies. The last sounds of the music caused us to ask mentally could we have passed the day in a manner more interesting?"

And the months go by as usual, with Captains' wives meeting husbands in New York, Mrs. Clark Delano and child among them; and Capt. Russell Grey, Capt. J. Briggs, and Capt. Luce are seeing wonderful creatures at the Museum, among them a woman with a beard, and two camel leopards, one of which was 17 ft. high; and passenger cars are grinding along down from Tremont right through the Old Landing, the Depot almost the site of old Hosey's cabin.

The Brig *Abby and Elizabeth* gets a notice in an old diary because she "got stuck on the ways".

"She went very prettily about her length and stopped. A large crowd was present and returned disappointed. She could not be started again that tide". They talk about the quick trip of the *Baltic*, 9 days, 52 m., and the next day they all turned out again, and again the *Abby and Elizabeth* went about half her length, and stopped. Various plans failed, so at 9 P. M. they all went home again.

Twice more they tried, and one captain examining her at low tide said she never *would* move.

Friday, Aug. 11 they changed the ways and "in the evening at 10½ she started and went afloat".

They go to "a big picnic in the grove near the Depot, got up by the Baptist church in New Bedford with about 4000 men present"; and on the 3rd of September they attend a lecture in the meeting house on the "Moral Aspect of doings of the late Congress".

The young captains and mates bring home autograph albums to the ladies. If you had had a successful voyage you might afford a splendid one with pages of engravings by Dick, and water colors that would glow brightly for three quarters of a century, bought at J. G. Riker's 129 Fulton St., and gradually filled with blue slanting lines of sentiment

"To my friend

I cannot ask that cares and fears
  Ne'er to thy mortal lot be given;
We see more plainly for our tears,
  The distant shining walls of heaven,
I only ask by love Divine
  That all thy steps may be attended
And endless joy and peace be thine
  When earth's conflicting scenes are ended."

With the albums sometimes came lockets, bracelets, or brooches in which one could press a lock of the loved one's hair.

Marion! Gradually even the whalers in the Indian Ocean heard the news. And the Center and Mattapoisett boys yell

derisively over the water "Marion! Marion!" as they come up from the fo'c'stle, hoarse from singing the 24 verses of "Handsome Harry", "Black Eyed Susan", and "Tom Bowling". Many a gory fist fight over the superlative charms of one of Rochester's three villages was quelled by eagle eyed mates.

By 1855 the village in town meeting votes to change and improve the layout of the road from Sippican, and improve the school.

Some of the children from the Old Landing are attending the Academy at the Center.

It really was better than the Sippican seminary.

Charles P. Rugg was head of the "Board of Instruction", and besides Latin, Greek and Natural Sciences and English one could study French and the "Ornamental Branches", Vocal and Instrumental Music, crayoning, oil painting, and wax flowers.

Music was ten dollars extra, oil painting six dollars, wax flowers, three, and crayoning, two dollars.

Board was from $2.50 to $3.00 a week.

There were four terms. The Summer term lasted from June 3 to Aug. 5, and a five weeks vacation before the fall term began.

Among the 160 pupils in 1855 who were supposed to keep the rules of going to church on the Sabbath Day and keep study hours were Jennison Hall, Augustus Smith, W. H. H. Ryder and Anderson Swift of Sippican.

Sippican captains are paying "½ less expense for private schools". The public schools are growing better but still there is a little condescension in the attitude of the aristocrats.

In the town report "We believe therefore that the time is coming, if it be not at hand, when every man among us who thankfully remembers God, as he contemplates his broad acres, will deem that his most fortunate dollar, which he spent for the education of the children of the poor.

And we believe, that, today, if we would do something for our town to make it happy, prosperous and honored, if we would do something to make our children love their birthplace,

and from every quarter of the globe whither their adventurous spirits may take them, turn their thoughts homeward with pride, tempered by affection, we can do nothing so effectual as the building of school houses, and the encouragement in every possible manner of education".

Education! Schools!

And then out of the stirring of pride in their own village there comes a call to the future that led to great happenings in Sippican.

1855! To W. W. Ellis, Esq., a justice of the peace in and for the county of Plymouth:

"The undersigned subscribers to the fund for procuring a library in the town of Marion, request you to issue your warrant in due form of law notifying and warning all subscribers to same fund to meet at the North District School in Sippican lower village on Tuesday the thirteenth day of March instant at six o'clock P. M. then and there to act upon the following articles . . . ."

The paper was signed by John Pitcher (a captain), Geo. E. Thatcher (the principal of the Seminary), Leander Cobb (the minister), James Luce (a captain), and A. J. Hadley (merchant); and Dr. Ellis posts the warrant!

A call to the future for lights and shade trees, sidewalks, roads, beautiful buildings, culture and beauty for the beloved village of the captains.

"Plymouth Co. March 1855.

To James Luce In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

You are hereby directed to notify and warn all the subscribers of a Library founded in the town of Marion to meet at the time and place and for purposes mentioned in the above application by posting up the substance of same application in two public places in same town of Marion . . . . . "

In the flickering light of candles they sat there on that March night so long ago.

Grizzled men of the sea!

Capt. Ben, the whaler and tavern keeper, and twenty-one other captains home from voyages or retired, and others, lovers like all New Englanders of their home village.

Among those who came to the little school house that night were Captain Nathan Briggs, Capt. Frederick Barden, Capt. H. C. Luce, Capt. George Luce, Capt. Peleg Blankenship, Capt. Henry Allen, Capt. John Hathaway, Capt. Samuel Luce, Capt. Obed Delano, Capt. Clark Delano, Capt. Stephen Hadley, Capt. John Pitcher, Capt. James Pitcher, Capt. Alvin Young, Capt. Geo. B. Keen.

A night that was to influence the far future of the little town; for Betsy Pitcher, the little maid who cheerfully trudged to the small school room where the Post Office is now, trying to help the family as the boys grew up, has become the rich Mrs. Elizabeth Taber of New Bedford and her village has called to her for help in making the new library.

Her brothers James and John Pitcher are on the list of signers. A library for her home village!

And the Captains listen on March 13, 1855:

"Whereas Mrs. Elizabeth Taber, a resident of New Bedford, but a native of our village has made the very generous donation of two hundred dollars towards establishing a public library and as it is exceedingly desirable that in order to avail ourselves of its full benefit, provision should be made for its future increase and permanence, therefore we whose names are undersigned do organize ourselves into a body coperate to be known as the Marion Library Association, and in furtherance of the object do adopt the following as our Constitution & By-laws . . . . .".

Thus begins the old record of Mar. 13, 1855. It took the standing committee some weeks to compose a suitable letter of thanks for the donation for books.

Sippican, 28 July, 1855.

Mrs. Taber

The Marion Library Association at their first meeting, for organization, instructed their committee to tender you the thanks of the coporation for your munificent donation.

It is therefore the duty as well as the pleasure of the undersigned to express to you the gratitude not only of ourselves individually, but of this whole community for your donation, not the less welcome because a solicited donation unto us for the purpose of founding a public library for the benefit of this your native town. It is not easy from the nature of the case to estimate the good that shall result to any community from having access to a well selected library, for the reason that intellectual and moral improvement cannot be made the subject of mathematical demonstration, but still the effect is not the less apparent to a cultivated and refined observation. That we have a library at all, we think must be attributed to your timely, welcome and truly generous donation, and for the benefit that this town (will) receive from it through years of the future, they must be thankful mainly to your instrumentality, for we believe without the incentive which you presented to us it would have been many years, if ever, before a successful effort would have been made to do what has been done at your instance. You will permit the undersigned therefore, to present to you the sincere thanks of the Marion Library Association for this particular method which you have adopted to give us the assurance that the place of your nativity is held in your remembrance and to assure you in return that in no other form could your benevolence have been more acceptable."

The letter was signed by the committee, Capt. Peleg Blankinship and Dr. Walton Ellis. And so the little town began its public Library. In 1856 it had 558 volumes and $5.80 in the treasury, but by 1859 it had 65 proprietors' names on the books at $5.00 a share, and the books were being given out from an upper room in the Seminary building.

The report of the School Committee for 1856-1857 begins with a quotation from Cicero "Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food is to the body."

There have been quarrels, "interminable bickerings" about dividing the town into school districts but "the public has at last been awakened and those ill-contrived, inconvenient dilapidated buildings are fast being superseded by edifices more suited to the enlightened spirit of the age which concedes

that there should be about as much attention paid to school houses as to barns and hen houses".

So they proceed to raise one half more money for Public Schools than they usually received as a village of Rochester Towne.

The Public Schools are kept four months a year, and the town is censured for paying such high wages to its seven teachers, the women being paid $16 to $18 a month and the men $33 with one man receiving $50.

Rochester-Towne with its old Landing cut away and the wharf and its shore land, has to watch the great scissors open and shut again and from the lands is clipped Mattapoisett, the bustling village that started the mutiny.

The times are "very modern". One reads in the Atlantic monthlies, along with the wonderful one Horse Shay in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", about "Credit the new principle of trade", and laments on the "mechanical tendency of the age"; how in another century crops will be "harvested by iron horses, iron oxen, or iron men under the free and intelligent supervision of people who know how to feed, drive, doctor and make the most of them."

There would be "an iron slave, the illustrious man Friday of our modern civilization, whether air, water or ether are used for power."

There was already an automatic machine that it took 17 years to make, but it sang "God save Victoria" and "Hail Columbia"! Gigantic machines clanking in the distance, and the little new towns look out soberly on the changes, out over the great country stretching west.

They have read of trouble in Kansas! John Brown!

"Let the men of Kansas remember that the battle they are to fight in this quarrel is for the whole North, for the country — for the world."

Big problems; but Marion must look after its schools, and roads, and in 1858 it appropriates $1,000 for schools, receiving from the state $43.99.

Chapter XIII.

THE SOUND OF DRUMS.

"My Angel — his name is Freedom choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways East and West And fend you with his wing".

Drum beats again in the air!

Old Dr. Robbin's words against the abolitionists have vanished to some far corner of the universe, but the villages stir with the throes of a restless country, restless against bands that tie too tightly, that are beginning to cut into raw flesh.

The negro servants in old Rochester are long since dead. Many years since any family in the villages had owned a black servant. Many denied that any such had lived in Rochester.

True, "Cambridge, negro of Widow Keziah Sprage" is dead a hundred years; and "Barbary", and "Caesar", "dies very old" in 1820; and "Cornelius" in 1825; and "Peter Hix" and "Sylvia" in 1829.

"Sarah Scippio" and "Cuff", "Cate", and "Will", negro servants of Samuel Wing who got married a century ago; "Cyrus", "Judah", "Judith", "Troy", "Deborah", "Lot", "Toby", "Peggy, a black servant girl of Mary Handy", "Thomas", "Jack", "Sarah", "Violetta", "William", and the others who sat in the gallery "pues" in the old meeting houses — don't deny these their place in the life of the old Rochester-Towne.

Their names are written in the Records!

Few of the older people admired abolitionists.

The Captains in the New Orleans and Liverpool trade came up from the South with their sympathy aroused by the plight of the cotton growers, their friends on the great plantations.

Capt. Nathan Briggs, living like a Southern gentleman in "Rose Cottage", argues with the good Dr. Ellis until the sparks fly, and families divide and the village is agog with excitement.

The Briggs family and friends trudge up to the Old Landing to trade, and uncles, aunts, cousins, pass each other on the sandy roads, and never look to right or left.

And the good doctor goes from his patients, his little library, his post office; and Capt. Nathan builds a little post office of his own, and passes out letters and papers in the shadow of the white meeting house.

It was war again! War with its unrest, quarrels and general despair blowing before it, like a great wind before the crash of the lightning and the rain, and the life of the village was already shaken by it.

And then there is trouble at Harper's Ferry!

Captain Henry Delano is reading in New York a letter from the Old Landing.

Feb. 10, 1860 — "I have but just learned of your arrival into New York and from there you are to go to Europe, if so we may not expect to see you around in these parts very soon again". News of painting and completing the grape arbor. "When you do come home again you will notice some marked improvements in the Old Landing. Capt. Obed has made quite a remodell of his house, and has tackled right on from Boston a new horse and carriage. Ward you will find just as you left him Playing a *gemme* of *Checquers*." "This is a great Presidential year and among the merchants in Boston the question is not 'how shall we pay our debts' but who is to be our next President. The Ossowatome Brown tragedy has kicked up so much stir all over the union and no one can yet tell where it will end". "The Bridge is all completed and a stage running from Wareham to New Bedford in opposition to the cars, and to the accommodation of the Sippican people. Some patronage is extended to them but not enough to support them."

He adds a postscript "Fairhaven Stock Shares are selling at $1.50 per share and Scott is trying to get them up to $2.00 by excursions to Marion, etc."

And on Captain Henry Delano's ship two gay young sailors, Roy and Robert, keep a diary log. "Log of Bark *H. L. Rutgers* from N. Y., Mobile, one or two ports in Europe and back."

Sailors are getting $14.00 a month.

Scrawled across the pages are quotations from favorite authors' names, addresses, a sonnet to M — beginning

"May fortune ever smile
And strew thy path with flowers."

Pictures of ships, one of the *Annawan,* cover whole pages. Lists of books on board including Byron's Poetical Works, the life of Josephine, and "one sheet of music entitled Mariner's Grave."

The two young sailors buy peaches and grapes in Cette, and write in the diary

"Accidentally strolled into the clubrooms of the Philamonic Society, heard some fine music. Choir contains 4 Hundred singers all under the Leadership of the Celebrated Gassian."

"Wednesday evening went to see the Barber of Seville played. Gay looking theatre."

"Mademoiselle Florence
Can you grant me an interview this evening
Don't Deny
Robert."

"Meet me on the Esplanade at eight this evening". Tries his pen again and signs, "Your admirer, Robert."

"Evening most beautiful. Spent the evening watching the gondolas pass loaded with pretty women. Some singing and some playing upon the lute."

And then they sail, and Robert is sketching Gibraltar which he labels a "Formidable looking fortress".

At home Captain Nathan Briggs walks down to his post office, and the picnics go on. The Sunday School has one at Tremont for it is quite a treat to take a ride on the train.

Everybody went to a festival of the Sons of Temperance.

The summer goes by and the whalers begin to come in from their summer cruises.

Friday, Sept. 31, the *Admiral Blake* arrives with 185 bbls. oil, and Capt. Henry Allen and Captain George Luce go up to Boston and look at some new ships, and then on to New York.

Blind to the great red figure coming up over the sky, they bend over compasses and ropes at sea, glance at the mast head: in the Rochester villages they stand high with pitch forks on the hay ricks stowing away in the barns for the winter; they jog down to the marshes for salt hay for the cattle, and sea weed for bedding for pigs, and warmth for the cellar walls of the house.

Back and forth the little ships sail!

Capt. George Luce is off on the Bark *Althea*, a new clipper ship bound to the river Amoor on charter for the Russian government. On Jan. 22, 1861, the young mate on Capt. Henry Delano's ship is writing familiar words on the voyage from New York to Mobile. "Blowing a gale. Furled Royal Top gallant sails. 8 A. M. Double reefed topsail. 12m. closed reefed topsail, reefed stay sails, 4 P. M. furled topsail.—Night 10 o'clock furled fore sail and hove to. Blowing a gale."

By Feb. 4, they are "beating through the channel, showed our colors to the fort, they have a blue flag with a white cross. Came to anchor above the fleet in Mobile Bay at ½ past 8 o'clock." The next day "I understand they will not buy our hay and that American vessels cannot get half as good freight as foreign. I noticed the steam boat hoist the American flag Union down." Feb. 7 — "No freight yet" and down the page is scrawled in big letters "And no signs of any", and it is March 2 before they are loaded and off North again.

March 22 "Blowing like the devil and cold enough to freeze a Greenlander."

April 15, 1861! Fort Sumpter! President Lincoln's call for troops and the long roll of drums in the air.

War! Telegraph lines down, railways torn up and a sad eyed President waiting for news.

Ten days! With little figures, heads up, scurrying out of their accustomed paths

"and the great drums pounding
And the small drums steady whirring."

Sippican captains all over the world, whalers out at sea, catching but faintly the sound of the drums.

April 29, 1861, the young mate of the *H. G. Rutgers* is writing "Capt. sick and growly. Called down to Doctor him last night, gave him a mustard and Plaster on his right side."

May 1. "I would like to be at home to go may flowering."

A week later. "Spoke the *Parthenon* of Baltimore. Got the news of the Capture of Fort Sumpter (By the Southerners) 8½ spoke the *West Wind,* gave him the news."

"May 11, Key West in sight. Got a pilot at 6 o'clock. Got into Key West at 10 o'clock. Came to anchor abreast the fort, a formidable looking fortress. Capt. went on shore to get the news — don't think that we go to New Orleans. May go to Havannah. Got some papers containing all the news up to the 25 of April."

"May 12 — Steamer *Corvette* just arrived, brings troops to garrison the fort here. Schooner *Ralph Post* is anchored close along side. Captain went ashore this afternoon. The Steamer *Crusader* didn't bring any troops as was at first supposed. She brought some laborers."

"May 13. Understand that we sail for New York on Wednesday.

Saw the Yacht *Wanderer,* saucy looking craft. No news from the North yet, neither from Washington. The *Ralph Post* just sailed for the North."

"May 14 — Last night a steamer came in here from New Orleans, and they have seized her — it is the *Havannah.* No news yet. Expect to sail in the morning."

"May 15, 1861 Wednesday morning. Commenced Rainy. Went on shore, went on board of the Steamer *Corvette, Crusader.* Saw them bring a steamer to, then went on board of the *Wanderer.* Capt. gave me permission to examine her handsome cabin. *Crusader* just got another prize, a fishing smack. They

claim the *Wanderer* for a prize. Went ashore this afternoon for some medicine for our sick man. No news yet."

"May 16 — Capt. on shore. 12 o'clock the Havannah mail just coming in. Capt. is going on shore again after the news. Expect to sail this afternoon! Head wind and warm enough to roast one."

And then plowing up the coast in a gale that sent over the ship seas "which filled cabin and my room" writes the young mate and "wet most of my clothes."

May 31, New York, and uncertainty in the air. Capt. Henry Delano is thinking of home, and the young mate is reading all about the "Death of Col. Ellsworth", and counts "five clipper ships coming out of East River."

"Understand that we do not go to Boston. She is to be sold at auction. Hard at work this afternoon unbending our sails. Unbent all square sails."

"June 4. Steamer just gone out with troops. Great cheering and some music."

And Capt. Henry Delano goes home to sit with the other captains in the Old Landing Store.

Capt. George is writing in distant waters "July 14, 1861. Two Russian gentlemen from shore dined with me, also a young Englishman. Went on board Japanese war steamer. Don't hurry enough" comments this Yankee Captain.

He sells ship and fixtures to the Japanese government for $24,000, and puts his baggage on board of a Russian Steamer bound for Shanghai.

In Shanghai banks the $24,000, out to dinner and to the races with friends, then on the *Kathay* for Hong Kong and on to San Francisco.

Hurrying home! The steamer for Panama, chased by the U. S. war steamer *Lancaster*, and boarded. Panama to Aspenwall, *Northern Light* for New York, and home to find the boys marching, marching; whalers dodging in, the *Emerald*, the *Hopeton*, the *James*, the *Altamaha;* and little schooners carrying supplies; captains restless and uneasy, wondering where it is all to end; and the young life slowly drawn from the villages to be trampled by the God of war to the sound of drums! drums!

On the sea a fire brand is lighting the waters, where the little coasters and whalers cruise, and the *Annawan* flares up to the heavens in a shining death.

Perhaps it was a glorious ending to those lumbering adventurers! Better than to be wrecked and abandoned on strange shores.

Better than to be filled with the old stone walls of Dartmouth and Rochester, as were the *Cossack,* the *America,* the *Herald,* and sixteen whalers sailing out of New Bedford harbor, Nov. 26, under sealed orders, with twenty others, sunk to block Charleston harbor on Dec. 17, 1861.

Better to meet the thin dark terror of the seas, Semmes, with his waxed moustache and white gloves, who cleared from Liverpool two weeks after, in his Confederate cruiser, alive and deadly.

But the noise and glare of the war between the states is far from Sippican village.

The Rev. Leander Cobb preaches on the last Sunday Dec. 29, 1861, on "memories of the past and thoughtful musings on the works of God's hands."

It is 158 years since Arnold had said to their forefathers "It hath pleased our Gracious God to shine in this dark corner of the wilderness." It is all a little sad this year of war, and he ends by speaking of "the beautiful harbor, and all its islands, and its cheery light at the entrance; to all the land around it with the trees and houses: to the sweet solemn spot — where we have often gone in silent procession."

The boys are leaving the whalers. Theodore Tripp and Phil Sisson looking very smart in their naval suits. A Rochester boy fires the last shot on the sinking Cumberland and on town meeting day the balance in the Treasury is $276.13 and the town borrows $11,440.46 of Capt. John Pitcher, Capt. Emerson Hadley, Captain Russell Grey, Capt. Peleg Blankenship, and Capt. Stephen Hadley.

It is paying bounty to volunteers	$2,398.21
For Schools and Schoolhouses	863.68

Repairs on Pound	15.00
Roads and Bridges	13.40

Capt. Obed Delano and R. B. Swift are selectmen.

And over the Atlantic whaling grounds is a pall of smoke wreaths. Semme is sailing, sailing to capture the Yankee whaleman "perhaps the best specimen of a sailor the world over"; but as a gentleman should fight, of course, with valet by his side.

The *Admiral Blake,* the *Altamaha,* the *James* venture out for the summer voyage.

The *Altamaha* cruised all summer without any luck. Suddenly, one night, the red glow of a burning ship flared upon the horizon.

Starbuck writes that the *Altamaha* and other whalers attracted by the burning of the *Ocean Rover* hastened to rescue their shipmates whose lives they believed to be "imperilled."

Semmes in his *Memories of Service afloat* writes of the *Ocean Rover* "looming up like a frigate, in the northwest, with which we came up to about sunset. We had showed her the American colors and she approached us without the least suspicion that she was running into the arms of an enemy. — She had been out three years and four months cruising in various parts of the world; had sent home one or two cargoes of oil, and was now returning with another cargo of eleven hundred barrels."

Semmes goes on to comment that although the Captain was "anxious to see his wife, and daudle on his knee the babes that were no longer babies, with true Yankee thrift thought he would just take the Azores in on his way home and make another 'strike' or two, to fill up his empty casks."

He writes of how he allowed the men to take everything from the ship they liked even "the tabby cat and parrot." He tells of the six boats with 6 men in each shoving off in the moonlight, and calls "the night loading of this whaler's crew a beautiful spectacle."

"Flores which was sending off to us, even at this distance, her perfumes of shrub and flower, lay sleeping in the moonlight."

War! A northern captain from the lands of Sippican, his ship burning — long miles from home, and a Southerner thinking poetically. "The boats moving swiftly and mysteriously towards the shore might have been mistaken, when they had gotten a little distance from us, for Venetian gondolas with their peaked bows and sterns, especially when we heard coming over the sea, a song sung by a powerful and musical voice, and chorussed by all the boats."

Brave boys from the Rochester villages singing to keep up their spirits in the glare of three flaming whalers. Semmes goes on —

"Two days elapsed without a capture, on the third day the welcome cry of 'Sail ho!' again rang from the mast head, and on making sail in the direction indicated by the lookout, we soon discovered the chase was a whaler, and in an hour or two more we were alongside of the American Whaling Brig, *Altamaha*, from New Bedford five months out. The *Altamaha* had had but little success and was comparatively empty. She did not make so beautiful a bonfire therefore as the other whalers had done."

In his list of whalers burned Semmes calls her the "*Altamaha* of Sippican".

The *Altamaha* with Capt. Russell Gray and Judah Hathaway as 1st mate, James R. Blankinship as 2nd, Will Cobb, John Perry from Mary's Pond, and Mathew Hiller and Albert Barden, dodging, dodging, watching the red glow on the sky, but at last, the *Altamaha,* and Semmes, the pirate meet!

And the guns blaze, and on Sept. 13, 1862, there they are lined upon the deck of the cruiser, handcuffed like convicts. Little Albert Barden, frightened that the irons *would* slip down over his thin wrists, under the darting eyes of the tall thin Southerner, with his waxed moustaches.

Fear and grief in sailors' hearts that night in mid-ocean. Three whalers burning with eyes from Provincetown, New Bedford and the Rochester villages watching.

Did the old song ring in the boys' ears?
"All hands up anchor for home!"
"We're homeward bound for New Bedford town!
When we get there we'll walk around
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!"

The flames shoot high, with flare and crackle, and at last sank down, harpoons from the blacksmith shop in Sippican to the bed of the ocean, the ashes like ghost wreaths to the far shores of the earth.

In Fayal when the handcuffs were taken from Sippican wrists Mathew Hiller concealed his manacles and brought them home.

At home the little *James,* the *Admiral Blake,* and the *Emerald* have gone out again, but the *Shenandoah* and the *Alabama* are like great birds of prey hovering over the waters, and the *James* is withdrawn only to be lost on the Fortune Islands the next February, loaded with salt. The *Sunbeam* was sold to Plymouth for mackerel fishing!

A better fate! The *Ocean Rover,* the *Altamaha,* their oil-soaked timbers, their tall straight masts, their great sails flung flaring to the skies — ships of flame sailing into the heavens.

Capt. R. F. Hart, in the schooner named for him, was carrying supplies for the government to the Union Army at Port Royal, where Capt. and Mrs. Hart had met President and Mrs. Lincoln.

As the schooner came through Hampton Roads to Cape Henry at night, they saw the sign of the *Alabama* — a blazing vessel!

Capt. Hart ordered all lights and torches lit on the vessel, and like a ship on fire, she drifted safely out of sight.

War! Captains leaving ships tied up in New York with their young officers, ensigns in the Navy.

Capt. Henry Delano, Capt. Emerson Hadley, Capt. Peleg Blankinship, Capt. Stephen Hadley, Scott Pitcher, many of them too old to go a soldiering, and Massachusetts volunteers marching up State St., Boston singing

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"Glory Hally Hallelujah!
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in his grave!"
"He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord
His soul's march-ing on!"

Bearded young faces under the blue caps, the feet sounding on the paved streets, and the drums steady beat.

From the farm of Quaker proprietors who had received the land from its Indian owners, on whose fields he had picked up their arrow and spear heads, from a loving family of father, mother and adoring small sisters and brothers a boy went marching.

He was working in Wareham when the call came to him.

He used to come walking through the woodland from his work, along the old Sandwich path, Saturday nights.

Little sister listened for the latch to click. He took her in his arms and told her stories.

And the little brothers! He praised them for the long hot hours of work in the melon patch, or the hay field, or weeding onions, or digging potatoes, going after the cows and feeding the hens. He talked of school, and many things. Often he brought them gifts. He had brought home the strange, bright lamp.

And then Saturday nights came and went, and brother was far away, out in a heart-breaking world of which they could only think in terrified wonder.

What if he never came home!

But that could not be; so they went on with the farm work, cooking the hen's food in the big iron kettle over the outdoors fire, going after the cows in the pasture, bringing them home to be milked in the cobwebby barn by the light of the lantern, because winter was coming.

One day little sister had a letter all her own!

Camped near Falmouth
Va. Dec. 6th, 1862

Dear Sister

Thinking you would like to hear from me I will try to send you a word or two, I am now in good health with a good appetite and hope this will find you and the rest of the family the same. I received a letter from Obed day before yesterday.

We have been where we now are a little over a fortnight. I do not know whether we shall move at present or not. Some are putting up log huts as though we were to stay here some time longer but that is uncertain. We are some two or three miles from Fredericksburg. It is on the opposite side of the Rappohannock and is quite a city. I went to work with a part of our regt. the other day on some breastworks close to the river and nearly opposite the city. They are throwing up quite a number and are at work night and day upon them. Our batteries command the city. The pickets are within speaking distance of each other on each side of the river. We could see the rebel camp fires in the woods beyond the city and we could see their fortifications. I do not know what we are staying here for without it is to keep the enemy or part of them in check while more active operations are going on in other places. There are reports which I suppose you have seen that a large force has gone up the James river to attack Richmond. I hope that something will be done this winter and that the war may be soon closed. I think General Burnside will push things forward. I should be very much pleased to be permitted to return home again in the spring. I am now in some hopes of doing so if my life is spared. I think the President's message is very good and may do a good deal towards restoring peace. I suppose you have had some skating and cold weather at home. We have had quite pleasant weather lately though it snowed the most of the day yesterday which made it rather uncomfortable. It has not been very cold here yet, but the nights are frosty which makes it rather uncomfortable sleeping in open tents as that is the only kind we have at present.

Dec. 8th.

I will try to finish my letter today. It has been pretty cold since the snow fell and freezing quite hard at night. We have had a fire in front of our tent and it has smoked so in the tent that I could not see to write or do anything else hardly. But these are inconveniences incident to war and which if I have my health I can get along with very well. I am glad Obed has got a chance to work. I should think he had got a good place. I suppose you miss him very much. I suppose you had a special Thanksgiving day but did you have any molasses candy in the evening? If you did I should have liked to have been there and had some with you. I could hardly get enough to eat that day. I had for dinner what we called soup but there was nothing in it but a little fresh beef thickened with a few crackers or hard bread.

I suppose you will go to school this winter. I hope you will have a good time. Tell Timmy and Eddie that I received their letters and was very glad to get them—they must write some more and I will write them before a great while. Give my love to father and mother, brothers and sisters and give my best respects to all my friends. In closing I will give you a passage of scripture to think of "I love them that love me and those that seek me early shall find me." Think of that every day and you will please your brother.

Benjamin.

To Sister Coly—

Three days later his body lay cold on the field. In his little Bible one reads

"Benjamin Clifton, Co. A

Killed Dec. 11, 1862 in the attempt to establish a pontoon bridge on the Potomac before Fredericksburg. Taken from his pocket by a friend who stood beside him when he fell and brought home to the family."

The winter sunlight lay on the meadows and farm lands of the old Quaker Savery Clifton who had counted his acres by the hundreds, but the boy who might have carried on lay dying in Virginia.

And an anxious, tired, seamed faced man in muddy sprawling Washington was sorrowfully scanning the lists of "killed, wounded, missing." There was another capital in these United States where a tall Southerner thought of the boys in grey.

And in Sippican the captains sat about and smoked and dreamed of other days, "one night in Geneva", and they elect town officers and talk about schools.

J. Snow Luce, who kept the Bay View House, and Capt. Obed Delano came in as Selectmen, and Capt. Nathan Briggs on the School committee.

The months go slowly.

Ship building was at a standstill every where except the iron clads in New York.

Families move back and experiment in farming, and the young ensigns and soldiers come home to be entertained at tea with "Lottie and Bella, and for cards in the evening Philura Hathaway, Frank Pitcher, Georgie Leonard, Eunice Bassett, Louise, Lottie Delano, and George Allen and Sam Elder. We danced and played Old Maid and enjoyed ourselves very well, it being twelve o'clock before they went home."

"Capt. Obed Delano and daughter have gone to New York. Capt. Luce and Sophia, his wife, have also gone. Aunt Mary's husband (Capt. J. Luce) will be there in about two weeks with his vessel and if Mary wishes any things we can send them by him. Tell Mr. Perine to let me know when he intends to launch as I want to come on at that time."

So the letters went out from Sippican April 25, 1864. In 1864 Capt. Nathan Briggs is worried about the condition of the schools.

The town had stood high, of 340 cities and towns in the state, it had ranked as number 5, and number 1 of 25 towns in Plymouth County, and Captain Nathan was uneasy.

"Serious evil — grammar school — unexpected increase from 56 to 70 — consisting principally of young men, who having never well improved the advantages provided for them remained at home this winter with the ostensible purpose of making up lost time."

From the coasters and whalers, too young to fight. Shade of Jane Marshall! "Generally insubordinate, idle, did much injury."

They needed the mate's sharp voice, and the captain's eye.

"The very good fishing" on Bobel had become known outside the lands of Sippican and on March 26, 1864 Joe Snow Luce had raised the Hiller farm house another story. The "Bay View House" was becoming popular.

Roy and Robert the gay young mates are ensigns on the *Cumberland*, the *Ticonderoga*, ships of war, stationed in New York harbor, and wistful dark faces on board with their life stories taken down in neat penmanship for the government.

"Goodbye, Mass Jeff, Good Bye, Mrs. Stephens
S'cuse dis chile for taken his leavins
Ole Mass got scared And so did his lady
Dis chile breaks for Ole Uncle Aby."

Name of owner and plantation from which they have come. And Roy says "Oh, I don't know Mother. They are so frightened and homesick and so many want to go back. They call them Contrabands, Mother!"

"Thursday, Oct. 13, 1864.

Schooner *Admiral Blake* arrived last night with 160 sperm, 15 blackfish, 1 bbl. cotton, 1 bbl. lard, 1 naphtha, and *Oliver Cromwell* in."

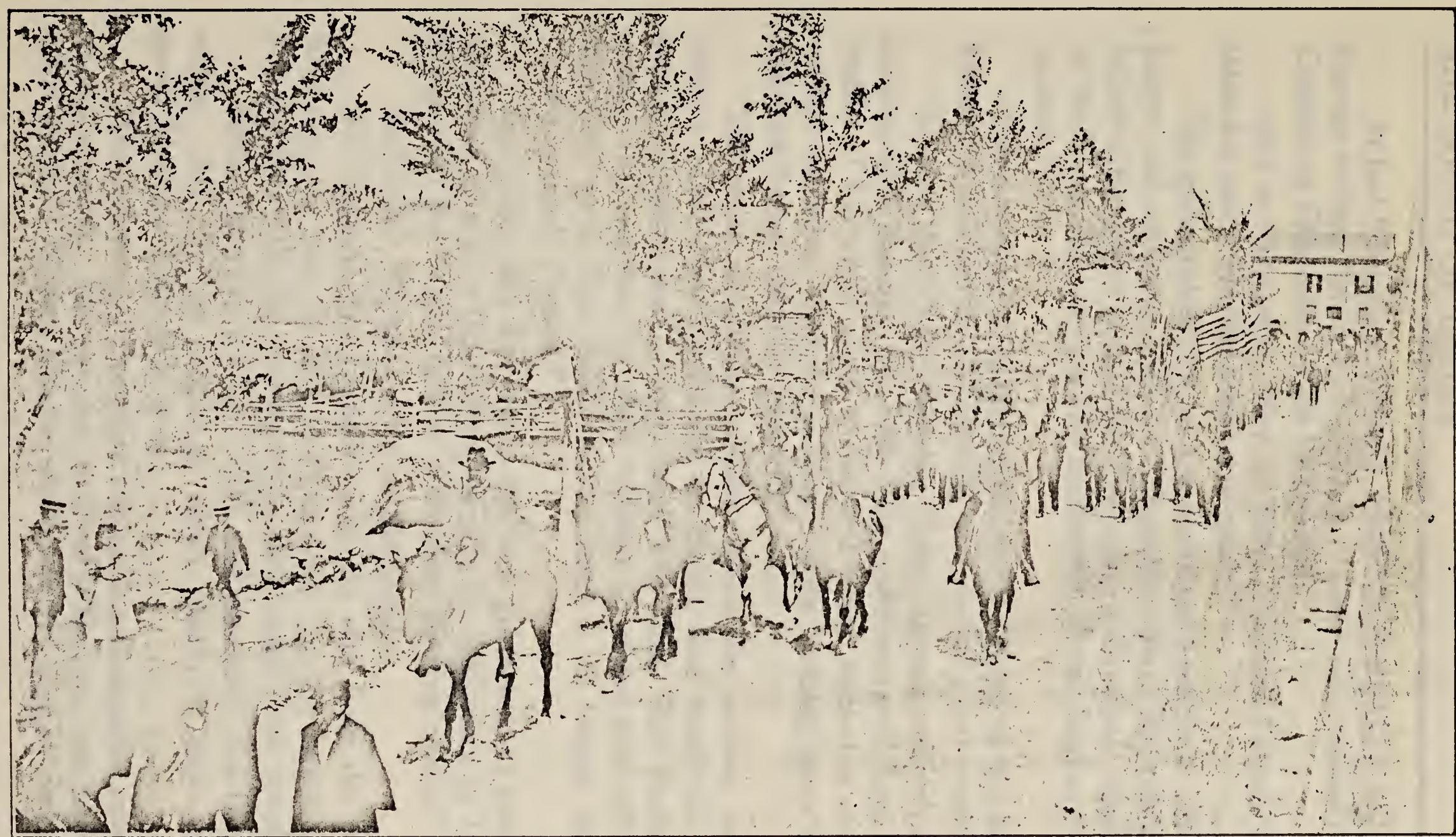
Boys go marching, marching and come home to parties, and in the background smoke and dirt, sweat and horror, and the drums steady beat.

"Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1864. Presidential Elections. Very quiet in this town. Our vote stood 123 Union to 23 Democrats."

"Wednesday, Nov. 9 — Abraham Lincoln is again elected for another term."

"Nov. 10 — Lincoln has carried every state except New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky."

Capt. George Luce "entertains a large company. Capt. J. K. Hathaway and others", and whalers are burned, and boys are shot, and stranded whalemen borrow money in distant Islands to get home.



The Boys in Blue — "On Memorial Days they march again"

At last "Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1865" in the little diary Capt. George writes, "Mild and pleasant. Good news today of the Capture of Charleston, God be Praised."

And on "Saturday, Mar. 4, 1865 Abraham Lincoln again takes his seat. May he lead us to peace."

The girls picked lint, and wrote flowery letters to soldiers, known and unknown and on "Thursday, Mar. 30, the young ladies of the upper part of the Town gave a Dramatic exhibition in the Town Hall got up for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission."

Tuesday Apr. 4 "Great rejoicing!" "News of the fall of Richmond reached us last evening and caused great rejoicing."

Sunday the 9th the Revenue Cutter Agassiz arrived in the harbor, and Monday the 10th "the great news of Lee's surrender of his whole army to General Grant yesterday reached us this morning. Great rejoicing. Bells ringing, guns firing and flag flying. God be praised!"

The great red figure vanishes below the horizon and in blessed relief they go fishing on Bobel, and catch the first tautog of the season. Capt. Luce and Capt. Bill Hathaway caught 100 and then go after "oysters up at the tide mill and then they go to New Bedford, and hear J. B. Gough lecture "and are much pleased."

Everybody can live again and not grow sick at heart at the sound of a slow footstep on the sill, for the Prince of Peace has put out the "watch fires of a hundred circling camps."

And then! Whitman cries for the people.

"O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning."

1865, Saturday the 15 "Mild and pleasant" the Captain writes. All day the people go about dazed for their great, good, Abraham Lincoln is gone.

"The sad news of President Lincoln's assassination reached us this morning. He was shot in Ford's Theatre, last night at 10 P. M. by J. Wilkes Booth (who made his escape) and died

this morning at 7.22. Millions will mourn the great, good, and honest Abraham Lincoln."

"Tuesday the 18th the Conference (Old Colony) met here today but owing to the President's funeral closed with the evening service. There were about 14 ministers present."

"Wednesday 19, Fair and pleasant. Funeral services in the church today and a full house in attendance. Never did the nation mourn as it does this day."

"With procession long and winding and flambeaus of the night,—

With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads."

President Lincoln was dead.

History pages for the little boys and girls growing up in Sippican.

But the old Captain leans on his cane and dreams of his ships, their ashes drifting to the far distant shores.

And in the South country, his cotton planter friend, tried and true, sits on a slashed tree trunk, his head on his hands, beside him a twisted magnolia writhing yet from the recent flames that scorched the pillars that stand like black monuments to the great god war.

Behind him no shining hall way open to the sun lighted garden beyond, with a glowing polished reach of broad steps curving up to gay voices and laughter, but a ghost doorway, a litter of blackened debris and a charred ladder up to the open sky and silence.

"Battle of Fredericksburg". "December 11 march across the river". "Active service".

They do not give the picture, in the histories, of a boy in blue on the waving bridge of boats, life flowing away, and a little sister crying, crying!

They had vanished, brother, father, sweet heart, as the years slowly moved. Boys, boys, who never came home again. Mrs. Vose cried every day when she set the food on the dinner table. It clutched at her heart. Her boy who was hungry, and died in Libby Prison.

And a shivering little girl listening to her father's footsteps as he slowly came in from unharnessing the horse that had just brought him up from Sippican.

Father's step sounded slow—so like that other sad, sad day.

Her heart fluttered!

"Lincoln — Abraham Lincoln is dead! Shot!"

Ah! they do not tell the truth in the histories about war!"

Chapter XIV

SEA TRAGEDIES OF OLD ROCHESTER THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL, THE MARY CELESTE

"Whither, O splendid ship thy white sail crowding
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?"

BRIDGES.

Wars came only once in a generation, perhaps; but always there was mourning in the Old Rochester villages because of the relentless sweep of the oceans.

Two centuries of the toll of the sea may be read on the Rochester Records! Allens; Bates; Briggs; Dexters; Cliftons; Delanoes; Nyes; Hammonds! So young in years! So old in experience!

"Moses Briggs, 15 years."
"Peleg Blankenship, 18 years."
"Harper Hammond, 16 years."

Young boys as sailors and soldiers going to their death on the sea.

"Lieut. Nathan Haskell fell in an engagement in Latitude 47 by 18 on the coast of France 1780, in the 20 year of his age." From the day when the three Sherman boys shipped on the *Thetis* of Rochester, and were lost with all on board, the sea tragedies of the Lands of Sippican are tales of youth taken by the ocean.

The messages that came so slowly, filtering from ship to ship, and on to the home villages read "Bark foundered". "All lost!" To be followed sometimes by letters and papers "All saved."

A little nervous mother runs over to a neighbor's back door. "May I see your paper from San Francisco? Charles is with Capt. Briggs!" With staring eyes she reads what has happened to her youngest.

"Capt. Briggs of the Bark *Montezuma* before reported foundered, reports leaving N. Y. on the 27th of Aug., experienced fine weather up Lat. 13 being then in Lat. 29-50 experienced a hurricane commencing at N.E. varying N. and ending N. W. lasting three days during which the ship was hove to on her beam ends; mast heads under water; was obliged to cut away spars, when the vessel righted, with four feet of water in the hold; pumping all the time, water gaining; on the sixteenth weather calm, barometer fell rapidly to 29 when it commenced to blow to N. W. increasing to a hurricane; vessel in trough of sea and unmanageable, sea making complete break over her; all hands to the pumps and unable to keep the vessel free; broke and lost rudder; boats crushed by falling spars; water tanks emptied and casks washed overboard forward house and galley stove, forward cabin doors stove in, filled cabin and destroyed everything therein; on the gale abating four feet of water in the hold; all hands exhausted from pumping five days and nights consecutively and unable to cook any food; weather continued fine until Sept. 30 when we were fallen in with Sch. *Island Queen*, Lemaistre, from Demerara, for Gaspe, who kindly rescued us from our perilous position, and doubtless from a watery grave, and showed us every attention and kindness in his power, for which, in behalf of my officers and my crew, as well as myself desire to express my heartfelt and grateful thanks."

The paper grows black, and the neighbor gets a drink of water for the mother of a sailor.

News! Sometimes there is no news! Neighbor Hammond's boy — his fate lost in the silence of the years. Ten! Twenty! On cold winter nights the old grizzled father, as he plodded to and fro from the barn to the house, with his gnarled knuckles blue in his homespun mittens, would look up at the stars and hope dumbly that the boy was all right, and the mother, in the farmhouse, listened to the wind whistling about the kitchen door, and prayed that her blue eyed boy

wasn't cold. And after a long time the mother stopped asking for news from the boys returning home from voyages and the neighbors were silent. Their pity had no voice.

Some ships were unlucky according to the sailors. The *Annawan,* which Capt. Charles Hammond left before her disaster; the *Arctic* whose shadow crept over Sippican.

Capt. George Luce is writing in his diary on Sat. March 23, 1851—"Disappointed at not hearing from the Steamship *Arctic,* she being fourteen days from home port—To Castle Garden to hear the celebrated Jenny Lind, but I was not fascinated by her singing". He is worried about the ship. On Oct. 9, 1854 he writes "Steamer *Arctic* overdue a week." He sails out of New York harbor. On Oct. 12 a Pilot comes on board with the news he has feared — "the heartrending news of the loss of the Steamship *Arctic,* Capt. Luce with whom I sailed seven years had charge of her and is supposed to be lost."

The captain of the *Arctic,* Capt. James Luce, was born in Sippican. He was the oldest sea captain, in service, in New York.

He had sailed from Liverpool, Sept. 20, 1854 to New York. Out of the fog came the French Steamer *Vesta,* carrying supplies to the fishermen on the Grand Banks. She struck the *Arctic* on the bow, and sank her before the boats could take off all the passengers. As the *Arctic* went down, the Captain, holding his little son in his arms, sank with the ship. As they came to the surface the child was killed by a blow from the paddle-wheel, that afterwards saved the lives of eleven people. They clung for twenty-four hours of cold and exhaustion. When the Bark *Cambria,* bound from Glasgow to Montreal, came there were only three clinging to the wheel.

On Oct. 14 Capt. George is writing — "Today received the glad tidings of the safety of Capt Luce — I immediately telegraphed the news to his mother of his safety."

The loss of the *Arctic* was the greatest tragedy of the sea up to that time. She had about 250 passengers, and 150 attached to the ship.

The marble spires rise in the graveyard to commemorate the sea tragedies of Old Rochester! Stories recorded in one

line on the Records! Stories, stark and terrible behind the pages of names and dates. Stories whose heroes were daring souls of the years whose meeting of the great Pilot in the surge of the seas was told as on Capt. Joseph Allen's monument in Sippican graveyard.

"John W. Allen Drowned in New York Harbor, Oct. 10, 1854.

Peleg B. Allen Lost on a reef near Atwood Island off the Bahama Group, Nov. 1861, aged 33 years.

Theophilus Allen, lost at sea about the 29 April, 1860."

One of the favorite stories of the day was "The Young Sailor, or The Sea Life of Tom Bowline." A dog eared copy has in careful penmanship on the flyleaf "Presented to a deserving pupil by his teacher, Josie Briggs." Notwithstanding the horrors of the story, Tom coming home from gory encounters with sharks and savage Islanders, looking "like an old man", and "now remains at home with his parents and admonishes all his young friends not to seek for ease or happiness on the uncertain ocean so long as they have a comfortable home with all its endearments open to them", it did not keep the boys from haunting strange wharves, to ship for strange lands and strange adventures.

On June 11, 1867, a restless farm boy writes a typical letter. It is directed to "Ship Contest, Capt. Coon, Pacific Ocean."

"I am hard at it — weeding onions. D. sailed for the Sandwich Islands in the Ship *Celon* about a month ago. Bob Delano sailed with him. They are to be gone a year. Johnnie Delano sailed about six weeks ago in the Schooner *J. W. D. Dodge.* Will Dexter sailed a week ago to-day in the Bark *Thomas Winslow.* Tom Caswell sailed last summer in the *Osceola.* I saw you reported last week with 600 barrels of oil, and I don't see WHY YOU DON'T WRITE."

The boy scribe soon left his onion bed, and sailed away, and silence closed over him. News drifted back about the death in a foreign harbor of a boy whose description was somewhat like "Timmie's" — a red haired boy drowned in a far away sea.

When the Schooner *Graduate* cleared for a whaling voyage from the wharf at the foot of the main road of the village, it was to meet death in the great hurricane that tore over the Atlantic, Sept. 8, 1869.

Off they sailed, May 15, hoping for a "greasy" voyage. The schooner was owned by Capt. Henry Allen; Capt. Rufus Savery was Master; W. H. H. Ryder, Mate; George Brown, Roland Luce, Edmund Cardy, Lorenzo Cannon, Frederick Allen, boys from the village made up the crew.

When the terrible wind roared over the Atlantic, and the rushing tide washed up the Old Landing Road, there were frightened hearts for the little whalers so far out at sea.

The home folks watched and waited for news from the fleet.

The news came! One whaler lost! It was the *William Wilson,* but to the joy of the village, the *Wilson* came in.

It must be the *Admiral Blake.* The people mourned. The Methodist minister preached on the "Last Day"; the children shivered and whimpered; the elder members of the meeting house wept in excitement and sorrow.

And then the *Admiral Blake* came lumbering in.

At last there was but one little ship not accounted for. The *Graduate!* When the men folks went up to "Happy Alley" to tell the news to the Captain's wife, she wiped her hands on her apron, showed them chairs, and said "Well!" And after all, it was "well" for Capt. Savery, who was bringing up a large family on the Rochester Road wasn't to go to his death in a whaler. He had lived to tell of being patted on the head by Daniel Webster in the wonderful old days of Rochester-Towne, and he was to live to tell of being lashed to a wreck in the middle of the Atlantic.

The Mate W. H. H. Ryder came home too to tell the tale to friends and neighbors, as he vowed never to go to sea again.

"It was Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1869, at 6 A. M. in Lat. 36-55 N. Long. 73-20 W." said the Mate. "It commenced blowing heavy gales from the Southeast. Hove to under two reefed foresail, battened down the hatches, at 6.15 took in foresail.

At about 6.30 the schooner was knocked down and the lee boat filled. Immediately cut the boat clear and the schooner righted. Immediately bent a cable on the weather anchor as a drug, and payed out thirty fathoms chain, closed up the gangways and called all hands aft and stood by to cut way the foremast.

At about 7 A. M. was struck by a hurricane, and before a blow was struck the schooner was laid on her beam ends, all hands clinging to the rigging, davits, bearers, etc., for safety. The next gust carried away the remaining boat, and nine men, the boat breaking in two.

Two of the men got back by the aid of ropes, three got on the wreck of the boat, the remaining four being injured or unable to swim went down before our eyes.

There were now nine of us remaining on the wreck. We soon lashed ourselves securely, and remained in this position until about 12 M., when the masts broke off and she righted full of water and the hatches gone. Nothing above water but the top of the house. About this time the wind moderated some, and we succeeded in lashing ourselves to the top of the house.

About 3 P. M. the wind and sea had gone down some. We now began searching for something to satisfy hunger and thirst. By diving we were able to get 5 cans of preserved meat in a locker near the companionway. We put ourselves on an allowance of 4 teaspoonsfuls per man per day, got up a signal of distress, and committed ourselves to the care of Divine Providence.

We remained in this position on a space 12 feet square, eighty hours, every man patiently bearing his sufferings.

Meanwhile we drifted to the boat and two of the men were yet alive, but nearly exhausted.

We were suffering with hunger and thirst, the sea breaking on us most of the time.

At 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, Sept. 12, we were taken off by Capt. J. S. Crosby, of Schr. *Ralph Souder*, of Eastport, Me. bound to Barbadoes, who treated us with every possible kindness which one fellow being could bestow on a suffering brother. May God's richest blessing be given him!"

So ends the Mate's account of the wreck of the *Graduate.*

The most horrible of the old sea stories of Rochester was that of Capt. Isaac Cole. Across the dim stretch of one hundred years comes the horror of that tale.

On a whaling voyage to Archangel, excited boys from Rochester disobeyed the Captain's orders. A mother whale was swimming near the ship, protecting her calf at her side. The calf was killed, and the mother wild with rage battered the ship to kindling wood. She swam from a scene of confusion, with a crew afloat in an icy sea.

The sun rose and set, until there was no more time. Only a waste of ocean with crazed sailors, drawing lots to see who shall be sacrificed that the others may live. It was the Mate's fate, but the Captain said "No. No! I—I am played out! I can do no more!" And out on that frozen sea Capt. Isaac Cole gave his life, a sacrifice to his crew.

The salt washings of heavy seas, the glistening downward sun touching the parched lips and crazed eyes of dying sailors, the growing shadow of night, cries in the dark from dear boys of Buzzards Bay rocked back and forth by crashing waves of far away reefs,—the tragic scenes of great oceans sweep across the timid souls of the women folk of the villages, mounting, mounting, until they become calm in the plane above mere feeling in the heart of the little mother of Capt. Benjamin and Capt. Oliver Briggs of Sippican.

Capt. Benjamin was the Master of that most mysterious of the ships of the world, the silent, sailing *Mary Celeste.*

On the Vice Admiralty Court Record, Gibraltar, Spain, Wednesday the 18 day of December, 1872, is written the last chapter of the voyage of the *Mary Celeste,* Captain Benjamin Briggs, Master.

A sailor's voice echoes down the years.

Oliver Deveau duly sworn by the officers of "The Queen, in her office of Admiralty against the ship or vessel supposed to be called *Mary Celeste* and her cargo proceeded against as derelict."

"I am the chief mate of the British vessel *Dei Gratia.* I left New York on the 15th November bound for Gibraltar for Orders, Captain Morehouse, Master.

On the 5th December, Sea Time, being my watch below the captain called me and said there was a strange sail on the windward bow apparently in distress requiring assistance—that was probably about 1 P. M. Sea Time I came on deck and saw a vessel through the glass—she appeared about 4 or 5 miles off."

Death had come again to Captain Nathan Briggs and his family in one of its grimmest shapes. Of the Captain's six children who grew up in the house set back on the Great Neck Road behind its avenue of fir trees, all but one, James, were to be claimed by the sea. The daughter sailed with her husband, Capt. Joseph Gibbs of New Bedford in 1859, leaving the boy with her mother. Both were lost on that voyage, and the little boy died suddenly the next year. Two sons were buried at sea. Nathan died of yellow fever, and was buried in the Gulf of Mexico.

Oliver and Benjamin, young sea captains, sailed here and there, until one June day death came again in a strange cloak to Rose Cottage. It had thundered from early morning that day, June 18, until afternoon. Thinking it was time for the children to leave the little school house just beyond his North gate, Capt. Nathan stepped to the door to meet a jagged flash and deafening crash of thunder, and that night the village mourned the passing of the old sea captain Nathan Briggs.

Young Capt. Benjamin moved his family down from the house on the corner of Clark and Pleasant Sts. and a baby girl was born in Rose Cottage. The boy, Arthur, had been named for the ship on which he had been born on a voyage to France in 1865.

Both Benjamin and Oliver were ready to leave the sea. Oliver had bought a tract of land with a pine grove at the back, next to his father's place. He planned a home to which to retire. He built a stone wall, with a fine handcut curbing, set out a line of elms and an arbor vitae hedge, and had great stones hauled for the foundation of the house, which he planned to build after his next voyage. He had made money, especially in the Brig *Samoset*, in the Mediterranean fruit trade and had sold the vessel for a large sum. Then bad luck came. In

the *Thomas Jefferson* to Beaufort, N. C., he was caught in a terrific storm off Cape Hatteras and the ship was a total loss. Then he took the *Royal Charles* to Antwerp and Rotterdam, struck ice, and the crew had to be taken off. He was discouraged, but he then bought the *Julia A. Hallock*, and repaired her. The arbor vitae hedge grew, but the building of the house was put off. Yellow fever broke out on the *Hallock*. She put into Southport, S. C.; a mate had died. In the meantime Benjamin had bought an interest in the *Mary Celeste*. He had the cabin remodeled as he wanted to take his wife and baby girl on his next voyage. The little boy Arthur was to be left at home with his grandmother to go to school.

So the two brothers planned their next voyages, They were both sailing to Spain, and they were to meet at Barcelona. Capt. Oliver came to say good bye to his mother as he was sailing first to Vigo. The two young captains said their last farewells to Sippican. The little wife of Benjamin saw her sewing machine and melodeon on board the *Mary Celeste* at a New York dock, and the *Celeste* followed the *Julia A. Hallock* across the Atlantic. She cleared on Nov. 7, 1872, Captain B. S. Briggs; Mate, Albert G. Richardson; 2nd Mate, Andrew Getting; Cook, E. W. Head; Seamen, Vokert Lorenjeau, Arien Harheus, Bos Berensen and Gottlieb Goodschoad.

In Sippican the dark November days go by. Little Arthur trudges to school and the grandmother cooks and mends and knits, and makes neighborly calls, and attends meeting. This wife of a captain, mother of captains, thinks it not strange that no news comes from a passing ship of her boys. She herself has spent many months tossed by the long waves of the "seven seas". She knows of days and days sailing the waste of waters without speaking another ocean traveller.

December comes on.

On December 13, in the shadow of the great rock that guards the gate of the Mediterranean, an American "Obedient Servant" is writing under the flag of the United States to his superior officer.

"To the Hon. Assistant Secretary of State, Washington.

Sir.,

I beg to inform you that the American Brig, *Mary Celeste* of New York has this day been brought into this port by the mate and two of the crew of the Nova Scotian Brigantine *Dei Gratia* which latter vessel arrived here on the previous evening.

The *Mary Celeste* was met abandoned at sea on the 4th inst. in latitude 38° 20' N., longitude 17° 30' W., loaded with a cargo of alcohol from New York, supposed to be bound to Genoa. No ship's papers were found on board except the log book, which has entries up to the 22nd or 23rd ultimo, nor were any boats found on board. The vessel is said to leak some, but her new crew had no difficulty to bring her into this port. She is now in the custody of the Vice Admiralty Court, and is being treated as a 'derelict'.

The Master of the *Dei Gratia* claims salvage and would prefer settling this matter out of court, if possible, to avoid court formalities and other expenses.

I have telegraphed to the New York Board of Underwriters, and also to Genoa on the subject of this disaster, and though prepared to do all in my power for the protection of the interests of those concerned, I can do nothing more for the present, as the Vice Admiralty Court will not recognize any party claiming the property in its hands, unless accompanied by a power of attorney from the rightful owners in the United States of the *Mary Celeste* and from the holders of the Bills of Lading of the cargo on board of her, which facts I have forwarded to New York and Genoa."

Across the water came the letter, and then began the waiting of the little mother in Sippican. Day after day, night after night, she listened for the footstep that would bring her letters, or news from some ship of the picking up of a solitary boat in mid-ocean. She knew that ocean well, its smiles, its rages. Neighbors came and went; mail came from the outside world; little Arthur studied his lessons. She began a new quilt.

In Gibraltar, "the Worshipful Sir James Cochran, Knight, Judge, and Commissary of the Vice Admiral Court of Gibraltar, at a setting of the Court on the 18th day of December, with Edward Joscelyn Baumgartner, Registrar, Frederick Solly

Flood, Esquire—Advocate and Proctor for the Queen in Her office of Admiralty, Henry Petri Pisani, Esquire—Advocate and Proctor for David Reed Moorehouse, Master of the British Brigantine *Dei Gratia* and for the owners, officers, and crew of the said Brigantine claiming as salvors" begin the long questioning of the mystery of the *Mary Celeste.*

"This being the day assigned by the judge to take evidence on the examination viva voce in open court of Oliver DeVeau, John Wright, John Johnson, Charles Lund, and Augustus Anderson, witnesses produced by Pisani as necessary for the proof of the claims of his parties and now about to leave the Jurisdiction of the Vice Admiralty Court of Gibraltar in the prosecution of their voyage."

A sailor's voice. "I am chief mate of the British vessel *Dei Gratia.*"

"The Master proposed to speak the vessel in order to render assistance if necessary, and to haul wind for that purpose, which he did. — We hauled up — hailed the vessel — found no one on board. I cannot say whether the Master or I proposed to lower the boat — but one of us did so, and a boat was launched, and I and two men with me went in her to board the vessel. The sea was running high, the weather having been stormy though then the wind was moderating — I boarded the vessel, and the first thing I did was to sound the pumps. They were in good order — I found no one on board the vessel."

In Sippican captains come and go from New York. Sailors land in New Bedford from whalers. No news from Capt. Benjamin.

In Gibraltar, across the sea, a sailor talks while the Registrar writes. Steady eyes watch.

"I found three feet and one half of water in the pumps on so sounding them. The pump gear was good but one of the pumps was drawn to let the sounding rod down — I only used the other pump on my way here, and the first pump I left in the same state as I found it — I found the fore hatch and the lazerett hatch off — the binnacle stove in — a great deal of water between decks — the forward house full of water up

to the combing — the forward house is on the upper deck. I found everything wet in the cabin in which there had been a great deal of water — the clock was spoilt by the water — the skylight of the cabin was open and raised — the compass in the binnacle was destroyed.

I found all the Captain's effects had been left — I mean his clothing, furniture, etc. — the bed was just as they had left it — the bed and other clothes were wet. I judged there had been a woman on board. I found the Captain's charts and books, a number of them — in the Cabin — some in two bags under the bed, and some (two or three) loose charts over the bed — I found no charts on the table. I found the Log Book and the Log Slate — I found the Log Book in the Mate's cabin on his desk — the Log Slate I found on the Cabin table. I found an entry in the Log Book up to the 24 November and an entry on the Log Slate dated 25 November showing that they had made the Island of Saint Mary. I did not observe the entry on the slate the first day, and made some entries of my own on it, and so unintentionally rubbed out the entry when I came to use the slate; at least I thought so. I did not find the ship's register or other papers concerning the ship, but only some letters and account books."

Questions! Questions! Logs and note books labeled "Exhibit A." "Exhibit B."

"I found the Mate's Note Book in which were entered receipts for cargo, etc. — The book now shown to me is the book. I also found the Mate's Chart. — In his cabin hanging over the Mate's bed showing the track of the vessel up to the 24th. — there were two charts in the Mate's cabin — one under the Mate's bed, and one as I have said, hanging over it. — I am not positive whether the chart with the ship's track marked on it was found above or below the mate's bed — There seemed to be everything left behind in the cabin as if left in a great hurry but everything in its place.

I noticed the impression in the Captain's bed as of a child having lain there."

In the courtroom comes the picture of a child on a wide ocean.

"The hull of the vessel appeared in good condition — and nearly new.

There were a great many other things in the cabin but impossible for me to mention all — the things were all wet — the skylight was not off but open — the hatches were off — the cabin was wet but had no water in it, the water had naturally run out of it.

The hull of the ship was apparently new — the masts were good — the spars all right — the rigging in very bad order — some of the running rigging carried away — gone — the standing rigging was all right — the upper foretopsail and fore sail gone — apparently blown away from the yards — lower foretopsail hanging by the fore corners — main stay sail hauled down and lying on the forward house, as if it had been let run down — jib and foretopmast stay sail set — all rest of sails being furled."

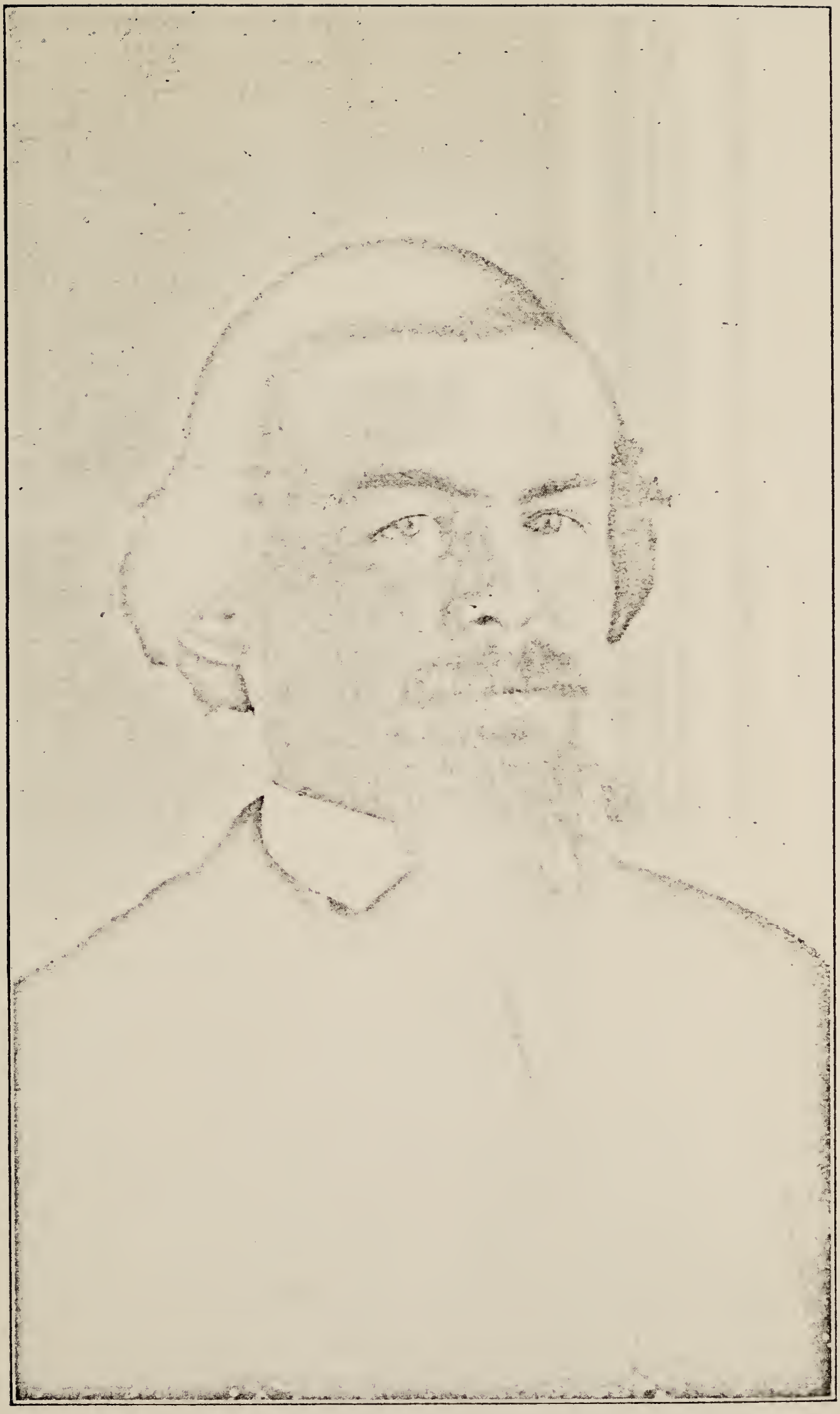
Sir James Cochrane, Knight, Judge, questions.

To the Judge — "The vessel is a Brigantine rigged, I should say of over 200 tons. The vessel I should say was sea worthy and almost a new vessel. — Anchors and chains all right — There were no boats and davits at the side — I don't think she used davits — It appeared as if she carried her boat on deck — there was a spar lashed across the stern davits so that no boat had been there.

I went back to my vessel and reported the state of the Brigantine to the Captain — I proposed taking her in — he told me well to consider the matter as there was great risk and danger to our lives and also to our own vessel. We consulted among ourselves and crew and resolved to bring her in — a distance I estimate at six to seven hundred miles — but have not made out the exact distance.

The Captain gave me two men, the small boat, a barometer, compass, and watch. I took with me my own nautical instruments, and whatever food our steward had prepared. I went on board the same afternoon, the 5th, about an hour afterwards perhaps — hoisted the boat on deck — pumped her out and took charge of the vessel.

Rose Cottage — "Where Mother Briggs waits in Sippican"



Captain Benjamin Briggs of the *Mary Celeste*

Augustus Anderson and Charles Lund are the names of the two men I took with me — They were not the same men as I took with me when I first boarded the Brigantine. Their names are John Wright and John Johnson. — When we first went on board we had a good deal to do to get the ship into order. I found a spare trysail which I used as a fore sail — It took me two days to set things to rights so as to proceed on voyage to make any headway.

We had fine weather at first and until we got into the Straights when it came on a storm so that I dare not make the Bay but laid to under Ceuta, and afterwards on the Spanish coast to the East.

When I arrived at Gibraltar I found the *Dei Gratia* already there. I had seen her almost every day during the voyage and spoke her three or four times. We kept company with her until the night of the storm, when I lost sight of her.

I saw between the decks the nature of the cargo. — Barrels marked alcohol on the head of them. — and likewise in the notebook of the Mate of the *Celeste,* whereby it appeared he had given receipts for so many barrels of alcohol at a time.

I forgot to state that the cabin which was a deck cabin had all its windows battened up; I also found a sounding rod on deck along-side the pump."

From the Queen's Advocate came questions.

From the Mate came answers.

"I left New York on the 15th November. I examined the Log of the vessel found, to see when she left New York and believe she left 8 days before us or 11 days before us or more or less — I found the vessel a fair sailer — I call the *Dei Gratia* a fair sailer.—Supposing both vessels to have been equally well found, manned and sailed she would have been faster than our ship — We spoke one other Brigantine bound for Boston — But did not pass nor see any other vessel of a similar class on our outward voyage — Therefore the first time we could have seen the vessel was the day we found her as we did — deserted.

I cannot say without referring to my Log where our ship was on the 24th or 25th — I do know we were to the

North of the other vessel. I know we were between Latitudes 40 or 42.

I only know we were North of the vessel from seeing her track traced on her chart — We did not sight St. Mary's Isle during any part of our voyage. — I do not know the Latitude or Longitude of St. Mary's without seeing a chart.

I have made only one voyage from New York to Gibraltar before and did not sight St. Mary's then. — I never was at St. Mary's — never saw it. — I think I could enter St. Mary's by help of charts and sailing directions as well as any port to which I have not been. Without reference to a chart or sailing directions I do not know what sort of harbor St. Mary's has.

From 15th November to 24 Nov. we had stormy weather most of the time of our passage — most time very heavy weather. During that time we never took off our forehatch since we sailed — the main hatch was off for one hour perhaps — Her head was westward when we first saw her — she was on the Starboard tack — the wheel was not lashed — the wheel gear was good — with her foresails set she would not come up to the wind and fall off again — With sails she had when I first saw her she might come up and fall away a little but not much — She would always keep those sails full.

There were no spare spars on the deck of the *Mary Celeste* whatever.

I went into the Cabin within a few minutes of sounding the pumps. On the table was the Log slate but I cannot state what else there might be on the table. I do not know whether there were any knives. I saw no preparation for eating in the Cabin. — There was plenty to eat. — but all the knives and forks were in the pantry — the rack was on the table but no eatables — There was nothing to eat or drink in the Cabin on the table — but preserved meats were in the pantry.

I examined the state of the ship's galley. It was in the corner of the forward house, and all the things, pots, kettles, etc., were washed up — water in the house a foot or so deep — I cannot say how the water got in, but the door was open and the skuttle hatch off — the windows were shut — there were

no cooked provisions in the galley—I never saw the water come over the top of the mast of a vessel.

There was a barrel of flour in the galley — one third gone. We used the provisions found on board the *Mary Celeste.* We used potatoes and meat. — She had I should say six months provisions on board.

The Binnacle was injured when I went on board — I fixed it and used it on our way here. The glass was broken — The Binnacle was washed away from its place, and I set it back again. — It was lashed on top of the Cabin above the deck, being a wooden one the lashings had given away — one of the cleats was gone — I found a compass on board afterwards — the Cabin — in the Mate's room — I didn't find it until I went on board the second time — It is usual for a vessel to carry two or three compasses. I found two quadrants, one in the Second Mate's room.

I made no further examination of the cargo than what I have already stated — the cargo seemed to be in good condition and had not shifted — as far as I could judge the cargo was not injured.

I found no wine or spirits whatever in the ship."

To the Judge — "The vessel was perfectly upright whilst I was on board, and I saw no signs whatever to induce me to believe that she had been thrown on her beam ends at any time. — If she had been thrown on her beam ends her hatches would have been washed off. Suppose the vessel had been thrown on her beam ends and her hatches had been all closed she might have righted again without her cargo shifting or without showing any indication.

My idea is that the crew got alarmed and by the sounding rod being found lying alongside the pumps that they had sounded the pumps and found perhaps a quantity of water in the pumps at the moment, and thinking she would go down, abandoned her."

— "The Log now produced is the one I found on board the *Mary Celeste* and which I continued in my journey. It is in my writing from the 5th day of December to the 13th day of December, day of arrival."

The Attorney General read the entry on the Slate Log "26 November". "I never used the side of the slate upon which this entry now appears — I left the charts on board the *Mary Celeste.*"

To the Judge — "I have been Master of a Brig myself. I kept the Log of the *Dei Gratia.* I have no Master's ticket, but a Mate's Certificate."

The Judge adjourned the Court "to Friday next". 20 Dec. 1872.

On Friday, Mate DeVeau says "I wish to correct a statement I made on Wednesday, namely that the hour at which the Captain called me was half past one and not three p. m. as I have stated. It was 3 p. m. when I boarded the vessel we found abandoned."

To the Queen's Proctor and Advocate.

"We passed North of the whole group of the Azores. Some vessels go to the South, some to the North. — I saw articles of child's wearing apparel, also child's toys. — The bed was as it had been left after it had been slept in — not made. — There were two boxes of clothing — there were also work bags with needles, threads, button hooks and cases of instruments, a dressing case and other things in the drawers — there was a swinging lamp on the side of the cabin — one in each cabin — they were paraffine lamps — there was no appearance of damage by fire nor any appearance of fire or smoke in any part of the ship. The stay sail which had fallen down was on the stovepipe of the galley. — There were plenty of provisions and plenty of water on board the vessel. — There was a harmonium or melodiun in the cabin."

Chart Exhibit C.

"The words written *Mary Celeste* abandoned 5th December 1872 are in my writing. I put it down merely by guess as the place where I supposed we found the vessel, as nearly as I could."

To Judge — "We passed to the North of the Group — the *Mary Celeste* passed to the South—I should say that from the spot marked on the chart as the last position of the *Mary Celeste* on the 24th up to the place where we found her, I

should say would be from five to six hundred miles — The wind was blowing from N. to S. W. in the interval from 24 November and 5th December as near as I can tell, which would more correctly appear in the Log of the *Dei Gratia*—The only explanation of the abandonment which I can give is that there was a panic from the belief that the vessel had more water in her than she had as afterward proved — She was going steadily from 1½ to 2 knots when we saw her with the wind on her beam. She might have had more sails set at first — She would not run steadily before the wind with her rudder unlashed. — She was then going in the opposite direction to ourselves — We met her. She probably changed her course more than once. She was going backwards. It is impossible to say therefore how long or how often she had changed her course. —

There were four bunks in the forecastle with bedding, in the *Celeste*, but only three seachests — often two sailors chum for one chest — the bedding was damp and as if it had not been used. There was one berth in the Mate's cabin, and one berth in the galley — also a berth in the Second Mate's room or Boatswain's room, all apparently had been occupied, with the Captain's making eight all told, besides the woman and child.

She was sheeted on the starboard tack when we found her — the wind during the last four days before we found the vessel was North Westerly — The men's clothing was all left behind, their oil skins, boots and even their pipes as if they had left in a great hurry or haste — My reason for saying they left in haste is that a sailor would generally take such things, especially his pipe, if not in great haste — The chronometer Sextant, Navigation Book were all absent — the Ship's Register and Papers were also not found — There was no log line ready for use — The Carpenter's tools were in the Mate's room. — the water casks were on chocks, the chocks had been moved as if struck by a heavy sea — the provision casks were below in their proper place — they were not thrown over — If the vessel had been capsized, they would have been thrown over."

Oliver DeVeau sits down.

Mother Briggs, in far away Sippican sits also, a straight white capped little figure, back erect, as she was taught, as a minister's daughter to sit. She knits, and answers Arthur's questions. She sorts her patchwork pieces, and listens for the step that may bring news. Her heart is far out on the wide Atlantic, seeking, seeking for Benjamin, and Oliver, too. The great winds, that begin so far away and whirling lash the Bay of Biscay against the coast of Spain, do not tell where Oliver is, and the prodding questions from keen minds in the Admiralty Court room of Gibraltar can not drag from the depths of the unknown, the story of Benjamin.

John Wright of the *Dei Gratia* speaks.

"I am second Mate of the *Dei Gratia*. I remember on the 5th December being on watch on the deck from 12 to 4. I remember sighting a vessel about 1 o'clock on that day, or M. sea time — about 6 miles distant on our port side — I boarded the vessel with the Mate DeVeau and a man named John Johnson — to see what was the matter with her — We found no one on board that vessel — there was water in the cabin — between decks and in the forehouse — the forward hatch and Lazeret hatches were off — the skylight was in good state — it was not open.

Johnson remained in the boat alongside and did not come on board, I returned on board my own vessel and did not again return to the *Celeste*. After I returned to my own ship, we wore ship and stood down to the other ship until she and the other ship got under way.

The Mate DeVeau returned to the other ship with two men, Johnny and James — There was a tolerably heavy sea running when we launched our boat to go to the *Celecte*. We had had heavy weather before that but was then moderating. — We sailed keeping sight of the other vessel until 3 o'clock in the night — I had lost sight of the other vessel for three days — the derelict arrived at Gibraltar the next day after we did."

The Queen's Proctor asks questions.

John Wright answers. — "It was as I have said during my watch that we sighted the derelict — the man at the wheel named Johnson first sighted her and he called to me and showed me the vessel — it was the state of the vessel's sails that caught my attention — I should say it was about 2 hours from the time of first seeing her to lowering boat to board her. — She yawed some but not much. That also attracted my attention. — I went down into the Cabin. Before I went I assisted sounding the pumps. The pumps were in good state — there was no sounding rod but a piece of iron and line attached to it. — It was found lying on the deck near the Cabin. — The only way of lighting the Cabin is by the skylight, and the windows, three on each side of the Cabin, and by the companionway when the door is open — the windows were nailed up on the Starboard side with plank — they were not nailed up on the Port side, and would let light in. — When below in the Cabin there was plenty of light to see what was on the table — I did not see any of the skylight broken."

Questions! Questions! And a sailor's voice answering!

"The compass was destroyed. Any force that would remove the binnacle would destroy the compass. — the glass cover of the compass was knocked off — I left it where it was — I did nothing to it. — There were davits to hang a boat astern — They were in good shape.

I could not tell one way or other whether a boat had been launched from them — There were no davits on the quarter of the vessel. I saw nothing from which I could judge whether a boat had been upon deck.

I saw no lashings cut loose — I saw no ropes on either side showing that a boat had been launched from the ship at all — I observed no towline — I saw no spare spars on deck — The ship's anchor and chain were all right and on board, so that there was nothing to show that she had been moored and parted her cable — If she had done so, we should have seen it.

I went to the galley — the door was open. It was in bad shape. The stove was knocked out of its place — That could have been done by a sea striking the galley, and the stove through the door — it would knock the stove out of its place. I

have been on board ship where the galley has been carried away, on two or three occasions.

I did not go in and could not see what provisions there were — the door sill is about 9 inches high and would prevent water running out the galley — I do not know how long the water had been there."

"The forehatch was lying on the port side — three feet from the hatch. — I did not go inside the Captain's Cabin — I stood at the Cabin door. — I stayed on board about half an hour and about ten minutes near the door — the main hatch was closed — fastened down — two spars were lashed there — they were rough spars — I do not know why they were put there."

The mists of the Atlantic hide two brothers. Capt. Oliver has not come in to his port.

Across the ocean goes another letter to the "Honorable Secretary of State, Washington.

— I have now to inform you that her principal owner James H. Winchester, arrived here on the 15th inst. from New York — Mr. Winchester is now entering his claim in the Vice Admiralty Court with the assistance of a Proctor as required by the British law in such cases — in the meanwhile nothing is heard of the missing crew of the *Mary Celeste,* and in face of the apparent seaworthy condition of this vessel, it is difficult to account for her abandonment, particularly as her Master, who is well known, bore the highest character for Seamanship, and correctness; besides he had his wife and young child with him, and was part owner of the *Mary Celeste.*

The Queen's Proctor in the Vice Admiralty Court, who is also Attorney General, seems to take the greatest interest in the case, and rather entertains the apprehension of some foul play having occurred. — So far the matter is wrapped in mystery."

The sailors' voices sound, one after the other.

"I am one of the crew of the *Dei Gratia.*"

The Vice Admiralty Court adjourns, and along the paths and waterways of the world the news goes out of the story of

Captain Ben and of Capt. Oliver, too, for the *Julia A. Hallock,* which had been reported as unloading its cargo at Vigo, had shipped 50 tons of coal for ballast, and Oliver had sailed to keep his appointment with Benjamin at Barcelona.

A black night in the turbulent Bay of Biscay; something clinging to a floating object in the path of an on coming vessel. As the clouds break, the moon makes a shining path, and a cry rang out from the lookout. The clouds shut out the picture. Again a rift of moonlight, and again the cry rang out to the officer on the watch.

The ship was hove to, a boat lowered, and a sailor was lifted from a floating deck hatch. He was in the last stages of exhaustion. When he could speak, he told of the Captain! Captain Oliver Briggs of the *Julia A. Hallock,* of the terrible gale, of the ship foundering, of the brave crew pumping, pumping, of the fine coal dust of the ballast clogging the pumps, of the going down of the ship, and of finding the floating deck hatch, and the Captain and himself clinging for four days until the Captain growing weaker, had been washed off only a few hours before help came. Another young captain of Sippican claimed by the sea, while the story of another is told in halting answers in the Admiralty Court of Gibraltar.

Augustus Anderson sworn.

"I am an A. B. seaman, and one of the crew of the *Dei Gratia.*"

To the Judge — "I was present when the pump was sounded — I never saw any other sounding rod than the iron bolt and string — the Mate told me there was a sounding rod lying on the deck and that it was all wet and could not be used. He did not tell me what he did with it.

There was nothing wrong with the vessel — we had hard work to get her into good order — to get the gear into order and sails right. It took us two or three days to set her to rights — on her voyage to Gibraltar."

The Queen's Proctor reads from the Log. The witness was questioned as to what was done on board the *Mary Celeste* from the entries in the Log and answers "Yes" to every question, and that it is correct as stated in the Log.

"The vessel was in fit state to go round the world with a good crew and good sails — We made Cape Spartel 3 p. m. of 11th — there was then a fresh breeze — I saw our own ship when we were off Cape Spartel — there are a good many lights I do not know the name of and I do not know Ceuta light — I was never in the Straights of Gibraltar before. — I shipped in my vessel at New York but never made this voyage before."

The next witness was called. John Johnson, a Russian Lutheran, sworn in on the New Testament.

"I am an able bodied seaman on the *Dei Gratia* — I went in the first boat with John Wright, 2nd Mate, and the First Mate of the *Dei Gratia*."

The witness does not understand English except in a very slight degree so Mr. Pisani proposes that one of the other crew who understands more English should interpret, but the Queen's Advocate objects because he can admit nothing.

"I did not go on deck — I remained in the boat alongside — I returned back to my own vessel — And the boat returned a second time from our vessel *Dei Gratia* to this derelict."

The Queen's Proctor declines to cross examine the witness as not understanding the English.

There is a tense feeling in the court room!

The Judge to the Queen's Proctor.

"You have the opportunity of seeing the Log of the *Dei Gratia* now if you please, and therefore if you do not choose to avail yourself of it, it is your own fault."

"I have asked for the Log 20 times a day, and not been able to procure it!"

Pisani answers.

"The Log is here in Court and has always been accessible to the Queen's Proctor."

Pisani to the Judge.

"The Mate is here and if the Queen's advocate or your Lordship would like to ask him any further questions about the sounding rod, here he is."

"I don't wish to ask him anything. If the Queen's Proctor chooses to do so, he may do it. I understood in the first instance that the Captain of the *Dei Gratia* was not to be examined, and I cannot understand what objection there could be to its production."

The Judge speaks again.

"There are certain matters which have been brought to my notice respecting this vessel, my opinion about which I have very decidedly expressed, and which make it desirable and even necessary that further investigation should take place before the release of the vessel can be sanctioned or before she can quit this port. The conduct of the sailors in going away as they have done has in my opinion been most reprehensible and may probably influence the decision as to their claims for remuneration for their services and it appears very strange why the Captain of the *Dei Gratia* who knows little or nothing to help the investigation should have remained here while the First Mate and the crew who boarded the *Celeste* and brought her here should have been allowed to go away as they have done.

The Court will take time to consider the Decree for Restitution."

The *S. S. Plymouth* arrives at Gibraltar and Capt. Shufelt writes on Feb. 6. — "After a cursory examination of the vessel and a somewhat imperfect knowledge of the circumstances, I am of the opinion that she was abandoned by the Master and crew in a moment of panic and for no sufficient reason.

She may have strained in the gale through which she was passing and for the time leaked so much as to alarm the Master, and it is possible that at this moment another vessel in sight induced him (having his wife and child on board) to abandon thus hastily. In this event he may not be heard of for some time to come, as the ship which rescued him may have been bound to a distant port. I reject the idea of mutiny from the fact that there is no evidence of violence about the decks or cabins, besides the fore, aft, and forward was so equally divided that a mutiny could hardly have had such a result.

The damage about the bows of the Brig appears to me to amount to nothing more than splinters made in the bending of

the planks which were afterwards forced off by the action of the sea, neither hurting the action of the ship, nor by any possible chance the result of an intention to do so.

The vessel at the present moment appears staunch and seaworthy. Some day I hope and expect to hear from the crew. If surviving the Master will regret his hasty action, but if we should never hear from them again, I shall nevertheless think they were lost in the boat in which both Master and men abandoned the *Mary Celeste*, and shall remember with interest this sad and silent mystery of the sea."

The weeks go by with no news. The dark winter days go slowly to those who wait in Sippican.

March comes, and Oliver DeVeau, Mate of the *Dei Gratia*, is again in Gibraltar, cross examined by the Queen's Advocate and Proctor in the "Vice Admiralty Court setting the 4th of March, 1873, on Tuesday."

"I saw no remains or pieces of a painter or boat's rope fastened to the rail — or cut. I did not see this cut in the rail now shown to me to notice it.

I cannot see how the cut came in the rail, it appears to have been done with a sharp axe, and I do not think it could have been done by my men whilst we were in possession of the vessel—I did not see any new axes on board the *Celeste* — there was an old axe found on board — I did not replace the rails of the ship found on deck before I returned to the *Dei Gratia* the first time — I can form no opinion about the cause of the axe cut in the rail — I observed no marks of blood on deck — I noticed no marks or traces of blood upon the deck — I cannot say whether there were any or not. — We never washed the decks of the *Mary Celeste* or scraped them. We have not men enough for that. — The sea washed the decks."

The Queen's Proctor explains that salt water contains chloric acid which dissolves the particles of blood.

"If there are some parts of the deck or rail scraped, I did not notice them, and they were not done whilst we were on board."

In the Gibraltar Chronicle had appeared the story of a sword — a mysterious sword found on the floor of the Captain's cabin of the *Celeste.* It was found by the Marshall of the Court. "It is of Italian make and bears the Cross of Savoy on the hilt! It remains in the custody of the Court."

And DeVeau in the Admiralty Court says "I saw a sword on board the *Mary Celeste.* I found that sword under the Captain's berth — I took it out from there — I looked at it — drew it from its sheath — there was nothing remarkable on it — I do not think there is any thing remarkable about it now — it seems rusty — I think I put it back where I found it or somewhere near there — I did not see it at the foot of the ladder — perhaps some of my men put it there. I was not on board the *Celeste* when the Marshall came on the *Celeste* to arrest the vessel, and therefore I did not see him find the sword."

The Queen's Proctor goes on to explain that the sword has been cleaned with lemon which has covered it with Citrate of Iron, which has destroyed the marks of the supposed blood which therefore is not blood at all as at first supposed but another substance put there to destroy and disguise the original marks of the blood which was once there.

"It did not occur to me that there had been any act of violence" said DeVeau "There was nothing to induce me to believe or to show that there had been any violence."

Witness and prosecutor stare at each other in the Gibraltar Court room.

Ships meeting far out at sea call for any news of the Captain and crew of the *Mary Celeste.* From one ship to another the story is told. Whalers in the North Atlantic visiting sister ships, ask for news, and speculate upon the whereabouts of Captain Ben. Clipper ship captains come home, and in the stores, the blacksmith shop, at the Post Office comment on the probable fate of Capt. Ben and the *Mary Celeste.* They wait in Sippican, in the Old Landing, the Center, for news, and tell of how they felt when the ship went down, and they clung to spars and deck hatches, as did Capt. Oliver of the *Julia A. Hallock.* They can understand that adventure, that death, but

this mysterious silence is beyond their experience. They tell again of their escapes from old ocean. Joe Snow Luce talks again of being on the lost ship *Asia* with Capt. J. F. Cowen or Rochester and Steve Delano of the Old Landing on board.

There is the story told in the Mecurio and Valparaiso West Coast Mail. It was two years before the *Graduate* went down, when the *Asia* of New Bedford had sailed from New Castle. England with a cargo of 1400 tons of coal for San Francisco and was caught in a Cape Horn blow. A heavy snow storm and gale from the South West wrecked the ship on the 21 of August on Barnwell Island.

"The ship at the time of the accident was under close reefed and foretopmast stag sail" according to the Valparaiso paper, "when she struck surf that was running so high that it was found impossible to lower boats and a spar was run from the boat on the rocks, by means of which the crew were enabled to reach the shore. The ship struck the eighth fathom within ten minutes after the Captain, who was the last on board, left. The only food they could get ashore was a barrel of biscuit and a few tins of preserved meat, not amounting to half a biscuit a day during the time they were on the Island.

There were nineteen men, and they suffered indescribably from cold, hunger and thirst. They didn't have sufficient canvas to rig a shelter for all, and had to stand outside watch and watch for fifteen days, without fire, only possessing for fuel a few pieces of the wrecked bark."

One ship came in sight, only to pass out again, leaving them with a horror at seeing her depart. Up to that day they had received a biscuit a day for rations, but it became necessary to diminish this to half a biscuit. In calm weather they picked up a few shell fish. For fifteen days the snow fell. They were afraid of the Indians. For 21 days they watched after the first ship showed on the horizon, and then they saw another approaching rapidly. It was the British bark *Professor Airey*.

"You know" said Joe, "I shipped at Valparaiso on the *Northern Light* for Woods Hole, but Capt. came into New Bedford. Just four years ago that was. Well, here we are, and I

can't help thinking we'll hear from Ben. Some ship has picked him up, or they have landed somewhere on some island. We'll hear!"

The circle around the sawdust ringed stove, nodded heads, and a few spat vigorously.

A clipper ship captain who has driven down from the Old Landing gives his opinion.

"As I see it, it was the alcohol! Sometime before noon the mornin' follerin' the last entry in the Log, the wind bein' Southerly and the weather warm, I figger the gas which had accumulated in the hole had expanded and begun to rumble. Alcohol, will do that, yer know. I figger Ben had the *Celeste* hove to on the Starboard tack. He would have had the top gallant yard lowered, and also would have let go the gaff topsail halliards. They would then have braced the yards around so as to bring the square sails about. That would stop her headway."

Heads nod assent.

"Then they lowered the boat, and brought it alongside. Sarah picked up the baby from the bed, and they were got into the boat. Then Ben went back to the Cabin, put the ship's papers in his pocket, picked up the chronometer and sextant. In the meantime the cook was hastily getting some canned stuff from the drawer."

The voice stopped, a vision of sailors jumping into a little boat, perhaps a boat capsizing. Capt. Steven stops talking. There is silence in the circle. Everywhere sailors talked, there came the same silence.

A baby; an open boat!

The story reaches the homes of the sailors who signed up for the voyage on the ship.

From Mettersum, Isle of Fohr, Prussia, comes a letter.

"Please excuse me of writing these few lines of information regarding two sailors, brothers, belonging to the American Brig *Mary Celeste*, their mother and their wives wish to know in which condition the ship had been found, whether the boats were gone or not, so as to find out on what day they have left

the ship, and farther do they like to know whether any signs of disturbance have been found on board. I know three of the sailors personally and know them to be peaceable, and first class sailors. Please favour us with an answer and let us know your opinion why they left the Brig."

And the story tellers of the world begin to tell their opinions of how and why the sailors left the brig! Mutiny! Bearded pirates! Money stolen from the crew and trouble! A crazy Captain! Huge seaserpents who cleaned the deck in one swoop! Great devil fish whose long arms picked off one by one the crew while the crazed onlookers jumped into the sea!

Long ago the voice of Mate DeVeau, the questions of the Queen's Proctor the opinions of the Judge, ceased. In Gibraltar, there came a picture in the minds of all who listened.

Eight men, a frail woman, a baby, an open boat on the open ocean, one hundred miles from St. Mary's Isle; no compass, a little canned food, and no water!

The Journal of Commerce, April 9, 1873.

"Seventeen hundred pounds sterling has been awarded by the Admiralty Court of Gibraltar to the salvors (master and crew of Br. Brig *Dei Gratia*) of brig *Mary Celeste*, from New York, taken into Gibraltar, derelict; costs of suit to be paid out of property saved. The *Mary Celeste* was valued at $8,700. and her cargo at $36,943.00."

Mr. Perry, the 2nd Mate of the *Julia A. Hallock* came home to Middleboro. He sent word he would come to Sippican, and tell of the last hours of Capt. Oliver, but poor little daughter of Minister Cobb could stand no more. Her boys, Benjamin, 37 years old, and Oliver, 35, both gone.

"Tell him not to come" she said.

The brothers did not meet at Barcelona, to human eyes, and Rose Cottage was closed. There seemed no one left to come home from the sea.

Sixty years, and still the house lot below Rose Cottage, as Capt. Oliver left it, with its stout stone curbing, the arbor vitae hedge, the elms, the huge blocks of granite, waits, ready for the new house.

Captain Oliver Briggs — "Whose arbor-vitae hedge waits after sixty years"

The pine and locust trees have grown up concealing the huge stones from curious passers by, and the people of the village have made a winding path over the roots of the forest trees to the old graveyard beyond.

Only the seabirds perhaps, as they circled over the waste of ocean knew where the young Sippican captains were swept in the wild grey waters so far from home.

One little ship broken into driftwood by the great waves pounding the shores of Spain; the other piloted by alien hands through the stormy Straights under frowning Gibraltar, to sail and sail in the imagination of the world.

Chapter XV

A GREAT LADY COMES HOME

"Yes; all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans.

One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea."

MELVILLE.

Over in New Bedford lived the little school marm, Betsy Pitcher, grand daughter of Dr. John Pitcher, "chief surgeon of a regiment in the Revolutionary war", and Elizabeth Sprague, his wife, daughter of Lt. Noah Sprague, and Sarah, of the first families of Rochester.

Betsy had been away from her native village, Sippican, a half a century. She was now Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Pitcher Taber, a widow, rich, lonely, full of energy.

From good investments in ships and whaling, and later in cotton mills and bank stock, as to all Old Dartmouth families, had come to her a large fortune. Some of the money invested, it was whispered, (and it was the truth), was an inheritance from her slave owning brother, Theophilus, who was killed in a slave uprising.

Not like King Philip's War had the trouble between the States burned over Plymouth County, and placed prisoners on the Lands of Sippican. No dark figures lurked in the woodlands with revenge in the heart, to come forth at night to waste and kill, but dark thoughts lurked in the minds of the people.

There are more ways of killing life than burning and ravaging. A fire had swept the land, and even the sea, and taken high hopes and beauty from the lives of the people. It was as though all the trees and flowers had been scorched, and now, like a slow fire, deep down in the peat bogs, thoughts

of lost brothers, husbands, fathers—lost ships—idle ships—dead sailors—slowly consumed the roots, the ambitions of the small sea villages. The old captains and ship builders were depressed and dull.

In 1861 there had been 508 whalers sailing from Buzzards Bay ports. In 1866 only 199 left the wharves. In 1868 three or four whalers still went out from Sippican, rolling around the South Atlantic, making "plum pudding" voyages. The *Cohannet*, Capt. Hathaway; the *Express*, Capt. Handy; the *William Wilson;* the *Admiral Blake* sailed out in May and came home in September or October, but captain after captain retired and gave up investing in ships.

The young mates kept on, hoping to become captains. They wrote in their diaries quite in the old manner of "before the war". "Head winds, and so 21 days getting from Gibraltar to Geneva". And the gay mate writes home:

"You have no doubt heard of the beautiful sky of Italy. The weather is mild, and I have seen some quite pretty sunsets, but it does not come up to my expectations. I expect to lay here some time, as they are so slow in these old countries — after commencing discharging I expect it will be twenty days before we are unloaded, and then I suppose they will send us to Leghorn as that is the port we are to load at.

When you write, let me know how you all are, and all about the farm, the fresh hay, how the apples turned out, and the peaches, and how Prince and the pony get along, also the hens and the kittens, and how the crops turned out, and if my potatoes turned out as usual — I forgot to mention that our Captain holds meetings twice a week in the Cabin — all hands attend. He is a very good man — More anon."

Thus on Sept. 27, 1870 writes the gay young mate, but it was a dismal village to which the letter came.

More little whalers were condemned; more little ships lost. On September 12, 1871, at Point Belcher, whaling for Buzzards Bay was finished. Five ships were crushed by the Arctic ice, and then the great fleet was abandoned, left to the slowly creeping Polar floe. Familiar ships to Sippican like

Gay Head, Awashonks, and others left to perish in the Northern sea, splintered and ground into atoms by the pounding ice.

It was a dull, solemn time in the villages of old Sippican. One day the great lady came home and looked about her. Very rich for her time, her husband, her infant children dead, very much alone and growing old, she thought much of her native town.

Ever since Dr. Ellis, her brothers, and the other sea captains had interested her in the little collection of books called a library given out from Dr. Ellis's home, her mind had turned more and more to childhood scenes.

She gave Union Hall, a building next to the old Seminary, to the Congregational church for the benefit of the Ladies Benevolent Society, and other church work.

She began to make many trips over the dusty road from New Bedford. The customs of Captain Elisha Luce's days still ruled the village. Not so many wives and families of captains going to New York. Much going to meeting with sermons of hell fire and brimstone. The Methodists who had been supporting two meeting houses, were listening for the high sharp blast of the angel Gabriel. The children up "Happy Ally" way had just given up walking barefooted to the services, putting on their shoes and stockings within sight of the building; but they still had hours of listening in uneasy fear to the minister calling out for sinners to repent, waving his arms, jumping over the pulpit, striking terror to the hearts of his hearers with shouts and warnings of the "last day", causing them to walk home solemnly under the stars. When a comet flared in the sky, the children would creep into their beds and pull the patchwork quilts over their heads at the thoughts of white robed people and a trumpet, when somehow "the sheep and the goats" would be driven up a wide, wide path.

Little hearts scarcely beat until the sun descended below the horizon on those terrible "last days!"

Everybody made much of funerals. In some ways it was quite an entertainment to enter the spic and span house, and sit with the rooms full of chairs from the chambers above; and know that all the relatives were there, gathered from far and

near whether they were on speaking terms or not; and see whether "the departed" "looked natural"; weep at the wailing hymn, "We shall meet on that beautiful shore," sung by a quartet upstairs or in a distant room; and comment on the way home on how the property was to be divided, whether the widow would get her share "seein' as she hadn't spoke a livin' word to him for five years".

The funeral sermons were perhaps not as long as Lieut. John Hammond's, but long enough to tell every detail in the closed life and harrow up the feelings of friends and neighbors; and a real good funeral was one where there wasn't a dry eye in the house. Everybody always "saw to it" that there was an extra pocket handkerchief concealed about the person somewhere.

It was the custom to toll the bell when the funeral procession of a prominent person left the church until about the time it entered the graveyard gate.

Sometimes the age was tolled out solemnly when an old person died.

The women in the village stop working, sewing or baking and exclaim "So old Betsy is gone. I knew she was sinkin'."

The church bell *rang* for fires, for military calls.

Mourners weren't supposed to appear in public places except at meeting for a year anyway. Most families went into mourning for two years.

The Old Landing was a little more lively. Some of the captains and their wives still went on voyages to Europe and came home, and dressed up in fine clothes from New York, and made calls and invited relatives to tea, and drove down and occupied the front family pews in the meeting house, wearing stiff silks and beautiful shawls and earrings, and much other jewelry, to the envy of the Sippican people who sat in the back seats and munched caraway seeds and ginger.

When with a great rustling they all turned at the last hymn to face the choir in the gallery, many a Sippican girl went red to the ears to think that Philura and Abbie and Mary Sanford and Alice Bert, captain's daughters all, and Mrs. Capt'n Newton, and Cap'n Stephen, and Cap'n John, and all the other Old

Landing people, could examine the backs of their bonnets and their make-shift flowers colored by cranberry juice.

The Old Landing had a real Russian Countess living there. The powerful waves of the surge of war did strange things to many lives.

Over in the gorgeous glittering court life of Russia, in the snows of St. Petersburg, lived a brilliant girl, Aline Petrovna Kuzmishchova, the daughter of a great Admiral, former Governor General of Archangelsk, and niece of Prince Odoyevsky who was a poet and composer of music, with his own orchestra for private concerts for the family and guests. The young countess Aline was a talented musician whose piano playing had been praised by Rubenstein himself. She spoke English, Italian and French.

From the stilted magnificent life of the Russian court she came to the Old Landing a bride of the young Ensign James Delano, son of Capt. Obed. He was an officer on the U. S. S. *Augusta.*

After the war when the attempt was made to assassinate Czar Alexander II, the Assistant Sec'y of the Navy was sent to convey the congratulations of the United States Government to the Emperor on his escape from death.

The *Augusta* convoyed the United States Monitor, *Miantenomah,* the first war vessel of her type to cross the Atlantic. The party was entertained royally at the ports of Spain, France, and Sweden.

The Countess Aline and the handsome young officer met during the stay of the *Augusta* in St. Petersburg, and later the American officer went back to Russia and brought the young countess home to the Old Landing.

She touched the life of the village for many years and showed her love for the town in many ways, at one time planning to leave her fortune to the library.

So the Old Landing was more haughty than ever.

To this day the exclusive dipper of the Old Landing girls at the "Red Rock School" rankles in the hearts of old Sippican

and Happy Alley. "Think of it! Their own dipper!" exclaim the old ladies.

Sippican lower village was shabby. Houses needed repairs. People moved away. Captain Ben's family had gone to California.

A rambling sandy road, with a little cluster of houses around the meeting house and down at the wharf. There were many vacant fields where Cottage and South Street are now; and around Silver Shell and Nye's wharf were cranberry bogs and cow pastures.

The ship yards were silent; the saltworks long since gone.

No houses showing across the harbor except Henry Dow Allen's farm house through the trees.

Coasting schooners still came in, but the merchant men and steam boat captains voyaged from Boston and New York.

The old woods roads grew up to tall forest trees, with only names to call once travelled roads to mind.

"Old Solomon's Place", the "Will Place", only stunted apple trees, a clump of yellow lilies or a group of lilacs.

"Lilacs watching a deserted house
Settling sideways into the grass of an old road
A lop sided shock of bloom
Above a cellar dug into a hill."

A dismal little village, with the aristocratic Old Landing running town affairs from the "Old Landing Store" where sat a group of "square riggers", self appointed dictators of the little town that hailed as "Marion".

Henry James described it a little later in "The Bostonians".

"The little straggling loosely clustered town. It lay along the edge of a blue inlet. The houses looked at each other across the grass—low, rusty, crooked distended houses with dry, cracked faces and the dim rays of small paned stiffly sliding windows. Their little dooryards bristled with rank old-fashioned flowers mostly yellow and on the quarter that stood back from the sea the fields sloped upward and the woods in which they presently lost themselves looked down over the roofs".

"The old ship masters lingering in their dim doorways as if conscious of a lack of encouragement to sit up, and yet remembered the nights when they wouldn't have thought of turning in at all."

"The shipyards were silent; the whalers were almost gone from the sea. Many widows of sailors wrecked in distant parts of the oceans were living in the old houses. Many widows and mothers of boys lost near Fredericksburg and in Southern Prisons sat in the church pews on Sundays".

So Betsy Taber found her village.

Many things saddened her. She had always been interested in books and schools.

The closed Seminary, and the shabby little collection of books belonging to the Library Association that she had helped, issued semi-occasionally from an upper room, irritated her.

She made many trips to Sippican. She kept them "guessing" in the stores, on the wharves, wondering, wondering what she was "up to".

The "Captain's ring" in the Old Landing moved their chairs uneasily in "Charlie Henry's store", and blinked when she bought a great tract of land on a lane that led from Main St. up through the "Bight", the Sunday School picnic grounds, and where Capt. Henry Allen had his stone oil factory.

She consulted her banker, architect, builder, and suddenly there stood in the lane, now Spring Street, a stately two story building with Corinthian pillars, and with a real whaler's lookout cupola on top.

It was "snap" (her own word), that she wanted to put into her home village.

To rouse it, to fill it full of the energy of her young days. Over and over again she used the expression "to put some snap" into Sippican.

There had been no record of any meeting of the Library Association since 1867 then like a tocsin call to sleeping sentries came a *snappy* letter!

She knew what she wanted and said so! She stated her conditions in regard to the new building for the Library.

On July 21, 1872 a meeting of the Library Association was called to see what to do about Mrs. Taber's requests to the Association.

Capt. Peleg Blankinship explained what Mrs. Taber wished and it was voted to accept her plans for her new building "with all the conditions there in". Capt. Henry Allen and Capt. Benjamin Briggs were there. S. W. Hall, Postmaster, son-in-law of Dr. Ellis, was clerk.

And another letter came!

On Sept. 10, 1872 it was read at the old Seminary building at 7½ o'clock with Joe Snow Luce Esq., the hotel keeper, presiding.

It was dated "New Bedford, September:
To the members of the Marion Library Asso. and the members of the natural History Society—
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Herewith you will receive a deed of a building recently erected by me at Marion — together with a policy of insurance on the same — which I ask you to accept, as a testimonial of my esteem and kind regards for the above named institutions —and of the inhabitants of Marion, generally.

For some years past, I have felt a desire for the promotion of education and knowledge in my native village and especially among the rising generation.

As the time had come when it was needful to enlarge your borders, I thought I could do nothing better at present than to erect this building that the deposits in each department, as well as all that should be added in years to come, might have a permanent resting place.

A good library, and museum of Natural History well patronized I consider legitimate sources of intelligence and refinement, and it has been my wish to place these associations on a firm foundation.

My object is accomplished — so far, at least, as a home for the books and specimens are concerned.

I make the bequest to you, hoping you will guard all the interests with watchful care and in view of the success which

has attended your efforts in the past — that you will not be discouraged though you meet with obstacles in the way of its advancement.

Much has been accomplished since the first formation, much remains to be done to make them effective to the end in view.

Therefore I hope you will not rest on present achievements — but press onward to higher and higher attainments, till they become unitedly a *praise* and a *power* in the community. I am, Ladies and Gentlemen very respectfully your friend

Elisabeth Taber".

It was voted to give Mrs. Taber a vote of thanks for the generous deed of gift of building and two insurance policies of $4000.00 each, and that the association relinquish its rights to use the upper room in the new building to the Natural History Society.

And the inaugural ceremonies of the new building "to take place some day week after next, the day to be named by Mr. D. C. Smith of Rockland, Me.," the son-in-law of Old Deacon Thompson who had bought the Handy Tavern.

For the next few years Mrs. Taber was often in Sippican.

Capt. John Pitcher had died and left his home to the Church. The Pitcher farm land was being cut into lots and sold. The Pitchers were dying out—Catherine Pitcher died in 1871—Anna C. in 1873 and Capt. James S. H. who lived on the Rochester Road (the Capt. Justice Briggs house now) died in 1874—nobody left to whom to leave her fortune.

And so the plans for Sippican grew.

Another great building rose on the corner of the Main road and the lane.

A new Academy building! A school for aristocrats for those who could pay tuition, as were all of the private schools in the days of the captains.

Mrs. Taber agreed with the aristocrats of New Bedford, when in 1823 it was "the wish of the lower with some of the middling class of the inhabitants of the Town" to quote the Anthony Diary "to have all the children of the Town to be edu-

cated together at the public expense in Town schools," "they found the town too aristocratic to carry a thing of this kind into operation."

A half a century later her feeling was the same.

New life came into "Sippican Lower Village".

The Library Association held its adjourned annual meeting at "Taber Institute," and voted in regard to its shares, and what should happen on the death of an owner of shares, and what sort of a certificate should be given share holders.

Everything seemed to move faster because of the advent of a strong personality in the village, for "Elisabeth Taber" had come home!

She moved over one day and took up her residence in Sippican in an upper room of the new Academy, while another building was being erected just beyond the Library.

The Secretary of Yale University was a distant relative, and she wrote to him that she wanted a man to act as head of a new school she was establishing. He recommended Clark P. Howland, a Yale graduate, who was then teaching in a Military School in New Haven.

She named the school *Tabor* Academy, spelling her name with an "o" for Mt. Tabor in Palestine!

On Friday, Sept. 14, with the new principal and an assistant and a few pupils, the school opened.

Mrs. Taber sat on the platform while the 19th Psalm was read, and a prayer was said, and so Tabor Academy began.

"Rose Cottage" was deserted. Capt. Nathan, Capt. Oliver and Capt. Benjamin came back from the ocean lanes no more, and the "Cottage" was opened for the new principal of Tabor Academy.

When Tabor Hall was finished as the house for the head of the school, Mrs. Taber occupied two rooms on the south side second floor, and the assistant to the Principal had the rooms in the Academy Building Mrs. Taber vacated.

There were no good high schools in the surrounding towns, and Wareham, Mattapoisett, Rochester, and Fairhaven sent many boys and girls to Tabor.

In the meantime, Mrs. Taber had been persuaded to give the youth of Marion free tuition.

The morning trains in at the little Railroad Station, brought a group of laughing, chattering boys and girls who walked down in the crisp air coming in like a breeze to their recitations. The school steadily increased until there were over a hundred pupils enrolled, with boys boarding in the village.

For 12 years it was Mrs. Taber's own school, with the young people under her influence.

She was autocratic, dictatorial, but when persuaded a course was right, did not hesitate to change her plan.

The excitement of the feud between Mrs. Taber and the Old Landing Captains!

The rulers of the town! The old mariners who put in and put out selectmen, road surveyors, constables, from their "office" the "Old Landing Store!"

Mrs. Taber opposed the "Captain's Ring", and to her delight and the bewilderment of the dazed "square riggers", defeated their candidates and the control was broken.

And then the schools were graded! And her Principal was the superintendent! And old school houses condemned!

Down by the wharves the life died slowly. Only once in a year now was a big whaler's sail brought into the sail loft.

The *Julia Nelson, B. A. Warford, Narragansett, Abby J., Thomas Potter*, docked with lumber, coal, oak plank, flour, and grain to take away box boards, slabs, and edging.

The schooner *Argo* comes in for 40 cords of wood perhaps, and the *William Wilson* pays for "Winter Dockage".

There had been "wharfage charges" printed in 1874, with a long list of figures for barrels and casks, and boxes of copper, sugar, chests of tea, anchors and chains, grain and salt, Russian and American duck; clap boards and lathes; hemp, cordage and fish; ballast and cabooses; coal and iron. On all vessels "over 60 tons burthen per day, .02½; on all vessels hauled up at the Island Dock, one half the above fee."

"Wood moved by teams, per cord, .15. Wood that has to be carted, .10". "On all wood lying over 3 months an additional wharfage shall be paid for each 3 months except from the 1st of December to the 1st of April."

Captain George Luce is at home dabbling a little in politics, spreading codfish over "the Island" property and collecting "Wharfage".

For the years 1875-76 the wharf brought in only $74.94.

The charm of the sea and wood land, and especially the good fishing had begun to draw people to the little hotel that Joe Snow Luce had made from the Hiller farm house.

Just after the Civil War several families had come down from Boston, from Providence, from New York — the Abbots, the Barrows, the Pomeroys.

By the time Mrs. Taber had built the Academy, the town was repairing a road to the big, square wooden structure on Great Hill called the "Marion House".

A great lady was improving the little village by putting up beautiful buildings on its vacant lots, and fishermen from Boston and New York were getting a "mess of tautog" on Capt. Geo's and Capt. Bill's fishing ground, "Bobel Bouy".

In the stores when the men folks gathered in the light of a kerosene lamp on the fall evenings in their cape coats, sou'-westers, and pea jackets; sat in wooden arm chairs, or on nail kegs and cracker boxes around the bulging red hot stove and spat at the wooden box of saw dust in which the stove stood; they settled not only the affairs of the village, how the oyster grants were paying, who was going in as selectman, how Joe Snow Luce could make such a big hotel pay as the "Bay View", whether the "Marion House" wasn't putting him out of business, Mrs. Taber's next move, but they also speculated on a new subject the letting and selling of houses for the fishing season.

Good fishing! The men came, and the families looked at land. Houses near the waterfront were taken. New names were appearing on the Marion tax lists.

An old Admiral had bought the Sherman house!

On July 22, 1879 old Rochester-Towne-in-New England turned out for a celebration. Quarrels forgotten, with flags

flying and bands playing, with processions, with speeches and toasts and compliments and hand shakings, all the villages came home.

There were special trains with 30 carloads of people besides many, many carriages.

All the stores were closed in Wareham, Agawam, Tremont, South Tremont and South Wareham, as well as in Rochester Center, Marion and Mattapoisett.

Everybody had a holiday! The Franconia and the South Wareham Iron works were closed down. It was the 200th birthday of Rochester-Towne, and her children of the "Lands of Sippican" came home.

There was not room to hold the celebration on Little Neck, around Minister's Rock, where they came riding in to take up the lots on that far away day.

A great pine grove, near where the water pumping station is now, on the road from the Old Landing to the Center, was chosen.

In the official Record of the Day one reads:

"Joseph S. Luce, Esq." had been directed by the town of Marion to copy the old proprietor's records, and he "called the attention of the authorities of the several towns that on the 22nd day of July, 1679, the first meeting of the proprietors was held at Plymouth and steps taken towards forming a settlement at Sepecan."

Committees were chosen by the several villages with a dozen captains serving on them:

Captain Alden Besse, Captain Benj. L. Gibbs of Wareham, Capt. Obed Delano, Captain R. F. Hart, Captain I. N. Hathaway, Captain I. N. Lewis of Marion.

Captain Joseph R. Taber, Captain Franklin Cross, Captain Charles Bryant, Mattapoisett.

Captain Judah Hathaway, Captain John G. Dexter, Rochester.

The officers of the day were: Gerald C. Tobey, of Wareham, President; Wilson Barstow, Mattapoisett, Vice President; George Purrington, Jr., Mattapoisett, Chief Marshall; Rev. H.

C. Vose, Marion, Toastmaster; Rev. William Leonard of North Rochester, Chaplain.

The Standish Guards of Plymouth, Co. H. 1st Regiment Infantry, M. V. M. Capt. Herbert Morissey, gave their services, and the Middleboro Brass Band was engaged.

It sprinkled a few drops in the early morning but by the time the procession started from the Marion Railroad Station up the road to the center, the sun was shining.

Heavy arches of green, flags, festooned bunting in red, white and blue, a large white banner with "Bi-Centennial" on it in letters 2 ft. high, made of small flags, marked the entrance to the grove.

The speaker's stand had a canopy of sail cloth festooned with red, white and blue bunting.

So under the pine trees of the "lands of Sippican" the children of the lands met in honor of their forefathers. Six thousand of them under the forest trees.

Among the distinguished guests of the State were three Indians, descendants of Massasoit, the great friend of the Pilgrims, and of the Black Sachem, Tuspaquin.

Down from the Ponds had come Woolonekamuske and Tewellema, two Indian girls, conspicuous in the costumes of their forefathers of 300 years ago. With their blankets and necklaces; clothes ornamented in embroidery of sky blue and orange; deerskin with trimmings of white shells and beads and "richly wrought moccasins", they sat with their mother, who wore black, on the speaker's stand.

One wore a "cap curiously constructed of partridge feathers surmounted by beads, and the other a head dress of scarlet cloth, ingeniously worked with white beads surmounted with a single tall drooping white feather."

And the band played national airs, and a choir of fifty voices under the leadership of George M. Delano sang 'Auld Lang Syne.'

A prayer went up in praise of the beautiful day, and for the "vast multitude assembled to celebrate in a befitting manner the first settlement of this ancient domain by our illustrious

ancestors"—praise for "God's wondrous dealings with the Pilgrim Fathers." Praise for piloting them "over the trackless sea in safety", and defending and guiding them.

A prayer for their sons and daughters! "Make us worthy of our sires". A prayer for those there "of those primal lords of these ancient forests, and for all the great nation of America."

Gerard C. Tobey, of the Wareham village of old Rochester-Towne, President of the Day, said "As I look upon this large concourse of people, and, from this platform, see around me so many brave men who have so often surmounted the surging ocean in its fury, who have commanded every kind of craft from a fishing boat to coaster, whale ships, merchantmen, steamships—old vikings of every sea—I feel here today, indeed, as if I were intruding upon somebody's quarter deck. It may be a proper deference for me just now to say to strangers visiting us who may be doubtful of the address of any resident hereabout, call him "Captain", and you will not be far from right; for, if you do not find him already a master mariner, the chances are that he will be very soon."

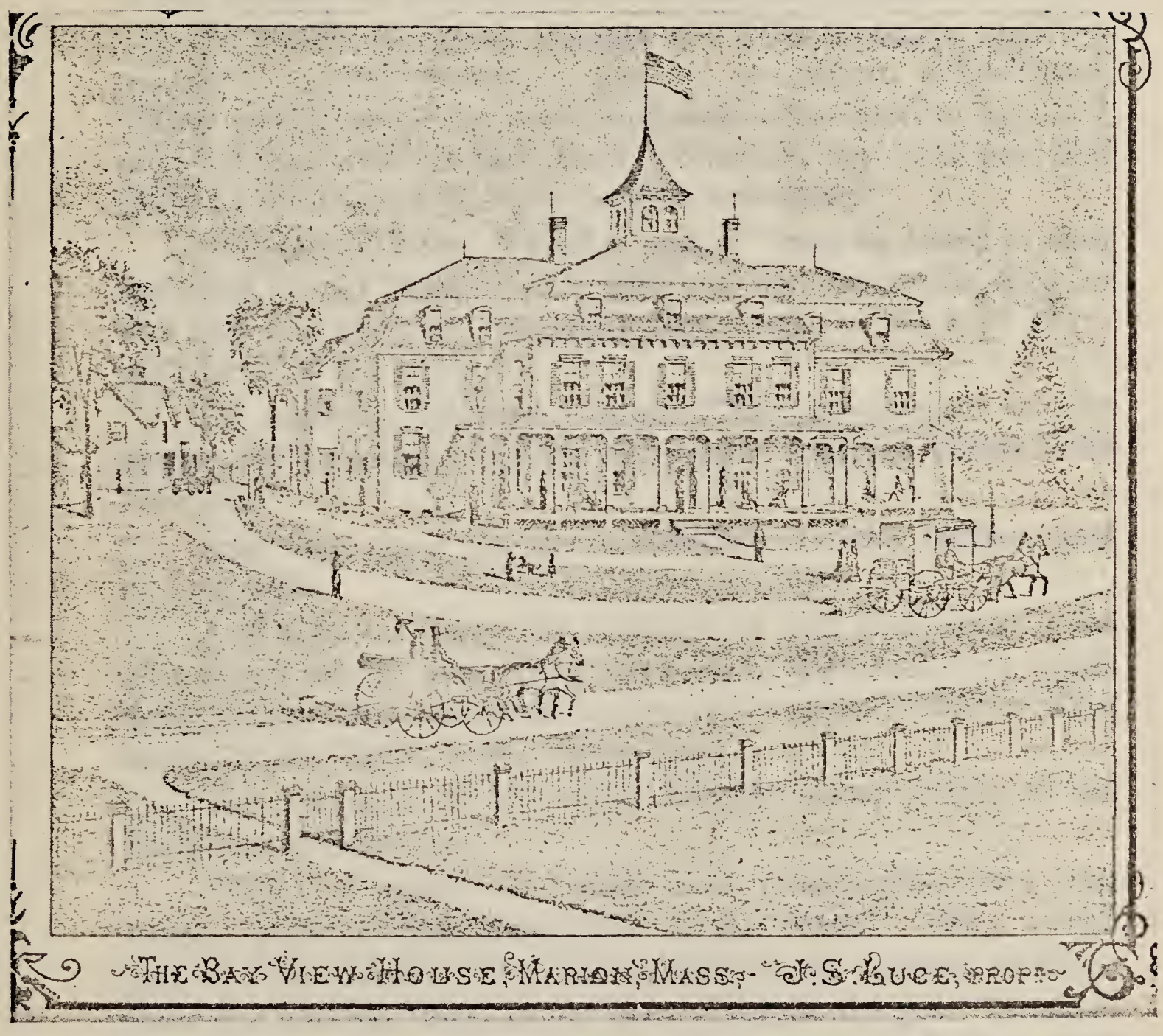
He spoke of "the feeble strip of Christianity struggling for existence upon a hostile coast" and goes on to welcome Americans to old Rochester

" 'For Saxon, or Dane or Norman, we,
Teuton, or Celt, whatever we be'—

American, heart unto heart in this historic place near the picturesque shores of our beautiful bay — this bay so generous, so bounteous in gifts alike for sustenance, and for enjoyment—this bay so charming in outline and coulours — the waters whereof were to our forefathers a highway of traffic between New Plymouth and New Amsterdam, and will become, upon the completion of the projected canal, the highway of a great commerce from the shores at the North of us to the whole Atlantic coast southward."

The orator of the day, Rev. N. W. Everett, called the roll of the Pilgrim sons and daughters, and distinguished soldiers of wars, and orators of congress, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, captains, and pilgrims all.

"Sons of Mother Ocean" — Sketched by C. D. Gibson for Frank Stockton's *Merry Chanter*



The Inn that to Henry James "suggested dreadfully an early bedtime"

He traced the history of the "Lands of Sippican":

"Here, we stand today where our fathers stood 200 years ago. The same heavens are above us; the same ocean washes these shores. — Instead of the dense forest we look out upon smiling villages. Instead of the howl of the wolf and the yell of the savage, we hear the music of the church bell."

He recalls the great changes of "This inventive age" — railroads — steamboats — gas — gun-cotton, chloroform! "What would one of the old Continentals, that used to stop and pick his flint with his jack knife, in action, say of a gun that could be discharged 26 times without reloading?"

He quoted Daniel Webster, and of "how he loved to fish, and hunt in our woods and waters and that before he died he was heard to exclaim "Buzzards Bay is one of the most beautiful bays in the world."

He ends by quoting Lincoln "The government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

And then came the great clambake — the Indian feast of long ago.

And they sat down, the children of Old Rochester in the pine forest not far away from the road to Whitehall over which their fathers had travelled in the early days to the meeting house, to the "mil", to the "town meet".

The responses to the toasts brought many a son of old Rochester to memory.

"What a galaxy of noble and entertaining men and women gave a wide reputation to the town!" Like a roll call of "the lands" came the names of its famous children from the earliest times to the Hon. Tristam Burgess "the bald eagle of the North", who quelled "Randolph of Roanoke". In 1830 he is saying of his ancestors "Independence was their first inspiration and from that hour to this all true Americans who have understood and pursued the great interests of the country have lived and labored for independence."

To the Toast—"The Aborigines, once the rightful owners of the soil", Gen. Ebenezer W. Pierce of Freetown responded.

Gen Pierce had extended his study of the Indians from sketches and stories, to town records and the public archives of the country, and he commented upon what the committee had done in inviting honored guests for the occasion.

Something he "had never known to have been done before on an occasion of this kind, your committee have done well to invite — living representatives of the nationality and people that possessed this goodly land before our Pilgrim fathers came hither. And we are thus able to see, to look upon, question and hold converse with the lineal descendants of those who for thousands of years, for aught we know, here lived, moved, and had a being, swaying unquestioned and unobstructed, the scepter of power, true representatives of pre-historic centuries and pre-historic man."

He spoke of the two Indian Kings who ruled New England and much of New York — Ousamequin, afterwards called by the white comers "good old Massasoit" and "Sassacus" to whom they applied the appellation of the 'terrible'."

He spoke of "Massasoit's lordly domain of what is now the counties of Barnstable, Bristol, Plymouth, Duke and Nantucket, together with a large part of the State of Rhode Island and the islands contiguous."

He who had searched the records said "To the kindness of Massasoit more than to any other one cause, and indeed more than to all other causes combined, did the Pilgrim Fathers owe their success in the attempt to settle a European Colony in the New England portions of North America."

In responding to the Toast — "The Pilgrims", Judge Thomas Russell of Boston, the President of the Pilgrim Society, spoke of the coming of a canal across Cape Cod and referred to a prophecy made in 1627 "In a lonely spot one of the men stationed where the corn and tobacco were stored spent some leisure hours drilling into a rock the words

"The Eastern nation sink; their glory ends;
And Empire rises where the sun descends."

The great meeting of the sons and daughters of "the Lands of Sippican" in 1879, marks almost the year when their

lands pass out of the exclusive possession of the old timers and their families. The lands are looked upon and pronounced delectable by Boston, New York. And on the word spread until the farther cities of the country hear. Of course, the children of the Pilgrims always turned towards home. As one said, at the Bi-Centennial of the Railroad to Boston: "The success of the Old Colony was due to the fact that every Plymouth boy, and every son and daughter of Cape Cod was determined, if possible, to spend every Saturday night at home". "Here are men who have sailed among the islands where perpetual summer scatters fruit and flowers over the fertile lands, where the soil and climate are all that ours are not, and yet you never envied the inhabitants of those Edens; you always turn with pride and joy to your own dear Old Colony."

The children and the children's children come home; but others are coming too and buying land.

That year of 1879 Lyman Blake of Boston had bought Charles Neck Point and was about to build a house.

The Mears of Brookline, Holmes of Bradford, Col. McKay of Cambridge, Rev. C. Everett of Chicago were some who rented cottages; then bought land and built little summer homes near the harbour shores.

The charms of the "dear old Colony" were getting into print.

In the Boston Evening Transcript of Oct. 17, 1879, one can read, "The cottages are built as near the sea as possible, not more than a rod or two from it, and the salt air, blowing directly from the sea, comes laden with health and vigor. Life in a cottage by the sea has charms which those who have never experienced them cannot realize.

There are the magnificent sunsets every evening, to which the reflection from the water lends an added beauty. And the water too, is something of which we never tire, whether it is studied in its calm majesty lying so quietly with merely a ripple to break its otherwise perfect stillness, while the white caps sail placidly on its surface; or whether we watch it when it seems to dash itself in anger against the rocks, the waves breaking in foam and spray, as fresh billows come up to meet

it with a like fate; or whether at sunset we watch the brilliant colours of the sky, reflected upon its surface — bright crimson and gold gradually melting into pale blue and pink and lilac blending and mingling so imperceptibly in the rippling water that we become bewildered with the lovely tints."

The captains wondered why anybody wanted to live on the water.

They built their houses along the Rochester road, and far from the sea, most of them, that when they were at home they might look at green fields, and farm lands, and trees, and gardens.

Captains' sons were beginning to think of law, and medicine, and railroads, but once in a while the call of strange oceans sounded in the ears of Sippican boys. One summer afternoon, four boys, Eben, Frank, Adelbert and Weston, watched a whaler go off the ways with flying colors. The cheers of the crowd, the far-a-way islands of boastful uncles, fathers, cousins, faint echoes of old, old stories, made a fever in their veins. Hearing the *Gay Head* wanted a crew they talked the matter over in their boyish hiding places, behind the barn and woodshed — anywhere away from "the folks".

Many, many years afterward Weston told the story:

"We made up our minds that if the folks objected, we'd run away. Of course not like John and Fred who took a few hardtack and cheese and their guns, and stayed on Ram Island over night, and sneaked home early the next morning. No Sir Ree! We was plannin' to start right! So we went over to Mattapoisett to see Capt. Jenney. He said 'all right' and sent us to the agent — I forget his name — and he sent us to the outfitters.

We were feelin' fine goin' home, but when I got to my house somehow Eben's father had got wind of it, and he had come up dead set agin it, and my father said I couldn't go either. Whalin' was a hard life, and not much money. Del's father come up from Rocky Nook, and he said he wasn't goin' to set his foot down on Del's goin'. He, himself, had been whalin' and it was mighty good trainin' for a boy."

And Adelbert and Frank sailed.

Frank was taken ill on board and left at one of the "Islands". When the ship called on its return from the "grounds", one more life had gone out in the great game of the sea.

Adelbert was to ship before the mast on a merchantman, and on and up to become commander of a Savannah liner.

But by 1880, 28 whalers lay idle at the New Bedford wharves, and the wharves of Sippican were growing grassy. The oil storehouse on Nye's Wharf was falling in ruins. The children climbed nimbly up the "cro's nest" on the *Admiral Blake*, lying at the North side of the deserted Sherman's landing, and called out "Thar she blows!" as they peered from their lofty perch out past Bird Island.

Whales used to come into the bay! Hear the faint chanting! And old Uncle Jim Mendell rambled down from the "Whaler Lookout House", and smiled at the children, who "can go anywhere a cat can" he tells anxious parents. The sail maker in the sail loft looks up from the queer needle he is pushing back and forth with a faint shadow of a smile in his eyes, as they venture in over the mirror-like floor.

Then winter comes, with the Swiss Bell Ringers, and "Comical Brown", cycloramas, and Sandwich Glass Blowers with the wonderful little glass ships, so frail, in the thin bottles.

Always something exciting going on! The Town Hall burned with all the Grammar school books and "Scholar's companions"! The boys and girls went up to Tabor Academy, and Mrs. Taber began to plan a new town hall.

In 1880 the town had two bands, too!

The "Marion Brass Band" and the "American Band", and there was much fiery conversation, and rival concerts and suppers.

The American Band writes to the newspapers, "We have been organized about 15 months, and without one dollar being contributed by the people of town except by way of entertainment (not but what we think we have friends enough to have assisted us had we asked for aid) we have purchased and paid for our instruments. Second, from the report of our

treasurer at our last business meeting we have $160 in the Treasury, enough to run us at least seven months without making an assessment on our members!"

The answer came "The American Brass Band of Marion, or rather some one connected with that fine and flourishing organization, is unnecessarily sensitive." The Words flew back and forth! Husbands and fathers, sons belonged to the bands, and the women talked, too!

Statements were called "absolutely false" in regard to entertainments.

"The reputation of the American Band stands untarnished in this transaction."

"The accounts of the committee are open for inspection at the Band Room."

"Entertainment in Rochester last week by the Marion Band and Dramatic Club was a grand success."

"The American Band had a mammoth clam bake in Handy's Grove."

The Marion Brass Band went over to Wareham and gave a concert, "Wareham appreciates good music especially when coming from the mouths of so fine a lot of gentlemen as those that visited us on Thursday evening last."

"As a word of advice is acceptable at all times, I would say to a few of their members of the American Brass Band that they had better talk less and play more if they wish to keep the good will of the public."

Members withdraw, places are filled with alacrity. They import instruments from Manchester, England.

And the winter comes and the snow falls softly and "Daniel Hall, constable", rides down from Happy Alley with sleigh bells jingling, the great buffalo robe tucked about him, his fur backed glove holding the reins tightly as he draws up to the Post Office to the awe of small boys watching.

Everybody goes to the Band Fairs with four nights' festivities, supper at 25c each night, and a big ball on the last night. Wonderful plays! "Old Folks", "Who's who or All in a Fog", "Comrades", "My Brother's Keeper", "Temptations of

the Irish Emigrant", and the wonderful sum of $300. was netted at one fair; and at the fair of the Marion Cornet Band "the hall was beautifully trimmed with evergreen and flags, with 'Welcome', and other appropriate mottoes neatly arranged".

These were the years when there were grand celebrations of the "glorious fourth", with "horribles" in the grey dawn of the morning, and noise and music all day.

In 1880 there was a banner time with burning of tar barrels, illumination of the residences and public buildings, with the Schooner *Admiral Blake* strung with lanterns in midstream, and fireworks. The two bands played, and "Supper was provided for the American Band at the residence of Capt. Stephen Hadley, at the upper village. The Marion Cornet Band took supper at Hadley's Hall at the Lower village, and the remarks of Dr. H. C. Vose and C. P. Howland were very good and heartily applauded."

A cantata took up the spare evenings during the winter of 1881.

Good Doctor Henry Luce, a champion chess player, was the manager and Miss Maria Cobb, daughter of the old minister, was the organist.

"Every part was well sung, and the audience catching the inspiration are carried back more than twenty centuries ago, and quite unawares find themselves seated so to speak amid the thrilling and exciting scenes of the Persian Court in the days of the beautiful queen."

They had "grand musical and dramatic entertainments" and "Singing school under the instruction of Prof. Eldridge is progressing finely. It now numbers about 50 scholars". "The temperance social held last week at the residence of Miss Sarah Hadley was an enjoyable occasion. The socials are to be held once in two weeks."

And a company playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" comes to town.

Sometimes the "Uncle Tom" troupe has a "blood hound", or two; sometimes something barks off stage. Once in a while

a circus comes to Wareham, and an elephant with his great flaps of ears pads along the sandy road through the Old Landing.

Fishing is good and "the Great Hill House is being rapidly filled up with boarders."

"Our bands are getting to be quite popular and their sweet music is making smiling faces by their weekly concerts."

"A grand excursion to Cottage City from here and Mattapoisett will take place sometime next month. A big time is expected, for two bands will accompany the excursion."

No hard feelings, for both bands are engaged!

And there are performing horses in a tent where the Cozy Theatre is now, and the girls are singing "I'm called Little Buttercup" and "Farewell my own, Light of my life, Farewell". "Pinafore" is perfectly proper so many church singers are in it, at least so thought old Sippican.

And the "great lady" sits in her room at Tabor Hall, and besides planning a new town hall for the village, becomes interested in installing a new organ in the modern fashion in an alcove back of the pulpit in the white meeting house, so the congregation no longer turn their backs to the minister during the last hymn. Mrs. Taber and 84 others contributed towards the organ, and H. L. Crane, assistant to the Principal at the Academy, was installed organist.

The school houses of the town are miserable little crowded buildings, with the teachers and pupils sweeping and building fires.

By 1884 the principal of Tabor Academy is elected on the school committee, and they are planning new school buildings.

A new road is built between the Old Landing and Sippican and they are trying crushed shells on the roads.

The valuation of the town is $786,860. with a rate of $7.75 on a $1,000. The low tax rate is calling residents of other towns and cities to Marion.

Mr. Lyman Blake is a resident, paying a tax of $754.16. The "Great Hill House" has been sold to Albert W. Nickerson, "the Dedham millionaire", and he is paying the large sum of $1,123.12 tax into the treasury.

The band feud was still on.

"The Marion Band gave a most excellent concert on the bandstand Thursday evening to a large audience who gathered in the vicinity. There are a number of band critics in town, who admitted that the Marion Band is a success, and as one of them remarked 'No. 13 in the old book was never played better'."

And then a remark about their rival.

"Somebody says the potato bugs are to hear the American Band of Marion for their 4th of July. Good enough!"

And then this item!

"Regret is universal that our young men are obliged to go abroad to find employment — our retired sea captains, men of wealth — are the principal supporters of our churches, schools and everything that helps maintain good living."

A little bewildered were old Rochester's villages!

For the first time in the history of the lands of Sippican, the ships are off the sea, that brought in fortunes; and there is nothing for the young men growing up to do.

One suggestion was "to establish a factory at or near the railroad station — the town was free from debt — it might be done."

Mrs. Taber pondered, ordered Josephine to piece her cap strings, to save; and built sidewalks, and set out trees near her buildings.

The bands kept on playing — one on the band stand where the Congregational Chapel is now, with the boys holding flaring torches while the perspiring musicians blatted out the stirring tunes, and the children danced up and down in the field opposite, and their elders promenaded back and forth on the sandy roads.

The shrinking incomes of Sippican were pieced out by cranberry picking. Painful backs for the first few October days as whole families stooped scooping up the brilliant red berries.

As far back as 1750 there had been a law passed that no wild cranberries could be gathered before Oct. 1. When the sand blew in on a patch of wild berries, it showed the farmer

how to build a real bog, and cranberries had become a source of income to the villages. Sometimes school was delayed that the boys might earn money enough for their winter suits.

About twice a year the children were taken shopping to New Bedford, either in the little stage that ran from Hadley's Store, or on the train from the "Depot" to Fairhaven, and then over the bridge to New Bedford in the horse cars that connected with the trains, or by the ferry boat that later landed one at the foot of a cobbled street that told of tarred ropes, and whalers, and sailors, and ships at sea.

It was an exciting journey, that took all day for purchases, and going in to Ellis's Art Gallery to see the paintings, or to Wright's Japanese Shop to catch a glimpse of China and lands across the ocean.

The remainder of the year, the shopping was done at home. The matrons and maids of the village climbed up the flight of stairs to the corridor that ran along by the Hall in Hadley's store building (George Bonum Nye's meeting house) and bought their bonnets, and the little girl's hats, of Miss Anne Wittet, the milliner. She sold silk and velvet for trimmings, and ruching and yarn, and worsted for the mottoes of perforated cardboard, on which all the feminine part of the village was spending its dressed-up moments of elegant leisure.

"God Bless our Home". "What is Home without a Mother", were quite simple, but the adventurous ones, in the threading of the long worsted strands, worked "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me", with dashing water at its base and a woman with streaming hair and flowing garments clinging to it. Of course the colors were important, and Anne Eliza Hadley had "The Lord is my Shepherd" in pomegranite and "He leadeth me" in green worsted.

Town meetings came, and house cleaning time, and the children were dosed with "salts and senny", replacing the "sulphur and molasses". Hoops came out, and the marbles, and jack stones, and "counting out" was heard on every vacant lot,

"One Zall, two Zall, Ziggerzall Zan
Bobtail vinegar, tickletum tan
Hairum Scarum, Virgin Myrum
Tee Taw Butt", and a little grimy finger pointing "You're it!"

The little schooners *Hattie Perry, Argo, Admiral Blake, William Wilson, Thomas Potter, Julia Nelson, Wm. Burden, Nelson Hervey, Caroline C.* came and went, and box boards and wood disappeared from the wharves.

The summer visitors came for about six weeks, lived in the little houses, with kerosene lamps, and wells, and drank in the sea air, admired the sunsets, and drove over the sandy road to Mattapoisett, through the stretch of dark pine forests.

Some people were speculating a little in land, and a few cottages were built.

But the great figure in Sippican was Elizabeth Taber!

Sippican had grown up with sea captains and knew what to expect of them, but Elizabeth Taber did startling things. Just as the Old Landing gets to sniffing about Mrs. Taber's pieced cap strings, she says "Isn't the vestry a little damp for the children? What's the name of that Boston architect that has built a house across the road from Timothy Hiller's? Bay View House? Well, I knew it as Timothy Hiller's! Tell him to come up, I want to talk with him."

And the band stand came down on Main St., and a stone towered chapel rose on the "burnt cellar lot."

And in town politics, not with money but from sheer force of will sometimes, sometimes by a real politician's tact, she beat the "Captain's ring", and her ideas dominated the town.

Like some Grand Duchess she wore her old clothes, rode around her grounds in the farm wagon driven by the men working on the place, while Josephine, with her mind closed to voyages to strange coasts, mended, and mended, and mended!

The Pitcher Memorial Fund of $20,000 is given in memory of her family to the white meeting house on the corner.

Tabor Academy grounds aren't extensive enough for a good ball field.

A two story building for a town school had been built just above the Academy building on the Main Street.

Mrs. Taber looked at the land. The town fathers said, "But there is a two story building there! The South Primary School!" "Well" said Mrs. Taber, and down the building wobbled, with the horse stepping round and round, to its present location opposite the Universalist Church.

For "Can't it be moved?" asked Elizabeth Taber.

Chapter XVI

HENRY JAMES AND RICHARD WATSON GILDER COME TO MARION

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again,
How strange it seems, and new!"

BROWNING

Into this little changing world of the captains, their ghost ships and silent sailors, with a triumphant old lady flinging her thousands here and there in the village in the shape of public buildings, there came an alien figure.

A "queer cove", said the old captains, when he first appeared on the road in his picturesque flowing blue cape and wide hat, or bare headed with his black locks tumbling over his forehead.

He was like a visitor from another planet, utterly unlike anybody who had ever appeared on the village streets. True, there had been the four great Africans that Captain Luce had picked up from their canoe blown out into the middle Atlantic, from the coast of Africa. Gigantic savages, who on a visit ashore had nearly scared Roberta Bates to death by standing solemnly in a circle, staring at her white face and long brown hair, and who had caused little Willie Luce to creep up to bed in a terror until he was reassured that the great blacks were safely guarded on board the "*Herald*" in the middle of the harbor.

But this visitor was slight, graceful. He might have been Poe, for whom he says his "attraction was an unending, haunting one." Richard Watson Gilder, poet, editor of the Century Magazine. The Captains were used to all sorts in foreign

ports, but not on their familiar Sippican roads, and were inclined to give the startling new comer a wide berth, at first.

"If I had the choice among all men I would choose him as the shepherd of my soul" said Boyesen, the Swedish novelist.

Walt Whitman said, "When most every body else in their set threw me down" — "The Gilders were nobly and unhesitatingly hospitable — It was beautiful — beautiful. You know how at one time the church was an asylum for fugitives — the church, God's right arm fending the innocent, I was such an innocent and the Gilders took me in."

Bill Nye said Gilder "could return rejected manuscript in such a gentle and caressing way that the disappointed scribblers came to him from hundreds of miles away to thank him for his kindness and stay to dinner with him."

"Gentle and caressing" perhaps, yet the dark-eyed poet showed the stern face of the Pilgrim against oppression and tyranny. In the face of bought hostility and newspaper scorn, that nicknamed him "tender apple blossom", "quivering mouse", and "fluffy incubator chick" he fought with pen and words for tenement house reform in New York city, and old Trinity Church Corporation issued its first financial statement in 100 years, and began to improve its ghastly rabbit warrens of tenements.

It was no long-haired weakling that had come to Marion for a summer home, and the captains, although they didn't like the cut of his jib at first, soon became friendly. When Gilder came, some of the famous captains of Rochester-towne were living; Capt. Randall, who fired the last shot on the sinking Cumberland was showing his relics at the Parker House, New Bedford; Capt. Bryant of Mattapoisett village, first governor of Alaska, whose house F. Alexander Powell describes in the introduction to "Where Strange Trails go Down". Powell describes the house "White as an old time clipper ship, the doorway flanked on one hand by a great conch shell, on the other by an enormous specimen of branch coral thus intimating to passersby that the owner of the house had been in foreign parts."

And like the boys of long ago Rochester-Towne, a boy listening to sea tales was thrilled and longed to go, too, to far distant lands.

"When I did set out on my long journey", writes Powell, "the old whaling captain had been sleeping for a quarter of a century in the Mattapoisett grave yard, but when our tiny vessel poked her tiny bowsprit up into the heart of the Borneo Jungle, I knew that invisible to human eyes he was standing on the bridge."

The "square riggers" still gathered in "Charles Henry's" store at the Old Landing, where they turned the cold shoulder to all the "Tea Kettle" captains like Capt. Ichabod Lewis, living just down the road. They felt what Conrad expressed when, in speaking of "deep water sailors" and "Great Horn seas", he says of steam ships "Such sea going has not the artistic quality of a single handed struggle with something greater than yourself" — "simply the skilled use of a captured force."

The scholarly minister of the white meeting house, Edward C. Pomeroy, living in Capt. Pitcher's house that had been left as a parsonage, watches the old seamen, living over their voyages in dreams.

He writes:

"His crews are those he shipped of old;
They grumble still, and sing and swear
Their bones are mixed with pearls and gold
That brave the kraken's lair.

His gaze fixt on the warning glass,
The guiding stars, the needle's poise,
He keeps all watches as they pass—
'Till dawn the dream destroys.

Think not the deeper self to know;
His handshake thine, his smile, his bow;
But his companions long ago
Are his companions now."

The captains sit on the wharf and watch the *Nelson Harvey, Thomas Potter, Hattie Perry, William Burden, Argo* come in

unloading coal, potatoes, grain and loading boxboards and cranberries.

In the town report of 1886 the children are urged to read Divina Commedia, Paradise Lost, the Iliad and the Odyssey, but modern poetry didn't amount to much.

"Lena Rivers", "St. Elmo", and "Barriers Burned Away", were the favorite novels of the village.

They spent $1,450. for schools, for highways and bridges $1,500., and were putting down concrete sidewalks. But there was not much money coming into the village, except from the piled up fortunes of the captains. Only two whalers going out for the short summer cruise, so when there was a chance to sell a piece of land or a little home on the road, it was done.

The Clark house on the road to the Old Landing this side of Bartlett's Hill had fallen into sad ways. A newspaper of the day described is as "an old unshingled house on the main road from the depot to the village as picturesque and romantic as it is dismal and gloomy. Its window panes are small and old fashioned and little patches where new shingles have been put on, or a piazza of recent construction, are the only evidence of its having been improved for years. An old picket fence with a row of lilac bushes partially hide it from the street. The interior is as old fashioned as the exterior for it is furnished with antique furniture which Mr. Gilder picked up in the village."

Yes! Mr. Gilder had bought the old Clark house, and so it becomes famous — Henry James describes it as "an old house, shingled all over, grey and slightly collapsing, which looked down at him from a steep bank, at the top of wooden steps."

Mr. Gilder found himself the owner of "the worst looking house in the village". From the Life and Letters of R. W. Gilder we find that Richard Gilder himself, and so all the train that followed him, came to Marion because of a boy's friendship with a beautiful soul.

The "old admiral" had a daughter Elizabeth. "Bessy Harwood" was a charming woman who, her friends said, had "a genius for friendships".

Her grandfather was a well known English actor who had married a grand daughter of Benjamin Franklin. She was a bright, sparkling personality, with a voice like a bell never to be forgotten by one who heard it. She could have become an actress, but contented herself by giving the first and most famous presentations of "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks" in America. Mr. Gilder had woven in verse Miss Bessy's romance of a love buried by the war.

"Great God, she stood there in the street
Living, yet dead in soul and mind and heart
While far away
His grave was deck't with flowers by stranger's
hands today."

Long after her death he wrote "If there is a heaven, and I can get there, it will not take me long to find the Harwood house. Their house was always heaven to me."

So although it was partly because "its toneless air would administer to perfect rest", Gilder knew of Marion from "Miss Bessy", and he came principally because of her presence.

Everything was very simple in the village.

The cows lowed along the streets, and farm wagons, and buggies, and carry-alls, and the Gilder donkeys made the excitement of mail time.

The village still took its weekly bath in the washtub pulled in by the kitchen stove; and tired mothers heaved a sigh of relief as the last squirming youngster was scrubbed and sent off a clean brick red to bed. With bathtubs not known in Washington until 1850, they made their appearance not before 1875 in old Rochester, and then only in a rich captain's house.

There was much neighborly helping each other. When a captain's wife who had moved to town with her husband off on a voyage, sat discouraged among her household effects she was much cheered, she said by some of the old sailors coming in to ask if she had furniture to keep her comfortable, and she was amused later when $1700 from her husband arrived at the Post Office to have them come back to borrow. "But that was before Civil War days, long ago", she added.

Neighbors came in to care for the sick, "watchers" who took turns, and when they weren't "watching" went home and made a batch of gingerbread, or doughnuts or a couple of pies for the family. When death came they "laid out" the body, and swept and dusted, and brought over chairs for the funeral, that the relatives from "away" might be duly impressed.

The lands of Sippican with the customs of 200 years still binding. Sunday, a gloomy, strict seventh day.

Only sacred music was played on the Sabbath, and secular reading on that day frowned upon in the best families. Sailing on the Lord's Day was wicked.

Of course one could saunter through the grave yard and decipher the old stones, and on sunny summer days one could get in quite a lively bit of gossip looking at grand father's monument.

What one must guard against to escape hell in the hereafter still moulded the lives of the best people — the meeting house families in the 80ties.

Gilder said:

"Oh, I am not religious!" but he wrote in his "Passing of Christ"

"Who made the poor man's lowly
Labor a service holy
And sweat of work more sweet
Than incense at God's feet
Who turned the God of Fear
To a father bending near."

And to a friend he writes:

"I have been thinking of father recently. Would it not be a good arrangement if God could let those we have loved come back for just a little visit — say once a year? Now I would like to have a day with father; have him see the children, go through the office and see how things are going on — and then — vanish if he must for another year."

How astonishing his ideas! Even irreverent to the New England conscience! A bluff old sea captain, who was sharp at a trade, and *known* to swear as no land lubber could,

would never think of speaking familiarly of death like that. They might petition the Lord God Jehovah in stern tones and tell him all about themselves in prayer meeting just before a voyage, and talk of the "scenes and unseens" they had been through, but they were really very humble before the Lord and never jested about Bible matters.

And the autocratic old lady who ruled Sippican like an empress of old, who had been brought up in the Calvinistic doctrine from an infant, was so "Orthodox" that at first she was a little uneasy at having any other church represented at the Academy.

But Richard Gilder walked bare headed on the roads on the Sabbath, and his friends came to tea on Sunday afternoons.

Those closed books, Sippican "parlors", with sometimes a funeral wreath or coffin plate hanging on the walls! Some of them got their "shades" pulled up and blinds opened, and the sunlight streamed in, because there was no "parlor" in the Gilder house — no closed best room!

Along the lane bordered with daisies and asters that led from the back door of the Gilder house to the "Cathedral Pines", went a gay procession, for Mr. Gilder had bought the old ruined "oil factory" and it was being made into a studio for Mrs. Gilder, who was an artist.

Capt. Henry Allen had built the stone building about 1860 for a petroleum oil refining plant, probably the first in this section. Mrs. Taber had bought a great tract of Capt. Allen's land for the Academy, and now the pines where the Sunday School picnics had been held, and the "oil factory" passed to the Gilders.

The lane (now Spring St.) through the "Bight" as it was called, was wet where the brook meandered across and through the fields down to the sea, and stepping stones helped one in the Spring to get into the woodland to find white violets and anemone.

All Mr. Gilder's friends helped in the building of the great chimney in the studio.

Stanford White, famous architect, planned it, and Gilder writes in rhyme of the building to John Burroughs, "John of Birds" he calls him, who often sat by the great blaze.

"My chimney is builded
On a hill by the sea
At the edge of a wood
That the sunset has gilded
Since time was begun
And the earth first was done:

For mine and for me
And for you John Burroughs
My friend old and good
At the edge of a wood
On a hill by the sea
My chimney is builded."

Of "red and grey granite" — the shelf a nine foot block, with "stone hammers clink" "the drill's sharp tinkle" and bird's songs sprinkled through the woods with pine odors scented. Birds

"On the swift way to drink
At the spring cold and good
That bubbled neath the stones
Where the red chieftain tented
In the days that are gone."

He comes from the "chaos and clamor" of New York where he stays only for the "human play" he says, to watch the great stones lifted on the chimney.

And he hears the story of the "*Graduate*" from the sailor who looked like Abraham Lincoln, who after that terrible blow never went to sea again but went to lifting rocks on wharves and chimneys.

"For my chimney was builded
By a Plymouth county sailor
An old North sea whaler.
In the warm noon spell
T'was good to hear him tell

The Gilder Studio — "In the woods that bring the sunset near"

Of the great September blow
A dozen years ago:—
How at dawn of day
The wind began to play

Till it cut the waves flat
Like the brim of your hat.
There was no sea about,
But it blew straight out

Till the ship lurched over;
But 'twas quick to recover
When, all of a stroke
The hurricane broke

On her beam ends she blew
In the sea, half the crew
Struggling back through the wrack
There to cling day and night.

Not a sail heaves in sight;
And the worst, one in thirst
(Knows no better, the poor lad!)
Drinks salt water and goes mad.

Eighty hours blown and tost
Five good sailors drowned and lost,
And the rest brought to shore,
Some to sail as before."

A sailor from the *Graduate* tells of the hurricane as he heaves the great stones up in their places — a ton and a half boulder hoisted to make the lintel of the great door.

And the birds sang in the pines, and the spring bubbled near by.

A newspaper of the day gives a picture of the first fire.

"The other day Mrs. Gilder entertained a few of her immediate friends and neighbors at a five o'clock tea when the old fashioned crane was hung and the kettle made to boil for the first time.

Among the curiosities of this ingenious studio are some old style costumes which were appropriated by the ladies of the

party and amid jollity, fun and laughter a most artistic and picturesque house warming was the result."

A long way from wild waves, hoarse voiced sailors, and reeking fo'ca'sles was the world that came in with the Gilders.

Authors, artists, musicians, all the great of the day of artistic Bohemian America followed the Gilders to Marion.

So many celebrities came that according to a story related by one of the Gilder family, a friend exclaimed to Mrs. Gilder one summer afternoon as they stood in the doorway of the Studio.

"Well, you seem to have every one here at one time or another, I should not be surprised to see the Emperor of China arrive!"

At that moment, the Marion stage, far off its appointed route; lumbered up the driveway to the Studio, and there descended from its musty depths, not indeed, the Emperor of China, but the distinguished Oriental Okakura Kakuzo, in full Japanese regalia!"

Artists, writers, philanthropists, musicians, the known great and the unknown great were in Gilder's world, and he brought this glorious company with him to the lands of Sippican.

Agassiz came and told the village, that the oldest thing next to the great rock where the chieftain lay, was the tall button-wood tree, that still stands near the lane to the Studio.

Augustus Saint Gaudens walked through the great pines "that bring the sunset near."

"The wind from out the west is blowing;
The homeward wandering cows are lowing;
Dark grow the pine woods, dark and drear
The woods that bring the sunset near."

In the Studio all was light and laughter. Behind a large gilded frame covered with gauze pose the notables of the country in "living pictures".

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensaalaer, so well known for her "English Cathedrals" held famous "Sunday afternoons" in the house (now Dexter Hall) on the Old Landing Road.

Frank Stockton, had his "Merry Chanter" "grounded" off Charles Neck, and the old captains made the story for him in their pictures sketched by Charles Dana Gibson.

Thomas A. Janvier and his wife Kate wrote in "the Lodge", now Hiss Hall's candy shop.

Mary Hallock Foote, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, John G. Nicolay, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Margaret Deland, Marguerite Merington! The famous "lady from Philadelphia," Mrs. Gillespie!

To meet Joe Jefferson, and then have tickets sent by him to see his Rip Van Winkle when he came to New Bedford! That was an excitement of Marion in the 80's.

There was a touch of something different, that made a great impression on the young people of the village.

Mr. Gilder helped with Mrs. Taber and her Academy teachers to turn the thoughts of the girls and boys to the books and magazines of the day. With famous writers and illustrators walking about the streets, came the desire to know something of what these men and women were saying and doing in the world.

And the visitors learned too of the old seamen and their families.

In a letter from Marion, Aug. 21, 1884, Mr. Gilder writes "It is curious how even in a little place like this, one meets with way farers who open up a new corner of the universe to one!"

They were all friends and neighbors together.

When Mrs. Taber built the new chapel, Mr. Gilder sent the hymn books for it, published by the Century Co.

In and out of the little Sippican houses went celebrated people laughing, talking, hobnobbing with the captains, fishermen and school-children.

Rather shocking to hear of Modjeska dancing bare-footed down the lane to the Studio. But how everybody cried when she gave a recitation in Polish with magnificent fire and pathos, and how everybody laughed when she gave the trans-

lation and it was only "A. B. C. D." and the rest of the alphabet.

Mr. Gilder, the original Capt. Kidd of the original "Mrs. Jarley's waxwork Show" in Hadley's Hall, acted the part of the horrible captain "with great ferocity." And how the "Buffalo Belles" from "the Hut", playing in "Mr. Brown the only man in Town," caused the Marion swains' hearts to flutter!

Such shocking young people! Dashing off to New Bedford in a tally-ho-coach with four horses, a storm coming up, and the horses terrified, and seven pairs of arms straining at the reins to keep the flying horses from leaping over the side of the Fairhaven bridge. At the Parker House the young ladies drying their frocks, and the young men coming in jauntily with real sailors' outfits bought from a Whaling outfitter's shop down near the wharves!

And the old ladies rocking on the piazza of the Bay View House with pursed lips and raised eye brows!

"Young people never acted so in my day!"

The children play marbles and buy twisted stick candy all red and sticky, and bulls eyes and lemon balls, out of glass jars at Hadley's & Handy's store and of Mr. Hall, the post master opposite, and jump the rope, and roll their hoops, and go to the Sunday School picnic in Holmes' grove on the Mattapoisett road.

Abraham Lincoln's secretary came, and eyes that saw the President looked out on the harbor. John Hay walked under the pines and the elm trees.

Some of the boys who wore the blue had caught glimpses of "the President".

Charles Ripley said "I looked up and he stood beside my bed in the hospital. He didn't speak at first, and then he said

'How old are you, son?'

You see I had said I was sixteen!"

John Nicolay and Hay had been collecting for a history of Lincoln for twelve years, and it was not until 1885 that they had accepted an offer for the work. The Century had offered $50,000 for the serial rights.

In the life of John Hay we read of the "frequent consultations by letter or person with Mr. Gilder," "because the Century could not undertake to print more than a third of the life."

The editor often disagreed with the writers, and Hay is writing in 1887 that if they only want the Life to run three years they "must cut great chunks of topics out" — and goes on to say that "only the intelligent reader, if such a person exists, will miss them."

Mr. Gilder thought that "for the book might be reserved only those long dull documents, if any there be which add dignity and value to a literary volume, but which the ordinary reader skips".

So they write and talk of Lincoln in Sippican. Gilder could see "Lincoln looming up as an even greater and more important figure than he was hitherto supposed to be. No spot or blot on his character."

The mornings are quiet for literary work in the village. The cocks crow all over the little town.

Everybody kept a few hens, a pig, and perhaps a cow. One chore of the small boys and girls was to go after milk with a little scrap of blue or white pasteboard labelled 5c in the bottom of the tin pail.

Very quiet, except sometimes the ocean just outside crashes in again, and takes a sailor of Sippican.

Henry James in "The Bostonians" in 1886 gives a picture of his stay in Sippican.

He has his hero come in the August dusk, on the evening train from Boston.

He writes of "the only vehicle in waiting outside of the small lonely, hut-like station, so distant from the village, that as far as one looked along the sandy, sketchy road which was supposed to lead to it, one saw only an empty land on either side. Six or eight men, in 'dusters', carrying parcels and hand bags, projected themselves upon the solitary, rickety carry-all, while the ruminating conductor of the vehicle, a lean shambling citizen, with a long neck and tuft on his chin, guessed

that if he wanted to get to the hotel before dusk he would have to strike out. His valise was attached in a precarious manner to the rear of the carry-all. 'Well, I'll chance it' the driver remarked sadly, when Ransom protested against its unsecure position. He recognized the southern quality of the picturesque fatalism."

"His friends that were there must be pretty thoroughly relaxed if they had given themselves up to the genius of the place. This was what he hoped for and counted on, as he took his way, the sole pedestrian in the group that had quitted the train, in the wake of the overladen carry-all. It helped him to enjoy the first country walk he had had for many months, for more than months, for years."

James dwells on the "mild vague scenery, just beginning to be dim with twilight." "He liked the very smell of the soil as he wandered along; cool, soft whiffs of evening met him at bends of the road which disclosed very little more — unless it might be a band of straight stemmed woodland, keeping, a little the red glow from the west."

James is amused at the little hotel — the "Bay View House."

"He lit his cigar in the office of the hotel — a small room on the right of the door where a 'register' meagrely inscribed, led a terribly public life on the little bare desk, and got its pages dog-eared before they were covered.

Local worthies, of a vague identity, used to lounge there, by the hour. They tipped back their chairs against the wall, seldom spoke, and might have been supposed, with their converging vision, to be watching something out of the window, if there had been anything to watch. Sometimes one of them got up and went to the desk, on which he leaned his elbows, hunching up a pair of sloping shoulders, to an uncollared neck. For the fiftieth time he perused the fly-blown page of the recording volume, where the names followed each other with such jumps of dates. The others watched him while he did so — or contemplated in silence some 'guest' of the hostelry; when such personage entered the place with an air of appealing from the general irresponsibility of the establishment and found no

one but the village-philosophers to address himself to. It was an establishment conducted by invisible, elusive agencies; they had a kind of stronghold in the dining room, which was locked at all but sacramental hours. There was a tradition that a 'boy' exercised some tutelary function as regards the crumpled register; but when he was inquired about, it was usually elicited from the impartial circle in the office that he was some where round or that he had gone a-fishing. Except the haughty waitress (already described as a pale, round backed young lady, with auburn ringlets, a fancy belt, and an expression of limited tolerance for a gentleman who could not choose quickly between fried fish, fried steak, and baked beans) who only emerged at meal-times from her mystic seclusion, this impalpable youth was the single person on the premises who represented domestic service. Anxious lady boarders, wrapped in shawls, were seen waiting for him, as if he had been the doctor, on horse-hair rocking chairs, in the little public parlour; others peered vaguely out of back doors and windows, thinking that if he were somewhere round, they might see him. Sometimes people went to the door of the dining room and tried it, shaking it a little, timidly, to see if it would yield; then finding it fast, came away, looking, if they had been observed, shy and snubbed, at their fellows.

The hotel itself offered few resources; the inmates were not numerous; they moved about a little outside, on the small piazza and in the rough yard which interposed between the house and the road, and then dropped off into the unmitigated dusk. This element touched only in two or three places by a far-away glimmer, presented itself to Ransom as his sole entertainment. — It was pervaded by a curious, pure, earthly smell, which in New England, in summer, hangs in the nocturnal air."

"The unfriendly inn suggested dreadfully (he despised the practice) an early bed-time, seemed to have no relation to anything, not even to itself; but a fellow tenant of whom he made an inquiry told him the village was sprinkled round."

"He walked some distance without encountering a creature or discerning a habitation; but he enjoyed the splendid star

light, the stillness, the shrill melancholy of the crickets, which seemed to make all the vague forms of the country pulsate around him; the whole impression was a bath of freshness." James must have walked down past Capt. Henry Allen's towards Nye's wharf.

"They went back together to the village, in which he at last began to discover a certain consistency, signs of habitation, houses disposed with a rough resemblance to a plan. The road wandered among them with a kind of accommodating sinuosity, and there were even cross-streets, and an oil-lamp on a corner, and here and there the small sign of a closed shop, with an indistinctly countrified lettering. There were lights now in the windows of some of the houses."

He writes "of the inhabitants of the little town, who appeared all to rejoice in the prefix of captain. They were retired ship masters; there was quite a little nest of these, two or three of whom might be seen lingering in their dim doorways, as if they were conscious of a want of encouragement to sit up, and yet remembered the nights in far-away waters when they would not have thought of turning in at all.

Marion called itself a town, but it was a good deal shrunken since the decline in the ship building interest; it turned out a good many vessels every year, in the palmy days, before the war. There were ship yards still, where you could almost pick up the old shavings, the old nails and rivets, but they were grass grown now, and the water lapped them without anything to interfere. There was a kind of arm of the sea put in; it went up some way, it wasn't the real sea, but very quiet like a river; that was more attractive to some — .

Even under the mantle of night he himself gathered the impression it had had a larger life, seen better days". "Principal street darkened by immense old elms which made a blackness overhead. There was a salt smell in the air."

The next day

"He made the reflection, as he went, that to see a place for the first time at night is like reading a foreign author in translation. At the present hour — it was getting towards eleven o'clock — he felt that he was dealing with the original. The

Harbor Road — "Down which Henry James walked to Nye's Wharf"

little straggling, loosely clustered town lay along the edge of a blue inlet, on the other side of which was a low wooded shore, with a gleam of white sand where it touched the water. The narrow bay carried a vision outward to a picture that seemed at once bright and dim — a shining slumbering summer-sea, and a far-off, circling line of coast, which under the August sun, was hazy and delicate. — It was a town where you smelt the breath of the hay in the streets and you might gather blackberries in the principal square. The houses looked at each other across the grass — low, rusty, crooked, distended houses, with dry, cracked faces and the dim eyes of small-paned, stiffly-sliding windows. Their little door-yards bristled with rank, old-fashioned flowers, mostly yellow; and on the quarter that stood back from the sea the fields sloped upward, and the woods in which they presently lost themselves looked down over the roofs."

"The hazy shores on the other side of the water (they seemed powdered with silver, a sort of midsummer light), suggested to him a land of dreams, a country in a picture."

The hero proposed to the heroine in "an ancient ship yard, which was now a vague, grass-grown approach to the water-side, bestrewn with a few remnants of supererogatory timber."

Afterwards they walk "Along the waterside to a rocky, shrub-covered point, which made a walk of just the right duration. Here all the homely languor of the region, the mild, fragrant Cape-quality the sweetness of white sands, quiet waters, low promontories where there were paths among the barberries and tidal pools gleamed in the sunset — here all the spirit of a ripe summer afternoon seemed to hang in the air. There were wood walks too; they sometimes followed bosky uplands, where accident had grouped the trees with odd effects of style, and where in grassy intervals and fragrant nooks of rest they came out upon sudden patches of Arcady."

The heroine often met the hero at "a bend of the road which lost itself, after a winding, straggling mile or two, in the indented, insulated 'point' where the wandering bee droned through the hot hours with a vague, misguided flight." Down

by Capt. Henry Allen's and the Ebenezer Holmes farm and on to George Bonum Nye's fields and wharf, James sauntered with a book in his pocket, sometimes going out in a little boat fishing near the shore, sometimes lounging about "in the pastoral land which hung (at a very moderate elevation) above the shore", where he "lay under whispering trees and kicked his heels."

He even wandered through the graveyard "among old mossy head-stones of mariners and fisherfolk." He has one of his characters say that she thought "it must be pleasant to be there when one had died."

Old Sippican! "A sweetness begotten of low horizons, of mild air, with a possibility of summer haze, of unregarded inlets where on August mornings the water must be brightly blue" wrote Henry James.

Mr. Gilder entertains James and writes letters about Robert Louis Stevenson. In the chapter called "Marion Days" in the Gilder *Life and Letters*, there is the following letter written to Talcott Williams. Mr. Gilder had just seen Stevenson. "He looked at me with a quizzical expression, and said, 'I don't know but it was you. Yes', he said, 'I think it was you'."

They have decided that it was July 1879 that Stevenson was looked upon coldly by the Scribner staff.

" 'Hurrah' said I, 'that lets me out' and I jumped up in great delight for as you know I was in Europe from March 1879 to June 1880."

Then he adds

"Between you and me and the lamp post I have no doubt I would have made the same answer to him as was made whatever that answer was. He brought no manuscript, and simply wanted to write for the magazine."

He writes again

"If you think me restless what would you think of him? Pacing the room! Sitting down only for a minute at a time. How very interesting he was!"

"Never mind Mrs. Stevenson tells me that if I had seen Louis I would have turned him out! She says he looked the

part, and every body did turn him out! Was it a dig or a compliment when she said likewise I reminded her of him!"

Gilder writes in the old Clark house. Down in Rufe Smith's blacksmith's shop where you might unearth a harpoon from under the pile of wheel rims and horse shoes and rusting iron, a circle of "setters" guffaw at old Rufe, standing in his black apron, spinning yarns. Mr. Pomeroy describes him—

"A man he was of giant frame;
Of Goths or Anakin he came.
His arms could swing prodigeous weights,
His shoulders carry Gaza's gates:
He stooped as if to ease his power
And stood like Pisa's leaning tower.

The story teller of the village!

A whaler had brought a great tortoise shell to Sippican and in Rufe's memory that shell "brought from Southern seas—The Isles of Cannibals and ease" still lingered, and he tells of the days when it was used as a ferry—

"her steady course she plows
Betwixt Nye's wharf and Henry Dow's

But the most famous story was that of Rufe's fast horse! He goes "to 'Mattapois' for pigs!"

"Behind us as we started back" says Rufe
The dust was deep, the wind was south;
The thunder grumbled down the bay;
The lightnin's flash was thereaway
We didn't travel slow nor fast
'Till red-roofed Cannonville was passed,
When, by my soul, I got a scare
That shook my teeth and raised my hair.
The thunder busted over head
As if 'twas sent to raise the dead;
An' Dandy, laying back his ears,
Jumped like a yoke of frightened steers
An' went as if a red-hot goad
His flanks was prickin' all it knowed.
I dropped the reins and throwed the whip

To ketch the seat with double grip.
An' watched the horse as on he tore,
With rain behind and dust before.
My breath was gone from Cannonville
Clear to the bridge t' Macomber's Mill.
Like wus'n fever-ag'r I shook.
All through the woods t'was black as night —
Only the flashes gin us light,
An' sparks that flew from Dandy's hoofs
Like hail-st'ns dancin' on the roofs.
But when she slewed at Braley's corner
I guessed the go-cart was a gorner.
It seemed as ef capsize we must,
An' drown in mud or choke in dust.
I call it sence the Cape o' trouble,
'Twas wus'n Hatteras to double;
But spite o' fate we pelted on.
House after house went screamin' by;
The little wagon seemed to fly
An' in a jiffy fetched a lurch
As we was roundin' at the church,
That twitched my heart, and jerked my breath,
An' made me think the thing was death.
Hear what I say an' don't forget
Not by a drop was Dandy wet;
The dasher an' the seat was dry,
An' drier'n any bone was I:
But at the shop I turned to find
The pigs was drown-ded in behind!"

And a dark eyed poet wrapping his cape around him stops to listen at the loud laughter, a little whaler comes in at the grassy wharf, and Capt. Bill Hathaway and Capt. George come in with a catch of 445 fish." "Very good! Very good fishing at Bobel," writes Captain George!

"My dear!" calls a puritanical old aunt to her young niece, "I know the March from Norma, no matter how slowly you play it. I do not consider it a proper tune for the Sabbath Day!"

The Aunt retires to her Christian Herald and the weekly Talmage sermon, and the niece looks out of the window at the bright day.

But there is laughter at the Studio, boats venturing out in the harbor, some bold young people walk out of the cemetery towards the shining bay, and a deacon of the church bundles his brood into the carry-all and goes driving over the sandy roads, glancing out of the corner of his eye at the Sabbath breakers in the harbor.

"Oh" writes Richard Gilder, "let us be as happy as we can while we may be in this mortal world — and above all let us be as good as we may be — and as kind".

The winter comes with one coaster at the wharf! and then the Spring town meeting with the captains thundering across the town hall "It's time to call the hog on appropriations!"

There is a mild speculation in land, and two or three more summer cottages are built. Times are improving in the sea villages.

A Poet and his friends live in Sippican for a decade!

They have come, a group of dazzling players in gorgeous costumes, singing gay songs, trooping onto a dull stage of grey walls, with silent figures standing watching, with a stern eyed mentor somewhere behind the scenes! And the grey walls dissolve into the green and scarlet and gold of out-of-doors!

The sky grows blue, the water silver, and the watcher sitting on a high throne above is seen to be "a Father bending near."

Chapter XVII

"THE PRESIDENT" IN MARION

"For into the hands of one of humble soul
Great trust was laid, and he that trust fulfilled."

GILDER.

Suddenly, it seemed, instead of a cluster of tiny brown creatures poking about over a few miles of sand and forest on the edge of a mighty continent with its spread of rushing rivers, towering mountains and vast lonely plains, there were innumerable groups of humans called towns and cities, linked from the Western and Eastern oceans by a network of steel lines over and under the earth.

Moving, restless millions, and every tide that lapped the edges of the continent brought more. Jabbering, gesticulating, scrabbling on shore to plod and plod patiently until the villages grew into towns and the towns into cities, and where ever a railroad train stopped for water, there grew business blocks and proud avenues like some superior growth of cell life.

Vast territories and states like kingdoms, and in charge one man who sat steadily fishing on a ledge in Buzzard's Bay, almost in the shadowy path of De Rasiere, almost where the guns of the *Nimrod* lay under the waters of the "Lands of Sippican".

Grover Cleveland, who was twice chosen as leader of these United States of America!

One September night in 1882 he stands quietly on a balcony in Buffalo, with his loyal people shouting and bands playing. A hush. "I can but remember to night, when I came among you, friendless, unknown and poor", he said. In November he is writing his brother William, "Do you know that if mother were alive, I should feel so much safer? I always

thought that her prayers had much to do with my success. I shall expect you to help in that way."

Two years later Richard Gilder writing from Marion to Bishop Potter said of Cleveland, a stranger then to him, "As President I believe his administration would make an era in the history of the country. His election would be a positive good in carrying on sympathetically and fairly the great work of governmental reform."

At 47 years of age, the 22nd President of the United States stepped into a world where greed was walking rough shod over the backs of the workers, and he writes, "I know I am honest and sincere in my desire to do well, but the question is whether I know enough to accomplish my desire".

There had come a vision to the toiling fathers and brothers, a vision of a shining life in the sun for the workers of the world; labor blindly thrusting out a gnarled hand was trying like a gigantic infant to grab shadowy objects — alas! only to mar and break.

A strike! There were 1411 in 1885-86.

Buildings! Street railways! Tools hung as though in mid-air by a mob of Americans underneath throwing their coal and oil, and at last bread away, blotting out the sun of comfort and happiness for the women and children in the little homes.

"The President" watching sees instead of a shining angel leading the workers to glory with its gleaming sword, a hideous giant with iron teeth stalking through the land, crunching everything lovely in sight, children's dolls and little bride's sewing machines, and at last there is nothing left but soup, fed out in thin substance to set jawed men and white faced mothers and children.

And the "travellers" that the villages fed after the war, turned into "tramps". Discouraged, down-at-the-heel, sometimes bare footed, they ate their crackers and cheese in the "tramp-house", or sat on back doorsteps, or at kitchen tables with cups of hot coffee lifted — some brazen, some with wistful sad eyes like dogs without a master.

"Weren't you here about a month ago?"

"Yes mum, but I couldn't get no work on the Cape!"

And Elizah Braley fed 60 for $7.80, and "Hadley and Handy's" and "Ellis's" store furnished supplies, crackers and cheese at cost, and the days grow cold, and the town repairs the "tramp house" at a cost of $4.71, and buys "½ cord of limbs for $1.50".

An honest old fashioned American in the White House trying to solve the problem with thousands of office seekers like hornets buzzing about his head.

And Grover Cleveland came to the Lands of Sippican on Buzzard's Bay!

Not Henry James, nor Richard Watson Gilder, but Capt. Emerson Hadley was really the means of his coming.

What a feather in the old captain's cap, and what a thrill for the "Old Landing" to be the scene of the opening of the story.

It begins in this fashion!

A beautiful lady came!

Marion woke one morning to find itself on the front page of the newspapers of the country.

It came out of a clear sky — the news!

Of course, the village people knew that a famous Arctic explorer, General Adolphus Greely, who because of a friendship between the then Lieut. Greeley and Capt. Emerson Hadley, was occupying the Captain's house at the "Old Landing" for the summer. Gen. Greely had been, like the whalers, in the crashing waters of the Northern seas. He had established observation stations for the U. S. Government towards the North Pole in 1881, climbing higher and higher on the globe until Mother England, who had held her high position on the map since the Pilgrims landed, saw the line changed by her bustling offspring.

The tall, dark, distinguished visitor with his back ground of hard days in the Arctic, of losing men amid cracking ice and iron waters and suffering, was the kind of a man the captains understood. He was their sort, and although they

Mr. and Mrs. Gilder, Mrs. Cleveland and her Mother, and Joe Jefferson

joked about knowing what the weather was going to be now-a-days, seeing the chief Signal officer of the Army & Head of the Weather Bureau was in the village, they respected him as an adventurer like themselves, and it was natural for him to be living in Capt. Emerson's house at the "Landing".

But the bride of the President of the United States to come to the "Old Landing!"

Somebody drove down to tell the exciting, incredible news!

There it was in the papers! There was a great rubbing of spectacles, and running over to the post office on that August Day.

In the Evening Record of Boston they read a dispatch from Newport.

"It is stated by the Old Colony Station agent that Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President, arrived here this morning on the Fall River boat and went through that city, taking a special car that was waiting there to convey her to Marion. The officials say there is no question about Mrs. Cleveland having passed through."

And the reporters dashed to Marion!

Like locusts they descended! Buggies, carryalls, trains and bicycles, and on August 3 they are sending the item to America's four corners.

"The fact that she arrived in this beautiful and retired little nook of the Massachusetts coast; and is now quietly domiciled here as the guest of General Greely of Arctic fame is now well known thanks to the omnipresent vigilance of the press."

Friends wrote letters in those days, and the letters that went to warm, dusty Washington gave glimpses of the woods, the sea, and the villages of "Sippican", and the "Old Landing."

"The President" must stay at the capital, but there was no reason why his young wife should bear the heat and discomfort. The interest of the country was focused on the lovely bride, and "the hail, Marion" went over the country.

Where is "Marion"? What is "Marion"?

The charms of the village were published to the world.

One enthusiastic reporter gave it "hills and dales", and another wrote about the natives of Pilgrim birth, who had their coat-of-arms on their wheel-barrows even, and family portraits hanging in their halls, and another gave everybody dialects that were never heard on land or sea in the known world.

Marion woke to find it was one of "nature's sequestered breathing spots" amid "sighing pines, blue waters, and wild flowers", "consecrated by the prayers of the Pilgrims." Called "a tiny wedge of land set into the coast between Wareham on the right or East side and Mattapoisett on the left or West" with wooded lowlands traversed by dim, sweet-scented woodland roads, completely arched over by an unusual and very beautiful mixed growth of pines and oaks; beautiful wild flowers hid in the depths of these woods and pleasanter, more romantic places for walks or drives can scarcely be imagined."

"Its remoteness from the large cities will prevent its ever being crowded, however and it will probably always remain what it is now the chosen summer home of a very few people."

"There is a certain delicate flavor, we might say about the place which is all pervasive, yet extremely elusive when one tries to focus it on the point of one's pencil" — "fine with the fineness and mellowness which comes of its 200 years."

Poets burst into song:

"Far up from the shores of the gull and the gale
The suns best charms beguiling
With it's forests deep and it's pleasure sail
Lies Marion harbor smiling.

With it's ancient town and it's regal crest
And it's woodland slope far-reaching
This earlier wave of the Pilgrims West
All nature's love is teaching."

The truth was " a beautiful lady" was filling the village with romance.

"In recent days the quaint old town
Has gained a highly prized renown;
For hither comes a lady true
As age of chivalry e'er knew—
One who commands without command
The first and fairest in the land."

The restfulness of Capt. Hadley's estate in those days, with it's picturesque pine grove, great ledges of rock, high hedges, and expanse of lawn was one of the reasons for Mrs. Cleveland's stay. It was secluded, quiet.

Reporters dogged any footstep that might lead to any one who would know anything about the Greely plans for the day. They pried into town affairs, "family quarrels"! It didn't take them long to find that Mrs. Elizabeth Taber was the autocrat of the village.

"It may be whispered confidentially that there is a deadly feud between the "Old Landing" and the "Lower Village" and the former is immensely elated by the presence of Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the President of the United States."

Mrs. Taber, sitting high in her outpost in Tabor Hall writes into her will $20,000 for Sippican lower village"; but "Lovely Mrs. Cleveland" said the head lines of a special dispatch to the Boston Herald!

"Capt. J. E. Hadley is delighted to say the least to have the honor of entertaining the first lady in the land. He has furnished her with a horse and low phaeton belonging to his wife."

The first drive down to the end of Charles' Neck was telegraphed to almost every town in the country that issued an evening edition of its newspaper.

"The bathing house used by Mrs. Cleveland was kindly furnished her by Hon. Geo. Delano, a staunch old Democrat who has been the candidate of his party for presidential elector at every election for a long time. His residence bears the old Jacksonian title of 'The Hermitage'."

For the first time the name that hailed so well across the water was questioned.

"With 26 Marions in the U. S. why did they change the old Indian name of Sippican!"

A movement was launched to take back the Indian name, but the older people stopped that quickly.

Sippican! The name that had been held up to derision! The fight of the old Rochester villages wasn't far away to them!

So the reporters turned to other matters.

The boat races were flashed to the ends of the wires.

Capt. George Luce gave up tautoging for an afternoon and acted as one of the judges.

More reporters descended and one reads — "This universal interest in Mrs. Cleveland, and her sayings and doings down to minute details, taken not as idle curiosity but as an indication of the warmer interest and real regard which the people have for her, for surely no woman in our land was ever more universally beloved than the present mistress of the White House."

Saratoga trunks arrived for the week end and crowded the "Bay View House" which immediately planned the great future of the "Sippican Hotel". All the spare rooms in the village were taken—army officers, politicians, society women with "20 pairs of high heeled slippers."

One watchful and energetic Maunchausen had 800 people gathered on the "Hermitage" beach to watch Mrs. Cleveland take her dip in the sea.

That first Sunday, crowds gathered at St. Gabriel's Chapel (Sippican Seminary made over) but "the first lady" quietly walked into the Congregational Church with General and Mrs. Greely and Miss Anna Dawes.

She had on "a black silk creation with sleeves and V shaped plastron on the front and back of the corsage of jetted lace and wore a small black bonnet."

The party occupied Capt. Geo. Luce's pew "a prominent one suitable for such distinguished visitors."

What a change for Capt. Hadley from roaring seas and hoarse chantings! "She lets me in the piazza door herself sometimes when she sees me coming" he said. He came to

call one day when the horses weren't ready for a drive to Mattapoisett. He offered to go out and harness them himself. Mrs. Cleveland laughed and said, "Oh, Captain, I can come out and harness my own horse if it is necessary."

And the gallant old captain answered, "Well, we could cut the harness up for souvenirs afterward."

And the story went over the country!

At the capitol the President is wrestling with great problems, with the country on the verge of a panic.

Gilder writes —

"His test — to build a wall —
Gainst the base partizan's ignoble greed"
"Or will he fail or triumph? History lays
a moment down her pen. A nation waits—and prays."

"The Tariff?" Friends say, "You might touch on it!" but the famous message is slowly shaped, that, for the first time in the history of the country, was to the people.

And "the beautiful lady" goes to a dramatic entertainment in Hadley's Hall, a benefit for St. Gabriel's, and the new Marion Social Club House (now the Cozy Theatre).

"Second Thoughts" and "Love to Music" were given, and Mrs. A. W. Nickerson of "Great Hill" sang.

The "first lady" wore "a creamy white dress trimmed with red velvet and the jaunty sailor hat which is so becoming to her."

Again in Hadley's Hall she attended the lecture given by Bradford, the artist on his Arctic experiences, for the benefit of St. Gabriel's chapel.

"The rain was falling heavily" so one reporter wrote, "but the distinguished company, Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Saint Gaudens and General and Mrs. Greely arrived at Hadley's Hall in good season, Mrs. Cleveland wore a long white wrap in raglan shape, a pretty little grey bonnet trimmed with pink flowers — a pair of grey gloves to match. But in taking her place, she slipped off the wrap and revealed a very pretty gown of summer silk in a small grey check. The

front of the corsage, cuffs, etc. was filled in with a vest of very pale silk laid in fine folds arranged in herring bone fashion."

Gen. Greely spoke after the lecture on Arctic scenery.

Mrs. Cleveland's gowns were of great interest. As they were pictured by the *Boston Globe, Herald, Transcript, Record,* and the other papers copied, dressmakers all over the country with their mouths full of pins shook their heads about "bustles", and then explained to their patrons, "This is as Mrs. Cleveland wears it!"

Mrs. Cleveland attends a luncheon in "a thin gown of white point d'esprit or dotted lace, made over a white silk slip. The skirt had long perfectly plain draperies in the back, while the front was covered almost to the waist with narrow ruffles each edged with a row of the narrowest red satin ribbon. The basque was made quite plainly, the silk being cut away in a V shape in the neck, both front and back. This was filled in with a fulness of the lace through which the narrow ribbon was drawn, so as to outline it with the thread of its vivid color. The same narrow ribbon held the ruffle at the throat in place and made a little knot at throat and breast, and on the sleeves which were short. A jaunty white straw hat in sailor shape was trimmed high in front with loops of ribbon and daisies smothered in lace. Long white gloves covered her hands, and when she raised a white lace covered sunshade, and poised it daintily over her left shoulder, it certainly framed in as sweet and beautiful face as it does not often fall to the lot of parasols to protect." So America read of its President's wife, and what she wore, and how she looked in 1887.

Summer days went by. Some quiet mornings were spent in the Studio in the pine trees, while Augustus Saint Gaudens made a model of the "beautiful lady."

Aug. 15, 1887 was a great day for the town!

A "Red letter day for Marion", said the headlines!

"General and Mrs. Greely announce that they will receive the people of Marion and vicinity at their residence, the house of Captain Hadley, between 4 and 5 P. M., Monday, Aug. 15, 1887". How the crowd gathered!

By 3-30 the line had reached the street, and the house was opened, for "vicinity" was stretched for the occasion to Philadelphia, Chicago, Toronto, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. Everybody who could get to Marion from the surrounding towns came. Buggies, carryalls, Bar Harbor wagons, bang-tailed horses, school children dressed in their best, babies, old ladies with little silk parasols, with coachmen driving carefully the barouches and phaetons, and A. W. Nickerson of "Great Hill" with his four-in-hand, two dappled greys and two dark bays with gold mounted harness and driver and footmen in livery.

The selectmen W. H. H. Ryder, (a survivor from the wreck of the *Graduate*) James Allen, (many times Marion's representative to the General Court) and Capt. Obed Delano, and their families came at 3:45.

Capt. Emerson Hadley was captain of the ship. He allowed carriages to enter the South entrance, and the people entered by the South Veranda went through the hall to the front room where Mrs. Cleveland was receiving and left by the North door and veranda and so out by the North gate.

The introductions were made by Capt. Emerson's brother, Capt. Stephen Hadley, who lived across the road.

Capt. Obed Delano, later, was busy keeping the lines in order and everything ship-shape.

"Mrs. Cleveland wore a pale blue surah silk cut square in the neck, and trimmed with handsome lace combined with draperies of sheer, creamy white muslin embroidered with tiny figures in pale blue and edged with lace."

A great day for Old Landing, with the Southwest wind blowing, rain clouds flying away, and through all, Captains' voices directing.

Another great day in that wonderful year was the "Alice in Wonderland" day at the "Studio" with Miss Bessy Harwood directing.

Groups of laughing, chattering people in light dresses, white flannels, "blazers"; authors, artists, performers, a college professor or two, a Russian countess — gathered under the "Cathedral Pines". Suddenly the sound of the tally-ho bugle

and the Nickerson four-in-hand drew up with a flourish, with the "first lady of the land" sitting high by the driver, and the play began in the "Studio", the "Exclamation point of Marion!"

From the different reports of the day we read that Elsie DeKay as Alice "was very charming in her pale blue dress and white apron with her long hair which fell over her shoulders turned to gold when the slanting rays of the afternoon sun struck it."

Joe Jefferson had arranged the production, and he sat at the rear of the stage at one side, intent on the acting of the children.

"The last scene ended with the Invitation to the Dance in which the whole company joined, and which was so laughable as to set everybody in a roar."

Again and again they were called out and finally "Miss Bessy" came with the Cheshire cat on her shoulder and the stones fairly rang with the applause and laughter as the whole band of children danced about her.

A reporter writes, "The play bill designed by Mrs. Gilder was auctioned off and knocked down to Gen. Greely for Mrs. Cleveland for $2.20". From the top of the coach she waves a good bye, and the Alice-in-Wonderland day is over.

Fall is in the air, and the summer visitors pack their trunks. Chaos in the country and small minds intent on personal gain in the grey capitol building.

A real American President is thinking of the trust of his people, and saying later in Milwaukee "the Presidency of the U. S. is a high office because it represents the sovereignty of a free and mighty people. It is full of solemn responsibility and duty because it embodies in a greater degree than any other office on earth, the suffrage and trust of such a people."

Not mere words, but the outpouring of the honest opinion of the 22nd President, who was harassed and blocked in his mighty purpose to deal fairly with all classes by little men from the sea board cities, suntanned politicians from all over the big country,—many who had stepped up over the heads of better men in their communities, on wide smiles, promises, picnics, barbecues, and booming voices that carried bombs of

Saint-Gaudens and Mrs. Cleveland — "Against the grey walls of the Studio"

words to the edges of thin groves on hot summer afternoons, rising periods that made the prairie dogs on the baked prairie, pop into their holes.

The Sippican villages close slowly to this outside world.

The boys finish picking cranberries for their winter suits, and when the children disappear behind the school doors, the roads look swept clean of anything living. But there is always somebody digging clams as the tide goes out, and the Argo comes around Charles Neck swashing along for a load of boxboards at the wharf. Capt. Bill Hathaway looks up from his bucket of clams, and "Plummer", getting a mess of bait to go after the big tautog that are coming in, waves his hoe to his friends on board.

The little schooners *Thomas Potter, Julia Nelson,* and the *Admiral Blake* are all there are to expect now.

One or two captains are buying "potatoes, pumpkins, pigs" and "other vegetables" according to their logs, at the Islands. But very few Sippican boys are on the whalers. There are darkskinned boys from the Islands, dropping off at New Bedford; and so there come strangers to pick cranberries, and do much that the Pilgrim mothers as well as the fathers did in the long ago years. Sippican boys go to Tabor Academy, and rise early and pore late over Latin and Greek verbs to go inland as doctors, lawyers, teachers, ministers.

The life of the Lands of Sippican is turning from the sea.

The girls go to school with "a beautiful lady" in their lives. They make little bonnets to tie under the chin like the ones Mrs. Cleveland wore. They practice on the piano, and make "crazy" silk patch work quilts, and sofa-pillows, even paint a little on velvet, sticky looking queer cat-o-nine-tails and roses for "lambrequins" and piano covers. They sing "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" and "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie." And Captain Stephen Hadley, keeps on riding down from "the landing" to do his shopping at the store, in his silk hat and other going ashore togs".

Scallop shanties appear on the wharfs in the Rochester villages.

The men, like all prospectors, out dragging, hoping to bring $50,000 into the village in a few weeks. Ever since a bold fisherman had experimented and found that the white propelling muscle of the scallop was good to eat, the market and price had been steadily increasing, until suddenly there was a new expensive delicacy on the tables of the American sea board even appearing on the Chicago bill-of-fare, but tasting like "balls of fried, dried cotton" said an old Sippicaner who had ventured into the interior that far.

The boats came in full, night after night, sometimes 80 bushels to a boat as there was no limit to the catch.

The fresh Sou'Wester blowing, a grey sky with grey clouds driven hither and thither by the evening wind, the grey waves tipped with white caps, then the sun peeps through and the water glitters like silver and there is the scallop fleet coming up from Bird Island. Like a flock of sea gulls flying low with their wings almost dipping into the brine, the sails now grey now white as the sun shines out from the passing clouds.

The flock nears Nye's wharf, and one by one pass Little Island, the men busy getting ready for a quick landing.

The great heaps of brown shell fish are piled high almost filling the small craft.

The sails rattle down, and the boats drift in bare masted to their places by the wharves.

Quick! Quick! the men in hip high rubber boots are up on the wharf, and shoveling up the day's haul into great baskets to hurry into the little shanties where the boys of the village wait to cut deftly from the dark mass, with a quick turn of the knife, the white "eye" which is worth $3.00 a gallon today. It may be less tomorrow, so hurry! hurry! wet, tired busy workers!

The boats unloaded, there is still the task of cleaning the craft so all may be ready for a start at day break next morning. With bucket and broom they clean the deck, and sides of the cockpit, coralling every star-fish, the deadly enemy of the scallop: with great care coil every rope and put it in place, peer at the mast and boom, scan the nets of the drags, for most of these first scallop fishermen of the villages are

deep sea sailors, all with a sense of making everything "ship shape".

The schooner *Thomas Potter* comes in like a great auk among them, and ties up at the "long wharf" for $5 wharfage for the winter. The *Julia Nelson* arrives for a last load of box boards that are piled high in long rows so that one walked as though in a lumber yard with no view of the harbor.

The old wharf brings in $164.44 that year.

And in Washington, for these fishermen, sailors and such as these all over the rich land of America, "The President", wading in a sea of the financial troubles of the country, thought and worked.

"I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most condusive to the welfare of my countrymen, and the promoting of good government."

These, the people! They work hard!

And on Dec. 6, 1887, he writes

"To the Congress of the United States,

You are confronted at the threshold of your legislative duties with a condition of the national finances which imperatively demands immediate and careful consideration."

"It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory."

The ship of state so near the rocks. "If disaster results from the continued inaction of congress, the responsibility must rest where it belongs."

The Captain of the ship spoke:

Touch on the tariff? It *was* the tariff!

The first Democratic president since the war battling with a stiff Republican Senate!

The mate on board the *Falcon,* Capt. Handy, writes familiar words. Dec. 19, 1887

"Blowing a moderate gale from the N. W. lowered three boats and the L. B. struck, turned the whale up and he sunk, parted the line, came on board, blowing, lost two lines and two darting guns on the whale, when he sunk, blowing a gale with heavy rain squalls."

Men deserted at the Islands, but they sent home 8 casks of oil, 487 of sperm, and 1479 whale oil by the *Lottie Beard.*

A restless, dissatisfied growing country! The prairies and mountains divided by invisible lines; territories clamoring to become states; and the Pacific kingdom crying out against the slant-eyed hordes who were scrambling up the hills making gardens that hung in the air, or in gullies and pockets of the earth, living as no American could and slowly taking up the fertile valleys.

If Cleveland had like Massasoit trusted the new comers an Oriental country might lie against America's Western plains, and short coated little scuttling men with hands in their sleeves, and almond eyed women and children would swarm on the brown hills of California.

The schooner *Lottie Beard* touches at St. Helena Mar. 17, and the Rochester villages plant and fish, and the captain in the White house sets a straight course.

"Public office is a public trust."

When Mrs. Cleveland with her mother arrived at the Gilders on July 29, 1888, "She arrived without a single reporter being any the wiser for it" writes an astonished correspondent.

She came to be a familiar figure in the village — a tall girl in a wide leghorn hat trimmed with waterlillies, talking gaily with Mr. Gilder, stopping to speak to a child, or coming into a school girl's study and talking of many things, becoming the model of the maidens and the object of adoration afar of the freckle faced tanned urchins who swam or fished or clammed all summer long, and causing the old captains to lose their Republican moorings and swing off into the Democratic current.

A "big Marigold Day" is held for the benefit of the Marion Social Club, and there are more theatricals in Hadley's Hall. Dancing bears come to town, and bagpipers.

Mr. Gilder is writing on Aug. 16 to Mr. Cleveland about going over to Joe Jefferson's. "Edwin Booth arrived when I was there and we all drove off to see an old, old house where to my intense surprise, I bought a wooden wagon of curious pattern built in 1824."

The season ended with a flourish on Aug. 26 with a "grand leap year Ball", with four pieces of music and 200 guests at the supper at the Sippican Hotel.

But there is sadness in the village this year of 1888 because Capt. Stephen Hadley and Capt. Henry Delano, set out on their last voyages, and on Oct. 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Taber at the age of 97 relinquished the reins of control on Tabor Academy.

All that year the boys and girls were trying to make her last days happy. They amused her as they came in costume from the Tabor "Carmen Club", where little entertainments were given for audiences of friends—shadow pantomimes, tableaux, readings, scenes from Shakespeare in which sheets, shawls and lace curtains figured prominently for costumes.

Some evenings the girls were in velvet caps and glistening costumes from "Miss Bessey's" and "Mrs. Jarley's" wardrobe trunks, posing in "Living Pictures" with the help of the immense gilt frame from the "Studio." They flit along the path, back of the Library building, and up the stairs of Tabor Hall, to kneel before the grand old lady, who places her hands on their cheeks and smiles into their eyes.

They sing for her on her dreary days; tell of their plans. Sometimes she is a little scandalized at the "goings on". A Bug minstrel show in the chapel! "Now, young ladies, I am about to build a hall for such entertainments."

The "Hall" (Music) was given in her will, for the great lady's time was short in Sippican, and she felt the weight of years.

Very human was Elizabeth Taber: she frowned a little on dancing, as did all the staid Orthodox congregation, but indulged in a little smoke after her noon-day meal, as many old ladies did.

Elizabeth Taber passes from her beloved Sippican, and the boys and girls of Tabor go marching, marching to the chapel in honor of a great lady and a great lover of the village.

A month later Nov. 7, 1888, a prophetic letter is sent to the President by Mr. Gilder: "Well, perhaps a four years rest before coming back to the White House for four years more

is better after all; you both need a long vacation, and as eight years only is allowed, a four years vacation is not a bad idea."

Another summer came, and the great Democrat began his four years vacation in Marion.

A small boy climbed the slope of Bartlett's Hill, where ran the imaginary line that had been suggested as the boundary between the two towns of Mattapoisett and Rochester-Towne Center.

A long brown house designed by Richardson (who tried to buy Little Island in those days) built near the great split rock where the Indian chieftain lay, was the President's home for a part of that summer.

Here he was interviewed by a grandson of Capt. Nathan Briggs, who thought of course "96,000 people plurality" meant that "the President" was still the President of the United States. The small urchin was welcomed gravely. "Mr. President", he began. Mr. Cleveland smiled, "Oh, I am not the President now, my boy!"

"Oh, I had not heard of that, sir", said the lad.

But there sat perhaps the greatest leader of the people, since Lincoln, and they proceeded to talk of many things — a great chieftain of America and a great captain's grand-son!

At a Chamber of Commerce Banquet, Nov. 19, 1889 in regard to Presidents finishing their jobs, "the President" in commenting on a Kentucky newspaper editor's suggestion, "to take us out and shoot us" said "Prior to last March I did not appreciate as well as I do now the objection to the proceeding but I have had time to reflect upon the subject since and I find excellent reasons for opposing the plan."

He solved the problem! He worked at his profession, and went a-fishing!

The captains understood that way of living. They came home from voyages to India and Africa and went for "a mess" of tautog, or scup on "Bobel" or "Southeast."

And here was a fisherman who said money hadn't been plentiful in his home, so he had begun with a "home grown pole". The captains rather favored "hook and line"; but here

was a new neighbor who came in bringing a string of fish that he parcelled out just like any of the home folk, that he had caught with rod and reel.

And so he became one of them; smiling at the children, never forgetting a face of his fellow townsmen. His wide hat came off to a little school girl just as quickly as to a celebrity in the village.

He was like Mrs. Taber and the other Rochester-Towne people, brought up in a strict manner with the Calvinistic doctrine guiding his life, meetings three times a day on the Sabbath and Sunday School: the life of which Cleveland said "You may not always live up to what you have learned, but the good influence always remained with you."

Neither Mrs. Taber nor Mr. Cleveland ever seemed to do anything for public show.

President Cleveland was the only President that didn't plant a tree because he "could see no sense in planting a tree for the name of the thing"; and yet when a line of elms was to be set out along the hot sunny road to the "Old Landing", his name went down on the subscription paper as a generous giver. He gave that the roadway today might be lined with great elms and be shadowy and cool in summer.

So it was with Elizabeth Taber. She gave when she could see in the giving coming utility or beauty.

Postmaster Hall, of course, had to take down the big picture of the Democratic President, and had placed Harrison's portrait in a conspicuous place, but Mrs. Cleveland's picture remained on his desk where all the village could see as it came in for the mail!

And a busy little post office it was, with letters pouring in from all over the country!

But the chieftain fished!

There was much sailing especially after the bluefish came in that year.

Blue fish appear and disappear suddenly. It is said they left the bay entirely in 1764, and did not appear in number again until 1810. But in 1889 they seemed to crowd into Buzzard's Bay.

Good blue fishing! To sail with white clouds and spray flying, the long line pulling, pulling!

The jerk as though a whale had caught at the eel skin dashing through the blue-green water, and then the struggle to pull into the boat the great fighting fish at the end of seventy-five feet of straining line, slipping through aching, wet hands!

The last old store house for oil that was standing on Nye's wharf, the roof open to the winds and rain, went up in flames as the boys' bonfire on the night before the Fourth, and Bishop Phillips Brooks sailing by said, "Good for the Boys!" with his listeners uncertain whether to laugh or scold him. The good, great, Bishop hearing that an old lady next door to Union Hall had expressed a wish,

"Oh, that I could have Bishop Brooks consecrate my little house!" kneels in prayer in the little room, and the old lady cried for joy afterwards in telling about the scene.

Wonderful racing on the harbor and out into the bay!

"The Sippican Yacht Club will hold forth this afternoon, wind, weather and so forth permitting. It is to be hoped that the weather will not be so lugubrious as it was on that memorable occasion four weeks ago when the thunder crashed, the judges crept into the cabins, and the *Puzzle* tipped over. Get your spy guns out!"

The driving over the macadam roads out of the village was rather dusty, but of course in the main streets the watering cart went up and down, with some residents paying extra to have the road in front of their houses well "wet down".

Besides fishing, "the President" being in town, and land being sold for summer homes, there has been a journey to Plymouth in regard to Mrs. Taber's will.

When Elizabeth Taber died she left no near relatives, and as further proof of her love for her village, after having given Union Hall, the Congregational Chapel, the Town Hall, $20,000 for the Pitcher Memorial Fund to the church, she left in her will the bulk of her fortune to "Sippican Lower Village."

A $20,000 trust fund to the village for parks, fountains, trees, anything that would add to its beauty.

"The President" in Marion

$22,000 added to the Pitcher trust fund of the Congregational Church.

$15,000 to the Marion Library Association.

$5,000 to the Natural History Association.

$6,000 to the Evergreen Cemetery Association.

A hall (Music) for public meetings, a reading room, and $60,000 outright to the Academy she had established, and the rest and residue of the estate.

She left the school in charge of the installed pastors of the old Rochester villages with her church in New Bedford and Acushnet. Her intention was to put her school under the control of the churches, but the court decided for the individual pastors.

Some distant cousins put in a claim, and Sippican put on its Sunday clothes, jammed down its hat, tied its bonnet under its chin and the determined face of Sippican stared at the cousins who had appeared in Plymouth, who fled without a word, and nobody had to testify in court about Elizabeth Taber's love for her village.

By 1890 real estate valuation was $569,520; Personal $223,000. The town paid $32.00 a month to its school teachers. Its debt was $2,737.46. Its tax rate was $10. on a thousand, and they were appropriating $1,000 for roads and $2,200 for schools. Total appropriation, $8,050.

There had been a great interest in Mrs. Taber's will by the new comers to town — too much the older people think, and there is a call for a Library Association meeting and down on the records it goes.

"Hereafter only those who are residents of Marion shall in any way become members of the Association."

There were polite resolutions adopted in regard "to kind and generous interest shown" but that "the control shall be with the residents of Marion."

Somebody was intruding onto the Captain's deck!

But Richard Gilder placed the portrait of Mrs. Taber where it now hangs in the library.

"The President" writes from the Kelly house, a long rambling farm house, which stood on the road just beyond Capt. Henry Allen's, where the Reed house is now. June 9, 1890, looking out over Little Island he writes:

"I started the fishing branch of the firm's business today and am glad to report that the season promises well. I found here a feeling of depression in the trade and on every side there seemed to be the gravest apprehension for the future. I determined to test the condition and am entirely satisfied that if the industry is properly cared for and prosecuted with zeal, industry and intelligence, satisfactory returns may be confidently relied upon. — I caught 25 fish with my own rod and reel — averaging larger than any fish we caught last summer, about equally divided in number between bass and tautog".

The town fills with politicians, statesmen, and reporters watching the greatest Democrat of his time.

Any morning in front of the Post Office could be seen a group of celebrated Democrats, Lamar, Lamont, and Sec'y Thurber looking as though they were settling question of state when probably they were guessing how the wind was going to be for fishing on Cleveland's ledge.

Everybody walked in those days. Along the roads would come Mrs. Cleveland with a big St. Bernard dog for company, or Mr. Gilder and Joe Jefferson or L. Clarke Davis, editor of the Philadelphia Ledger as devoted a fisherman as Mr. Cleveland himself.

The eyes of the politicians and party leaders of America were on "the President" who sat and fished all day long, rain or shine. He never wanted to come in.

One beautiful June day he and Mrs. Cleveland occupied front seats in the Chapel at the Tabor Academy Commencement. Besides the official invitation from the trustees, a friend had asked him to his daughter's "graduation". The young voices rang out in the choruses, "Apollo strikes the Lyre", "Good night, Good Night, Beloved", and the essays and speeches went on and on.

"Oh, it was so warm", said the valedictorian nervously, "but I don't think he minded, do you?"

Buzzard's Bay was shining, and the wind just right for fishing!

Invitations poured in on him!

June 18, 1890
Marion, Mass.

"I acknowledge with thanks the invitation I have just received to be present at the unveiling of the monument — impossible for me to accept—."

Tammany was watching him, as Mr. Gilder tells the story, like "the old negro who risked his life, when he was fishing one day, to save a small darky.

'No sah! oh, no sah! He's not my son, sah!'

'No sah! oh, no sah! he's no relation, sah!'

'Well, sah, you see, the fact is, sah, that boy had the bait'."

With the breeze from the bay blowing through the farm house rooms, "the President" writes to Abram B. Tapper, Grand Sachem,

Marion, Mass., June 30, 1890

Dear Sir:

My absence from the city of New York, and plans which I have already made, prevent my acceptance of the courteous invitation which I have received to attend the celebration by the Tammany Society of the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of American independence.

The celebration contemplated by your ancient and time honored organization will, it seems to me, fall short in the impressiveness due to the occasion if it does not persistently present and emphasize the idea that the Declaration of Independence was a protest of honest and sturdy men against the wrongs and oppressions of misgovernment.

The reasons and justifications for their revolt are exhibited in their recital of a long list of grievous instances of maladministration. They complained that their interests had been so neglected and their rights as lawful subjects so vio-

lated, under British rule, that they were absolved from further fealty.

Our fathers, in establishing a new government upon the will of the people and consecrated to their care and just protection, could not prescribe limitations which would deny to political parties its conduct and administration. The opportunities and the temptations, thus necessarily presented to partisanship, have brought us to a time when party control is far too arrogant and bitter, and when, in public place, the true interests of the country are too lightly considered.

In this predicament, those who love their country may well remember, with comfort and satisfaction, on Independence Day, that the disposition of the American people to revolt against maladministration still remains to them, and is the badge of their freedom and independence, as well as their security for continued prosperity and happiness.

They will not revolt against their plan of government, for its protection and preservation supply every inspiration of true Americanism. But because they are free, and independent American citizens, they will, as long as their love and veneration for their government shall last, revolt against the domination of any political party which, intrusted with power, sordidly seeks only its continuance and which faithlessly violating its plain and simple duty to the people, insults them with professions of disinterested solicitude while it eats out their substance.

And yet, with all this, we should not in blind security deny the existence of danger. The masses of our country men are brave and therefore generous; they are strong and therefore confident, and they are honest and therefore unsuspecting. Our peril lies in the ease with which they may be deluded and cajoled by those who would traffic with their interests.

No occasion is more opportune than the celebration of the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of American independence to warn the American people of the present necessity on their part of a vigilant watchfulness of their rights and a jealous exaction of honest and unselfish performance of public duty."

Thus writes a great Amercan, one like Gov. Bradford; Ebenezer White, Representative; Geo. Bonum Nye; John Clapp, King of the saltmakers; Capt. Nathan Briggs.

On Saturday, Aug. 9, 1890, everybody went to the greatest of all of the "Marigold Days".

It was held on Judge James Austin's grounds, and "the President" came in from the ledge in time to buy a letter from the post office where just three lines were going as high as $10. signed "Francis Folsom Cleveland, Postmistress." She was "worked to death", she scribbled to a school girl, who treasures the blue scrap of paper to this day.

In a "Record of Friendship" by Mr. Gilder, we read that Mr. Cleveland himself got up an acrostic contest on the word "Marion" to raise money for "the day", and all the contestants met at the "Studio" that evening to open the envelopes.

Mr. Gilder was chairman of the committee on prizes. The prize was to go to the writer of the worst rhyme, and the winner was to give a certain sum of money to the treasurer of the Marigold Day and leave town in twenty-four hours.

There was one acrostic on the beauties of Marion, and one line gives the key to the whole.

"Rip ope thy cans of frenzied fire", and "the President", was the author.

When Mr. Gilder made the announcement, Mr. Cleveland got up and started to speak. He was very solemn. He said he had "been watching the chairman for days, having shrewdly suspected that he was at work upon some evil design — and here it was — an attack upon the property and sacred liberty of a citizen! He condemned the action of the chairman on legal and constitutional grounds. Money was to be demanded of a citizen at the very moment when it was plain that the festival must have seriously depleted his financial resources."

The Rev. Percy Browne followed in the same strain. Mr. Gilder reached over and passed a silver piece to Mr. Charles W. Bangs of Mr. Cleveland's law firm, retaining him as counsel, and immediately Mr. Cleveland rose again and said that since he last spoke "certain considerations" had presented themselves to his mind, and then he began a flowery eulogy of

Mr. Gilder, "from the standpoint of character and good citizenship, and, as he kindled with his theme" writes Mr. Gilder in the description of the scene, "he turned upon Mr. Browne and expressed his surprise and indignation that the very next-door neighbor of the chairman, one who must necessarily be daily familiar with his well-known virtues, should so far forget him self as to indulge in language of criticism and derogation." A young visitor became alarmed and whispered in Mr. Gilder's ear, "He's angry!" And so he seemed to be. Jefferson had said that Cleveland could have been an actor!

The fooling went on while the fire flamed in the big chimney, and the pines sighed outside in the dark woodland.

One grey afternoon late, with the water sullen, the rain steadily falling, the wide hat brim shedding it from the grave face, "the President" sits patiently holding his rod.

The captain lifts his head looking at the pennant drooping at the mast head—the school boy mate lifts his eyes, too. No wind! Mr. Gilder, a little long faced and pale from too much tumbling about in the early part of the day, dodges up from the cabin now and then, watch in hand.

A train is thundering along from the tip of the Cape that Mr. Cleveland must take at Tremont, to be in Washington the next morning.

Nearly train time at the Marion station, and still he fished and fished, with Mr. Gilder getting more and more restless, the silent captain and the little mate watching the wind, and the rain steadily falling!

Time flying, and at last the captain said, "We must pull up anchor, Mr. Cleveland, or you'll lose your train."

Once more over for one more fish, and when at last they docked, Mr. Gilder was running to telegraph to hold the train at Tremont, while the fisherman changed his rain soaked garments.

Three or four days later, he was again on the ledge. "Wet the other night, weren't you?" said the captain,—"but you had time to change your clothes!"

"All but my shoes!" said Mr. Cleveland.

"Well, that wasn't bad. You could change them on the Fall River boat."

"Well," he said, "I didn't. I forgot to take any others." He looked up under his hat brim, "I didn't take them off. I was afraid I couldn't get them on in the morning", and he went on fishing.

A great American in Marion, and the little town filled with visitors watching, and the country listening to what Cleveland was saying.

"The curious thing about the situation is", wrote Mr. Gilder on Nov. 20, 1890, "that Cleveland has not lifted his little finger to secure the nomination, and I think there are circumstances under which he might refuse to take it. The fact that he has a great future behind him, even if he should not have one before him, gives him extraordinary independence and influence."

Land values had soared and increased by leaps and bounds, because of the Clevelands' coming to the village, and when "the President" tried to buy the "Kelly Farm House", the price of that increased. The old Geo. Bonum Nye's wharf with its surrounding farm lands, was Mrs. Cleveland's choice, but there were so many heirs and such a legal tangle that that plan was given up, and Marion lost "the President" and "the beautiful lady".

"The prices were a little higher than the President was paying that year," commented one reporter.

On Oct. 20, 1891 Cleveland is writing Mr. Gilder from New York:

"Mr. Simmons from the Times wants to get up a Marion fish story, and I want you if it won't interrupt you too much, to add a little of your veracity to what I mean to furnish him".

"The President" didn't bring any lunch today", said the captain to his wife as he came in one night after dark, from a long day on the ledge.

"He likes your ginger bread cookies!"

"Well, I never", said the wife, "Isn't he just real folks!"

Chapter XVIII

ADVENTURERS SET OUT AGAIN FROM SIPPICAN

"We shall go always a little further; it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow."

FLECKER.

The summer that "The President" came, a young reporter named Richard Harding Davis, was rushing about New York on eighteen assignments a day, for $7 a week, and losing his job in the fall.

"My city editor didn't like me because on cold days I wore gloves", he writes, "and at the end of three months he discharged me as incompetent".

He was sitting on a bench in City Hall Park in September 1889, when with real "R. H. D. luck", Arthur Brisbane, editor of the Sun, whom he had met in London, came along.

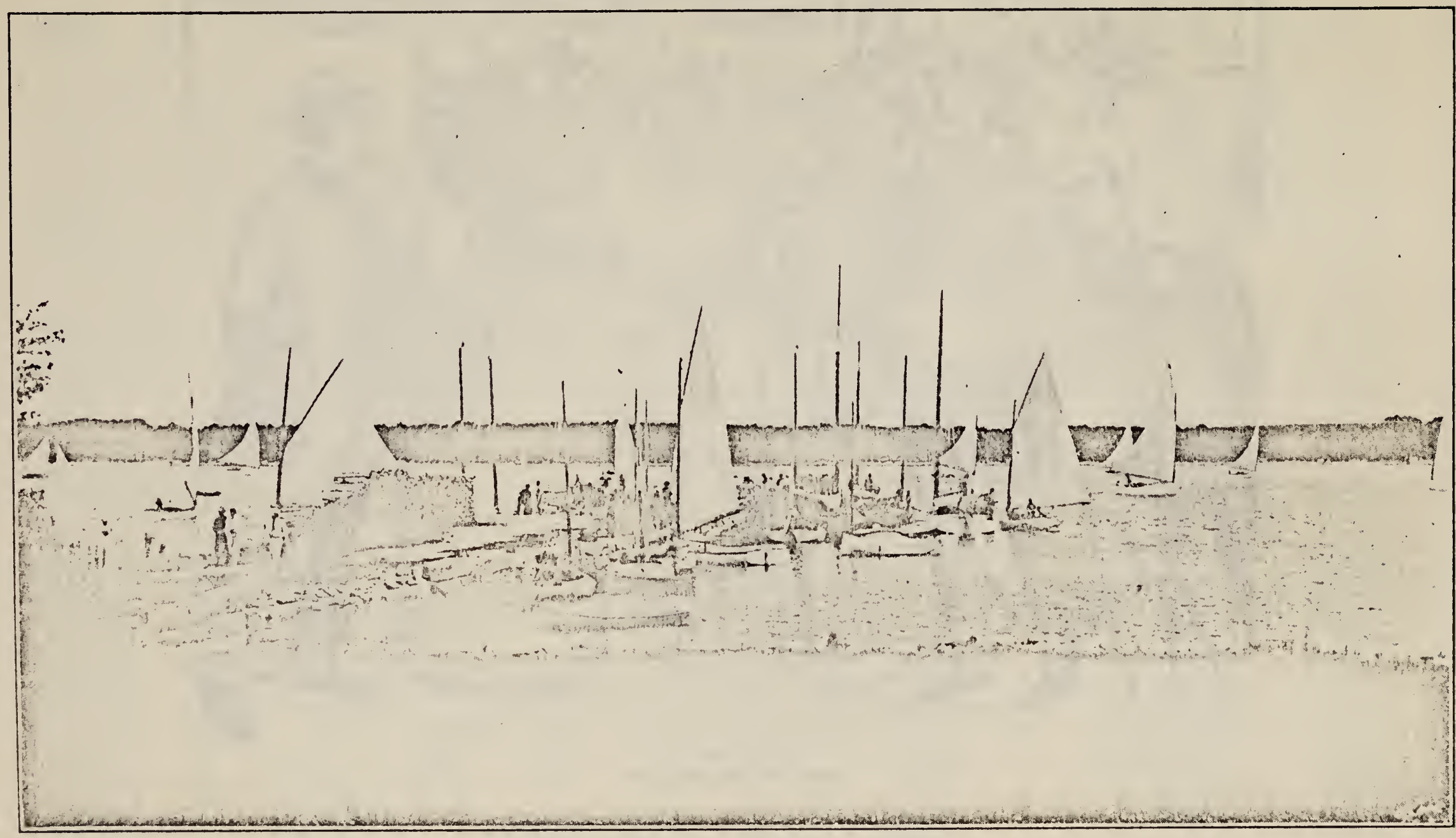
The tide turned and in the spring, May 29, 1890, he is writing to his mother:

"Mr. Gilder has asked me to stay with them at Marion, and to go to Cambridge with Mrs. Gilder, and dear Mrs. Cleveland and Grover Cleveland, where he reads the poem before D. K. E."

Youth comes up over the horizon in America!

For 200 years those young, according to the "Family Bible" on the Lands of Sippican, took prominent parts in the battle of life. They farmed, and built and commanded ships, and dickered in the tide-washed centers of the world, but they were old! old! Sometimes "grave and bearded seignors" at twenty-one!

Now youth, as youth, rides "drinking from life's enchanted cup!"



The Wharf — "Where the little schooners came in for wood and boxboards"

"Gibson takes his Marion friends"

For the first time youth speaks as youth, not as a copy of age. It begins to move restlessly under the weight of old customs, the old way of thinking like father, grandfather, and great grandfather.

The tempo quickens from the mournful movement of the slow chords of the New England Psalm Book. It changes more slowly in the little villages of the Pilgrims than in the big centers.

Little children have come out from under the shadow of

"Our days begin with trouble here
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near
So frail a thing is man."

And delighted eyes smile at Alice and the White Rabbit! It is not all of life to eat, sleep and toil under a stern sense of duty to some power, somewhere, harsh and hard.

All over America backs straighten: there is the sound of laughter: girls are riding bicycles: mothers and aunts are donning neat white braided blue bathing suits, and are jumping up and down in the sea as the Indians did so long ago.

A few old ladies are left, sitting and knitting in caps and ribbons. They had put them on at fifty and felt undressed without them.

Old age swings farther away than fifty voyages of a little planet in a tumbling passage around the sun, and shawls and caps are getting old-fashioned.

Beards, and bonnets, and the Wednesday evening prayer meetings slowly disappear from the real life of the village.

And instead of buying a share in a whaler the boys save the money to go to college to be a doctor, a minister, a lawyer.

"And why not take a half a dollar, once in a while, and give a party", said youth. "Why not buy a banjo? I don't see the harm!"

And the women! "No, I don't use soft soap any more. I like the bars I can buy down to the store!"

They are even taking a dislike to the heavy flowered Brussels and Ingrain carpets that have to be taken up every spring and dragged out by rebellious urchins or the male head

of the family, and whacked and banged in the back yard, over the clothes line, under an aura of dust. Those red and green carpets that never have had a chance to fade, much less wear out in the closed, airless, shade-drawn rooms!

Straw mattings are going down even in the sitting rooms!

Long ago most of the Currier & Ives prints have been disposed of, with some old furniture, on the wood pile. "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" are disappearing, hidden in the attic, propped up against an old cradle or a dismantled four-post corded bed. Even the "Huguenot Lovers" and the "Rogers Groups" that show through the Nottingham lace curtains are less carefully dusted, for Gibson pictures are beginning to open windows on a new fresh romantic world.

Old Sippican had stared at the writer folk, the actors and musicians who came with the Gilders': had been whirled in the excitement of a crowded little town that held "the President and Mrs. Cleveland"; and now had come to the streets a group of talented gay young people, who gambled gaily with duty, and made rollicking trips out into the world and back again.

Among all the distinguished company that walked about, crowding into the little post office, in and out of the little houses, sailing, riding horseback, driving, fishing — Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch, Governeur Morris, Stephen Bonsal, Tait McKenzie, Frederick Clay Bartlett, John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, Fritzi Scheff, the two young Americans, Richard Harding Davis and Charles Dana Gibson were the ones they most pointed out.

"Who was that who took off his hat? Really? *Richard Harding Davis!*"

Gibson running up the street to get a notice of his sketches that had appeared in the Century!

"Is that Charles Dana Gibson? Well! he doesn't need to look for models! All he has to do is sketch himself and Davis!"

Davis, over six feet tall, who got to know according to F. Peter Dunn "more waiters, generals, actors and princes than any man who lived" and yet as Augustus Thomas said,

"with an undisciplined indifference to great personages not inconsistent with his admiration of their medals", and Charles Dana Gibson, who with a stroke of his pen did away with bearded heroes and languid fainting females, and drew fine clean chinned young giants that the young men had to look like to gain the favor of the trim healthy girls who seemed suddenly to appear all over America in their shirt waists and sailor hats.

The two brought real youth to Marion!

Davis, the adventurer, like the sailors, had "watched sharks sliding through the phosphorus" in the Pacific, and "lights burning in huts along the shores."

He seemed to walk, ride with romance written in the air around him.

Like Richard Gilder, he had been surrounded by the great in art and letters, with a mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, a famous writer, and a father, L. Clarke Davis of the Philadelphia Ledger, who complained that he had never been known for himself, first he was the husband of Rebecca Harding Davis and then the father of Richard Harding Davis. His mother advised him to send the story of "Gallagher" the boy who wasn't fired because he "beat the town", to Mr. Gilder. "In the old days", she said, "the Century would not print the word *brandy*. But those days are over."

Mr. Gilder tired with reading manuscript, bringing out his fifth book of poems, is carrying on his business affairs in New York from the old grey house on the "Old Landing" road.

He writes on July 17, 1891.

"I find I am scudding under bare poles this summer. Have had no vacation! But am just off for a week or ten days now. I have had as many as fifty or sixty letters in a single day here to answer or annotate in my own hand."

Davis goes to see Mr. Cleveland about going into politics.

"He seemed to think breaking stones as a means of getting fame and fortune was quicker and more genteel. I also saw her and the Baby", he writes.

"Gallagher", the newspaper story, appears and in August the Pall Mall Gazette is saying, "The Americans, by the way,

think that they have discovered a Rudyard Kipling of their own". Davis is famous almost over night. Stephen Bonsal gives a picture of the Marion group, one evening that winter in the Gilder New York Studio.

Davis is the center of a laughing, congratulating group. A little apart Bonsal is listening to Mr. Cleveland with divided attention.

His attention wandered more and more to the chattering group, when suddenly Mr. Cleveland's arm shot up into the air, and his fist came down with a bang!

"Look here! I think somebody might listen to me! I know I haven't written Gallagher, but I *have* been President of the United States!" and the gay circle breaks and laughingly surrounds "the President".

And back they come for the summer with the village a little quieter because "the President", although fishing on his ledge, lands his catch a little further up the bay.

Charles Belmont Davis in the Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis writes of the life in Sippican.

"A rather drowsy life for those who didn't fish — a great deal of sitting about on one's neighbor's porch and discussion of the latest novel, or the newest art, or of one's soul and speculating as to what would probably become of it. From the first Richard formed a great affection for the place, and after his marriage adopted it for his winter as well as his summer home.

As a workshop he had two rooms in one of the native's cottages and two more charming rooms it would be hard to imagine. The little shingled cottage was literally covered with honeysuckle, and inside there were the old wall papers, the open hearth, the mahogany furniture and the many charming things that had been there for generations and all of which helped to contribute to the quaint, peaceful atmosphere of the place.

Dana Gibson had a cottage just across the road and around the corner Gouverneur Morris lived with his family. At the time neither of these friends or Richard himself allied themselves very closely to the literary colony and its high thoughts, but devoted most of the time to sailing around Sippican Harbor, playing tennis, and contributing an occasional short story

or an illustration to a popular magazine. But after the colony had taken flight, Richard often remained long into the fall doing really serious work and a great deal of it. At such times he had to depend upon a few friends who came to visit him, but principally on the natives to many of whom he was greatly attached. When he made it his permanent home he became an integral part and performed his duties as one of its leading citizens."

Winston Churchill who settled down later across the harbor to work on *Coniston,* tells of meeting Davis in Marion.

"I first met him shortly after the publication of my first novel," he writes, "I was paying an over Sunday visit to Marion, that quaint water side resort where Mr. Davis lived for many years, and with which his name is associated. On this Monday morning as the stage started out for the station a young man came running after it, caught it, and sat down in the only empty place — beside me. He was Richard Harding Davis. I recognized him, nor shall I forget that peculiar thrill I experienced at finding myself in actual physical contact with an author. And that the author should be none other than the creator of Gallagher, prepossessing, vigorous, rather than a dry elderly relic, made my excitement the keener. It happened that after entering the smoking car that the remaining vacant seat was at my side, and here Davis established himself. He looked at me, asked if my name was Winston Churchill, he said he had read my book!"

Davis was the idol of the young writers of the day, and also as Booth Tarkington says, "a college boy's ideal."

Tarkington writes of "cutting an exam" at Princeton, "to go to the new Waldorf-Astoria to see the world at lunch in its new magnificence and Richard Harding Davis came into the Palm Room — then, oh then, my day was radiant! That was the top of our fortune; we could never have hoped for so much. Of all the great people of every continent, this was the one we most desired to see."

And Davis walking from the postoffice in the village reads an item in his folded newspaper, and off he goes.

In a month he is riding horseback 110 miles in 33 hours in the South West; watching a ranger shoot splinters out of flying telegraph poles as the train rushes along; over in England helping Oxford boys tear down an iron barrier set by an ugly land owner across the Avon; "taking Coffee with the master of Baliol" and "seeing an Indian Princess in a cashmere cloak and diamonds who looked so proud and lonely and beautiful that I wanted to take her out to one of the seats in the quadrangle and let her weep on my shoulders. How she lives among those cold people I cannot understand."

He lives as an English gentleman in London, "looking into Picadilly". Gibson and Davis met for the first time in the smoking room of a London hotel at midnight. Davis had been rowing up and down the Thames, disguised as a boatman, looking for adventure.

He comes home in August, 1892 and writes about it all. Into the little Post Office come French and English magazines. Army and Navy journals, and always at least one London Daily, and Mr. Hall, the Postmaster, passes them out to the tall young adventurer, who perhaps sees a single line, that that very night sends him to the far ends of the earth in search of wars and coming great events in the history of the world.

Tired Mr. Gilder leaves "the house that looks to East, to West", and "the woods that bring the sunset near", for the hills, and Capt. George Luce, and the old soldier Charlton Wing set out on their last voyages.

The young people are having gay parties at Music Hall! "Hot coffee marches", and the girls wear trains! "R. H. D." is climbing a wall in Tangier and crawling up on a housetop next to the prison to be sure he had seen all of it, "shying down money to an old woman jumping up and down in the courtyard, to find that he was on top of a harem."

Riding in Cairo with the consul-general's gold clad outriders and singing coster songs in the evening "to make the English weep."

But he finds it all rather stupid and writes home, "If I don't have any adventures I shall write essays on art like Mrs. V."

By Mar. 4, 1893 he is in Malta, "Today Cleveland is inaugurated and I took all the passengers down at the proper time and explained to them that at that moment a great man was being made president and gave them each an American cocktail to remember it by in which to toast him."

At home Postmaster Hall comes out and hangs up the picture of "the President" again.

From a gay circle of artists in Paris where he is seeing Whistler, Pennell and Abbey, with Dana Gibson, Davis writes, "Say you do not mind waiting until the middle of August for me, and when I come back this time I shall make a long stay with you at Marion and tell you lots of things I have not written about."

"I look forward already over the miles and days and months and just see us sitting together at Marion and telling each other how good it is to be together again and holding each other's hands".

He has decided that "instead of being a cafe-chantant singer I should like to be an Austrian baron and own a castle on a hill with a red roofed village around it."

Marion appropriates $18,219 at the town meeting! "Of 36 towns reporting as shown by the Highway Commissioner's report our town pays higher taxes for men and teams than any other of the towns doing the kind of work we do, but we do not advise a reduction in wages."

The oil lights drip, and the stone walls and boulders are crushed and "laid 6 in. thick at 72 rds. at $5.90 a rd".

"Put in 1½ miles of good stone road!" and out in the middle west somebody is trying out a machine that is going to change the "good stone" roads to black oiled highways.

Hard times in the country, and the selectmen feed 221 tramps.

On July 15, Davis is riding home from a supper Henry Irving gave to Bernhart and Rejane with Ellen Terry in a red cardinal cape made from Irving's robe.

That year a little life goes out on Bird Island and with it the light for the first time since it shone out that night in 1819,

and Richard Gilder came back to put crimson autumn leaves on Miss Bessy's grave.

"Shadows, O nevermore!
For when passed forth thy spirit it did seem
As if against the black a golden door
Were opened and a gleam
From the eternal Light fell on thy face
And made a visible glory in the place."

"I shall never be afraid of death any more", said one when this adventurer set forth from Sippican.

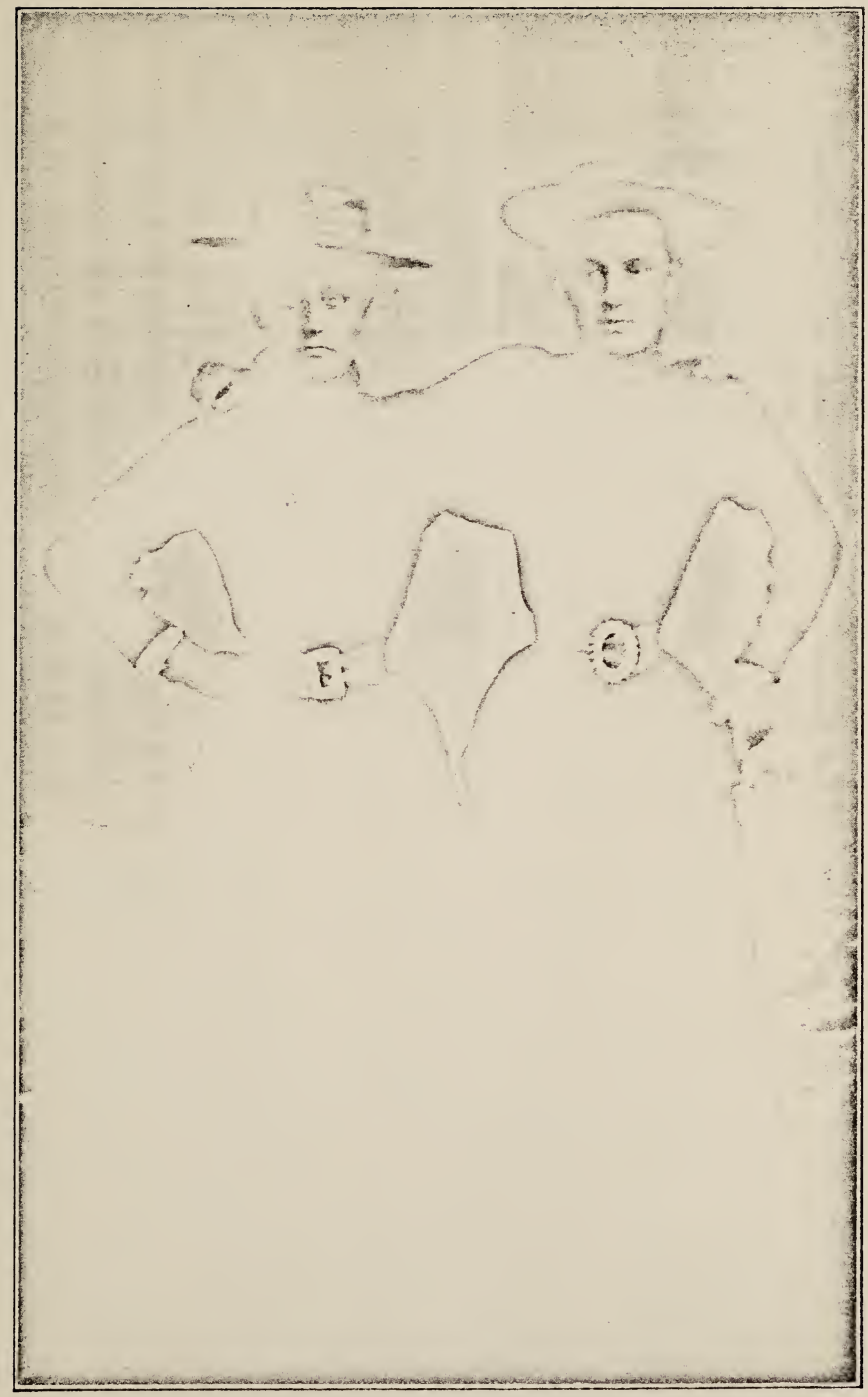
Somebody from Marion with a basket of clams on his back watches another adventurer in Fairhaven as he caulks his little boat the "*Spray*". "It'll crawl", he drawled, according to Capt. Slocumb's story, but off the *Spray* went April 24, 1895, around the world to find on the hills of Juan Fernandez high among the clouds, the king of the Island, a Portuguese who had sailed on a New Bedford whaler.

Davis down in Central America comments on the "little strip of mud and water that stopped the meeting of the tides of great oceans and the shipping of the world." Mr. Gilder writes that winter from the editorial rooms of the Century magazine, complimenting the New Bedford Standard on its extra edition.

In a postscript he tells of the Marion postmaster who keeps him posted on affairs.

He speaks of "his familiar and kindly countenance at the little square window through which he dispenses letters, literature, general information and benignity to all dwellers about Sippican".

"He is everybody's friend and nobody's enemy; he officiates on pretty much all public occasions, religious or secular; nothing is done without him; and no national administration can dispense with his services. His tenure is fixed, no matter what parties or presidents come or go; he greets each incoming administration with a smile and dismisses it with a benediction, knowing that whatever departs he remains. He is as immutable as the old church on the corner; the pump at Mrs. Harwood's or the Split Rock. He distributed cigars, candies



A tin-type — "Elsie and Betty in the Nineties"

and confidence to statesmen and little children with impartial generosity, and in summer when his mail keeps him on the jump, and in winter when he can unbend in well earned recreation, he is the one unruffled spirit of Buzzards Bay".

Sippican is very modern with safety bicycles, tricycles, and tandems! Some of the mothers are shocked to hear the young people shouting the new songs. They had grown up with "When you and I were young, Maggie" and "Darling I am growing old" and other songs in the back ground, "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming." Songs full of the feeling of "yews" and tombs, and lost loves and death, plaintive and sweet like the sound of their old pianos. The inhabitants of this world of song and story seemed to be always in a lovely sad garden walking, with ladies swooning and gallant sidewhiskered swains kneeling, respectfully kissing their hands, and all ending in pale death and the tomb.

Shocking youth called out now "Mamie, come kiss your honey boy", and "You'll look sweet, On the seat, Of a bicycle built for two!"

Down in the little house on Main Street Davis is working on "Soldiers of Fortune" which he sells to Scribner's for $5,000.

There is much excitement over it in diplomatic circles, and it was even said that Cleveland wrote the Venezuelan message because of it, and that war was coming because of it.

The patient President was like a runner hampered by the sticky mud of business depression and strikes, and pricked by the poison darts of party politicians. "I have sometimes doubted if I could carry the burden to the end", he wrote Mr. Gilder.

Davis is at Buda Pest staring at 1500 Hungarian nobles in their 1000 year old costumes, gold and silver cloth, gold chain armor, bear skins, leopard and wolf skins, with their horses shining with gold trappings studded with jewels; and then he is writing from Cuba of the people dying in Juares, a town as big as Marion. "Think of that", he writes, "six people dying in Marion every day during July and August."

In 1896-97 he reported the Coronation of the Czar at Moscow, the celebration at Buda-Pest, the Spanish Cuban war and the Queen's Jubilee, and had begun Capt. Macklin.

Thomas Beer in the Mauve Decade says,

"The nineteenth century had been prolific of parades and ached in its last ten years with them."

"A tall young Philadelphian saw much of this tinselled movement." "He was expensively hired to tell the world about Nicholas Romonoff settling the crown of Russia askew on his thick head in a torpor of incense and in such a reflected dazzle of golden cloth that Richard Harding Davis's eyes reddened."

Davis writes his mother about the ninety correspondents clamoring to get in with only twelve cards of admission — "There is not a wire we have not pulled, or a leg either — dashing about all day in a blue night gown, leaving cards and writing notes and giving drinks and having secretaries to lunch, and buying flowers for wives, and cigar boxes for husbands, and threatening the ministers with Cleveland's name."

Quite like the old adventurers from Sippican getting a cargo for their trim clipper ships lying out in the harbor.

He sees the Czarina, his "Princess Aline" much more beautiful and more sad-looking than ever; but a "Russian Prince who spoke English perfectly but who was politely insolent with his 3 diamond eagles on an astrakan cap, a white cloak, a grey uniform, rows of medals" "surrounded by eight servants who bowed at him all the brief time he talked over our heads," irritated him, and he ends up "I wouldn't do it again for $10,000".

He goes from the Balkans and eating goat's milk with the Greek mountaineers, to write from Florence in May 1897, "I have been twenty years trying to be in a battle and it will be twenty years before I will want to be in another.

At the Queen's Jubilee in June, he says he was "too magnificent for words" in his "beautiful steel sword and a court hat with silver on the side and silk stockings that I wore at Moscow and pumps with great buckles."

Home again; and up the village street where the houses hug the sidewalks "as close as if outdoors were small' through the sunshine and the shade comes the pageant.

He waves his pencil, this young adventurer, in the low vine covered room, and in and out they wind their way, the little round-faced Queen with gold coach and outriders, and bronzed men, and long rows of glittering figures, with horses champing and pawing, and bands playing!

A long procession of the great ones of the world, the successor of Peter the Great, the "divine Sarah" herself, ladies-in-waiting, kings, soldiers, white skirted Greek brigands, appear and disappear, conjured up by the brilliant young mind from the glittering world of romance he has passed through.

There the scenes grew bright under his pencil and "Benjamin" and Mrs. Bowditch stole quietly in and out.

"Why," said Mrs. B. "He would walk up and down and then sit down, and sometimes he stood up and wrote." And then the little house, quite as in the days of its sailors, wouldn't see him for a time.

He was off to the far shores of the earth, "And where is he going now?" said the village!

Down in Key West with "the palm leaves cut against the glaring blue sky like giant petals of tin", and by June 1898 he is comparing the Rough Riders with soldiers he has seen in Gibraltar, Egypt, France, Russia and Germany. To his father he writes:

"I suppose you are back from Marion now and I have missed you. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I wanted to see you coming up the street this summer in your knickerbockers and with no fish, but still happy — I hope Mother will come up and visit me in September and sit on Allen's and on the Clark's porch and we can have Chas. too. I suppose he will have had this holiday but he can come up for a Sunday."

The guns and the bands are sounding in the Spanish American war, and Dooley is telling his friend Hennissy what Roosevelt is saying about it.

"At this time it became apparent that I was handicapped be th' presence ir th' Ar-rmy' — a number of days was spint

be me in reconnoitring, attinded on'y be me brave an' fluent body guard, Richard Harding Davis."

The "fluent body guard" comes home and gives the only lecture of his life in the white meeting house on the corner, on his experiences in Cuba.

He had just come home and he said to a reporter, "My promise to talk on the war in Cuba has been elaborated into a lecture and advertised with three sheet posters. The only feature worth attention is the reproduction of a remarkably good collection of photographs loaned me by army and navy officers and war correspondents."

From an old scrap book of newspaper articles collected from the N. B. Standard, Mercury and Boston papers we learn that "The girls of the village wondered as they sat in the old church and looked at the speaker, how their beaux would conduct themselves under fire, and Angelina was wishing Edwin had a face and figure like a Praxiteles and would write stories which she would sit up all night to finish."

One reporter said that Davis "would make a poor bargain for himself if he was paid to talk on time".

He read at a "fearful pace for a few minutes". "He crowded material for a $500 article in the first five minutes".

When the map of the Santiago battle ground was thrown on the screen he said that the map was his own and "like no other map ever made."

He pleased Sippican by constantly comparing land and water with home. "At this point" he said, "torpedoes were as thick as oysters in Sippican inlet".

He said there was "nothing to prevent a Spanish Torpedo boat from running out and sinking four or five ships while they were spread out over the sea at such distances that the vessels in the rear were lost sight of for 14 hours at a time and we never knew whether they had been blown up, or sunk or had become disgusted and gone home. At night the fleet was as brilliantly illuminated as Brooklyn or New York with the lights of the bridge included. It looked like 34 Fall River boats bunched together and with every light turned on". He quoted the Englishman who looked down from the gallery

Plummer Handy — "I'm goin' Clammin'!"

upon the House of Representatives and exclaimed "God takes care of drunken men, sailors, and the United States".

Marion felt that its own correspondent was telling the story comparing far away points and islands with Nye's wharf and Ram Island.

The Captains appreciated the story about the cigars on Admiral Cevera's ship.

After the Admiral was brought aboard Capt. Bob Evan's ship and the surgeon was attending to his injuries, Evans offered the Admiral a three cent Jamaica. The Admiral drew forth two damp Havanas.

"Good", said Evans, "I haven't had a Havana for eight weeks."

When the Admiral said that there were 12,000 on the Vizcaya, "If I had known that I wouldn't have sunk her", said Bob Evans.

The Spanish American war had hardly touched the village, and this talk made it real. Everybody sang, "There's a hot time in the old town tonight"; but like the Klondike rush, it was all far away. They were busy improving the town; a few faces turned towards the gold fields, but it was a busy prosperous time in the village. The selectmen were congratulating the town on the excellent state of the roads.

Davis is busy in London again. He wagers with Somers Somerset that a 14 year old London district messenger boy, he had employed, could carry a message to America, beat the mails, and "express no surprise" at the errand.

Of course it leaked out, the reporters made a great story of it. "Jaggers" did 8400 miles in 18 days delivering letters to Davis's family in Philadelphia and to Miss Cecil Clark in Chicago. When he arrived back in London he "was made much of, and given a gold medal by the Duchess of Portland and was presented to the Queen at a garden party."

To his mother Davis wrote that he regretted having sent the boy on such a journey "especially as the papers have made such an infernal row over it."

The village is welcoming many new things in 1900. "We note with pleasure the addition of valuable residences to our town and confidently expect many of their owners and others who have houses here a portion of the time will soon become permanent residents."

They are voting 8 hours a day for town laborers, and, are to "see if the town will pay $2.00 a day for a day's work on the highway."

A rate of $10 on $1000 would give $10,522 on present valuation, but they may be obliged to raise the rate to $14. Paid for schools $2629.32, Schoolhouse repairs $278.98, and general appropriations for roads and bridges was $3,000.

Extravagant! and captains roar again at each other across the town hall. "Time to call the hog on appropriations!" All kinds of machines appearing, and Sippican holding off steel tracks to be laid along the water front on petition of the new development, the New Bedford and Onset Street Railway.

A proud little town with its 11 miles of macadam, and the State Highway Commission calling it "a banner town; and the school committee advising that from the 1st grade History be begun by studying "early local history, the first settlers, who they were, why they came, in what part of the town they lived, their houses, their schools, and industries, their neighbors, the Indians" — "interesting historical events and local traditions."

But a trolley road!

There had been some objection to changing the winding sandy road that wound down to Nye's wharf past Capt. Henry Allen's!

And now! "Marion's beautiful drives defaced by trolley poles" said Bishop Brooks' brother, the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, who had been a summer resident of the town for 22 years. "Marion is unique".

New Bedford and Onset!! "Who wants to go to Onset", said Mr. Brooks witheringly!

Hosea Knowlton, the Attorney General of Massachusetts, in his speech to save the quiet of the village, made a prophecy of his last days. In speaking of the restful charm of the place

he said that he hoped the last sound he heard would be "the lapping of the waves on the shore here at Marion".

The opposition to the road was very bitter. One lover of the town offered to buy land in the Center that the road might lay its tracks through the village of Rochester!

One lover of the quiet from St. Louis said among other things "It was never intended by God or man that there should be a factory in Marion."

And then the reporters got sarcastic!

"There is a senator busy interpreting the designs of the Almighty in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillipines and South Africa, India, and China — In view of this all but universal silence concerning God's will in our own country we are glad to find one man who recognizes the Almighty purpose right here in the state of Massachusetts, county of Plymouth, and town of Marion" — "But when he talks about Deity and the intention of Omnipotence that no factory shall ever desecrate the soil of Marion we can but bow with bated breath in the presence of the only man in Massachusetts who has been admitted to consultation with Divine Providence concerning factory sites in the Old Colony."

One rhymer put the matter

"Unique, divinely planned for the elect,
God's chosen Summer — Marionites."

"Marion turns its back bluntly upon its neighbors and positively refused to let them play in her back yard or slide down her cellar-door for fear they might drop in and make a visit. And Marion doesn't care to be visited save by the elite."

In Gilder's day a reporter wrote of

"The Marion crowd in general". "They would rather the place grew passe than popular and more than all things they pray that it may never become a resort for excursionists."

Another war called Davis! In Jan. 1900 he and Mrs. Davis were off, and about the time the old sailors and storekeepers and others are thundering at each other again across the corners about candidates for town office, and the railroad, he is sending a letter from Ladysmith.

"This is just a line to say I got in here with the first after a gallop of twelve miles". 15,000 miles he has travelled from home to see Ladysmith relieved, and he writes "the wonder grows not only that it was ever relieved but that it was ever defended".

He summed up his impression of the Boer War, "I found that I admired the farmers", he said regardless of the open hostility of his English friends, "I found that I admired the farmers"; so he came home after both he and Mrs. Davis had "slept on cold ground, had cooked their food on sticks and drunk out of the same cups as the Kaffer servants."

He found the great trees of the "Cathedral Pines" around the Gilder studio had many of them been sacrificed for the steel lines that crept along a new road past Tabor Academy and the Library and Tabor Hall towards Wareham and Onset.

Marion, Mass., May, 1901.

"We arrived here last night in a glowing sunset which was followed by a grand moon. The house was warm and clean and bright with red curtains and open fires and everything was just as we had left it, so that it seemed as though we had just come out of a tortuous bad dream of asphalt and L-roads and bad air. I was never so glad to get away from New York.

Outside it is brisk and fine and smells of earth and melting snow and there is a grand breeze from the bay. — I want to bottle up some of the air and send it to all my friends in New York. It is so much better than hot house violets".

And the famous dogs rush up the woodland roads. "Jaggers" the great bull dog, and the famous "Kid" of the "*Bar Sinister*" commenting as he follows the tall figure on horseback, "as for me I go hurrying around the country to the bench shows winning money and cups". "Jaggers" the little messenger was in the village for a time until he grew homesick for the streets of London. "Twenty years from the time when Davis sat discouraged on the City Hall Park bench he signed a contract for six stories at the highest figure ever offered an American author to that time," his brother writes.

And the old sailors still tell their stories too, in old Sippican! Something must remind a sailor of far away scenes

and then he talks. Questions bring nothing from those grizzled old seamen. They look at you blankly. A tidal wave and twenty crests of breakers on the Monterey Coast, brings a letter from one to his young daughter on the Pacific Coast. It is Roy, the gay young Ensign, now a grave father. "Speaking of the waves", he writes, "I know something about them as I was two voyages on the East coast of Africa in the Indian Ocean at a place called East London. It is a bar harbor and vessels have to lay exposed to the full force of the Black South Easters. We have our anchors buoyed and shackled when riding out a gale ready to slip our light spars all down, sails furled with gaskets ready to cut — so if another vessel is going to drag afoul of you you can slip your cables and get underway and claw off shore if you can. If not try to get at the deepest water near shore and take your chance which is one in a hundred.

The first time I was there, there were ten vessels ashore and I believe about seven saved from the lot. It is awful, especially in the night. Everyone on deck hanging on and trusting to our tackle to hold — when you see a rocket go up and know that some poor fellows are doomed, and then another and another — and in the morning not a sight of them left — broken up into kindling wood.

The last time I went there I had patent gutta percha riders —the chains taken off the windlass and besides the riders had a spring hawser the length of the vessel bent on the chains and still I am here writing this. I dragged in one of the gales to a pretty bad fix but the anchors held on and the next day it moderated but the signal station had signals for another gale, and as I had no show to ride out another gale or to get to sea in a gale if I had to go, I thought I would try it when I could carry some sail and I picked up my anchor and skipped to sea, and it was a terrible night, flooded with seas all night long.

When I got back to anchor several more vessels had met their doom.

When I arrived on my second voyage there, after we came to anchor you couldn't stand on deck, had to hold on to the rail and when the Life Boat or Surf Boat came alongside to see if any one was going ashore, they had then on board, seven

captains besides the crew and in going ashore, there were nine drowned from her rolled over by the surf. The captains and the second mate from the bark, nearest me, were drowned and afterwards that Bark went ashore and all hands were drowned. I felt very bad over that as we had agreed to help each other discharge — that is, when he had a lighter to load I would send a boat with men to help him — and he do likewise, and it was to be his last voyage — when he got home he was going to stay ashore. He was lost before we had a lighter."

And then he adds in conclusion

"Reading your letter reminded me how very disagreeable the sea can be."

And Josephine, the school teacher, grown old, no Mrs. Taber for whom to sew, sitting calmly at her window looking blandly out at the Main St. of the village as though she had never been out of her dooryard, astonishes a young neighbor by remarking that she was reminded of an experience of hers on a treacherous coast, when she was carried to dry land through the surf by a big black savage.

"Weren't you afraid?" asked her big-eyed visitor.

"No", said Josephine, "there we were, and it was the only way to land."

"Well", she went on, "you can't always tell, that most awful looking savage was the mildest creature;" but on the other hand when she was with her husband, Timothy, when he was ship keeper on a ship in N. Y. harbor for a time, they were along side of another ship, and when her husband went ashore, he often left her in the care of a nice appearing man who seemed to be always about the docks and on the next ship most of the time.

He was very courteous. The ships all around were having a great deal of trouble with water thieves at the time, and long afterwards they found that her protector was the "King" of the wharf thieves of New York harbor.

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Well, no", said Josephine, and she added thoughtfully, her eyes seeing tall masts, and city docks, "He was a nice appearing man." She was sober. There was quiet in the

room. Timothy, the husband, who was lost on the *Emerald*, perhaps seen too through the mist of years.

Old sea yarns!

"Father, did you really sleep on Robinson Crusoe's Island? Oh, weren't you thrilled, father?"

"Well, no! too many wild goats!"

Marion is growing; land near the shore is rapidly taken for summer homes.

In the meantime Major Rowland Luce's shore property three acres and wharf has come into the possession of the town, purchased from Capt. George's family at a low price that the town may have a shore for everybody, and Mrs. Taber's fund left for the beauty of the village, fills in the marsh, and builds a sea wall, and a bath house is erected.

Its friends *are* kind to Marion.

In 1902 Barnabas Holmes left a great tract of the Holmes lands to the town. Woodland near the Gilder Studio and stretching back to the Mattapoisett road, including "Jonathan's orchard," "Walnut orchard", "Spring Lane", "to be kept mainly in forest", also a strip of shore land 33 ft. wide, "not to be sold, leased, nor disposed of but kept for the use of the inhabitants forever."

Marion has 27 miles of macadam, and is appropriating $25,030 for running expenses, and its valuation is 1½ million dollars.

Gay days in the village, celebrated people on the streets, band benefits, church fairs, club house benefits, and a wonderful illumination of the harbor. Every boat strung with lights, while all around the whole harbor every 200 yards flared a torch. On Great Neck, Little Neck, Charles Neck, Ram Island, Little Island, fires and bon fires, with an orchestra at the Casino of the Hotel Sippican, a band on Little Island, and fire works from a raft in the middle of the stream, with a long string of illuminated canoes and row boats floating between the glistening yachts.

It was a scene from fairy land and one old traveller sitting on the porch of the Hotel said that never in his "sojourns about the globe" had he seen anything so beautiful.

Everything was moving fast in the village.

The time was more that of Fritze Scheff than Henry James.

Davis is staying with the Kiplings for the Coronation of King Edward.

And the town is talking about some sort of a new sewer system that shall not affect the harbor, and it decided to put in an up-to-date intermittent sand filtration plant.

So many celebrated people walking about that one old Sippicanner allowed that he didn't know as "the Angel Gabriel, with horn and all, would excite any body much now if he did light!"

It is 1904 and the Russo-Japanese war headlines are blackening the papers.

Davis writes that he and John Fox are "in a room which is as free to the public view as the porch at Marion. We eat, sleep and dress in this room and it is like trying to be at home on the top of a Chickering Grand."

Later he writes, "Not even a siege of London could hold our thoughts from home. I have just missed the mail which would have told me you were at Marion. I should so love to have heard from you from there. I do not think you will find the Church house uncomfortable and you can always run across the road when the traffic is not too great and chat with Benjamin. I do hope Dad will have got such good health from Marion and such lashers of fish."

Disgusted at being kept so far from the war zone he came home to have great fun.

He coached his play, "Miss Civilization" with so much fire and energy that the hero and heroine actors blossomed out into real Broadway performers.

When his play, "The Taming of Helen" was produced in what is now the Cozy Theatre, one newspaper reporter commented, "Oh! but the townspeople of Marion are pampered by their loyal friends!"

It took Davis a week to make the hall and entrance over for the play. He chopped and screwed, and sawed and painted

John Fox, Finley Peter Dunn, Fritzie Scheff and "R. H. D."

and draped. For the act that required a stairway forty feet high, he built a step, and threw a rug over it.

There had to be chambers in the Inner Temple! Entrance Hall at Gower House! And the Green Room to the Imperial Theatre! but when Henry Miller, Jessie Millward, Dwrina DeWolf and the rest of the company arrived from Boston, the Stage Carpenter, Property Man, Artist met them in one man, and the stage was ready.

Three hundred invitations had been sent out. The ushers wore the gorgeous costumes of the Marion Band, and the reserved seats were chairs marked with a chalk, "D", which was imprinted on the trowsers of John Drew, and Charles Belmont Davis, to the amusement of the newspaper men. "R. H. D." worked the acetylene gas footlights up and down, and it was all a grand success.

With his celebrated friends coming and going Davis was always appearing in Sunday editions.

It was not a posing man of the world, but a young adventurer bubbling over with life.

One summer he started the cleaning of the streets of the village. He hired some men, equipped them with a little two wheel cart and spiked sticks, and set them at work.

On a holiday when the men were laid off, Davis, who as he said of one of his characters "could put long disarrangements of the alphabet after his name" could be seen in white flannels, with the little cart and a spiked stick, industriously spearing up bits of papers on the Main St. Of course it got into the Sunday papers as Richard Harding Davis posing again for publicity, but the townspeople knew he didn't need to pose for publicity, and they just smiled with affection for him.

Almost grown up now is Marion.

By 1905 it had awarded the contract for the sand filtration sewerage system, voting $30,000 for the purpose, and more macadam is put in. But the white roads are doomed! Peter Dunn who was a visitor to Marion has Mr. Dooley say the next year

"Do I think the autymobill has come to stay? Sure, I'll never tell ye. I've seen all the wurruld but me on roller skates.

I've seen ivery body ridin' a bicycle but me. When messenger-boys is dashin' up the street in an eighty horse power Demon Terror the rich will be flyin' kites or r-runnin' baloons."

A big car from Chicago is setting the old Rochester horses to raring straight up in the air, and the macadam is very dusty and disagreeable even through the silk veils and close visored caps.

Everybody goes to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan", and Davis's farce, "The Galloper".

Almost the last link with the old Rochester-Towne-in-New England was broken when "Miss Eugenia" died in 1907. Graceful, delicate lady, the friend of all the great ones who came to the lands of Sippican, from Daniel Webster to the gay young artists and writers of the end of the century. Her wonderful old house gave the young people a glimpse of that far away time of the early days, of the sweet thin songs, of languishing belles and ardent beaux and sighing rejected suitors (53 on Miss Eugenia's list). It was looking through a window again into the old garden of box hedges and a sun dial, and figures in knee breeches and buckles, and brocades and laces, vanishing down the far pathway bordered in flowers.

Those sheltered days are gone for women. Times are changing, and out in the bustling world Mr. Gilder writes,

"Watchman, what seeest thou in the new Dawn? I behold Service honored above possession. I see men as brothers — in time of calm and in days of monstrous calamity stretching hands to one another over lands and seas and across ancient barriers of race and religion and condition."

Changing times, but Capt. Hiram Nye, whaleman, who had married Lucy, great grand daughter of George Bonum Nye, and had retired twenty years ago, was called by his New Bedford agents to go down on the Indian Ocean, and take charge of the *Charles W. Morgan* which was in command of Capt. Earle of Mattapoisett who was obliged to come home with his wife and child.

Capt. Nye was living in his home on Main St., a long whaling life, beginning with the *Osceola* in 1866, behind him. He had been in the *Osceola* when she was wrecked in the Indian

Ocean on the Glorioso reef, and for four days and three nights, for 200 miles the crew had rowed to the Comoro Islands. The beautiful *Fleetwing* built like a clipper ship in 1877 was his home for eight years, first as mate, then as captain. She made such successful voyages she became noted in the whaling ports of the world.

"Wild Whales", "heavy gales", familiar words of the old whaling logs, were in the captain's memory.

On Apr. 5, 1874 he is writing

"Saw sperm whales, lowered two boats — the Larboard went on, did not get past, the whale stove the boat—the whale layed and looked at the Boat as long as he liked and went off — the Second mate half a mile to windward with his sail in. Got the stoven boat on board made sail and stood to the South."

Like the mermaid in Cape Cod Bay "looking earnestly" at the sailors, was the whale in Capt. Nye's log.

Arctic whaling! "pack ice and walruses"—"heavy ice". June 28, 1879 "Passed through Bearing Straits bound to the Arctic," he writes, and on Sept. 6 "worked forty miles up a lead twenty miles wide."

Sept. 8, "Fleet all left Herald Island. Afraid the ice would close in."

Oct. 16. "Plenty of ice. Land in sight to S. E. Ship working through the ice to the S."

Nov. 12. San Francisco! and Dec. 8—sailing on another voyage!

Now after 22 years he is on his way from N. Y. to South Hampton, then to Port Natal, Africa, to sail again for whales.

He had trouble ahead — had to make officers from boat steerers. One real whaler, he found on board. The second mate, George Christian who had been on the ship 14 years, a descendant of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer of Pitcairn Island.

Two hurricanes struck the *Morgan;* one in which Captain Nye said he could see no water, blue or black, only a vast field of snow with banks 20 ft. high with the ship scudding under

bare poles part of the time and then hove to with oil bags over the stern to smooth the seas some.

The *Morgan* had taken 11,000 pounds of whalebone, 1600 barrels of oil, of which 1050 was sperm.

They took eight right whales and then the captain brought the *Morgan* home.

For a week before the *Morgan* came in, the New Bedford wharves, that had been the cradles of the whalers of the world for three quarters of a century, were without a whale ship, the first time in fifty years.

And the adventurers came home.

The Pilgrim Land is getting very modern. In 1909 the great "Red and Blue" war maneuvers were held on the roads and through the fields and woods of the Old Colony. Aug. 16—"R. H. D." is writing to his mother

"I spent the morning locating the different regiments — of course Hiller's knowledge of the country was wonderfully convenient. We have great luck in seeing the only fight of the day, the first one of the war. Indeed, I think we caused it. There was a troop of cavalry with a captain who was afraid to advance. I chided him into doing something, the umpire having confided to me he would mark him if he did not. But he did it wrong, anyway he charged a barn with 36 troopers, and lost every fourth man. In real warfare he would have lost all his men and all his horses."

Aug. 19. "The war came to an end with one army, the Red one, with the road to Boston open before it. Indeed when the end came they were fighting with their backs to that city, and could have entered it tonight. I begged both Bliss and Wood to send in the cavalry, just for the moral effect but they were afraid of the feeling that was quite strong. I had much fun, never more."

"I met a troop of cavalry this morning, riding away from the battle, down a cross road, and thinking it was a flanking manoeuver I started to follow them with the car.

'Where are you going?' I asked the captain.

'No where', he said, 'We are dead.'

Miss Edith Austin — Hostess of "The Bund", a house whose hospitality extends from "Marigold Days"

An umpire was charging in advance of two troops of the 10th, down a state road when one trooper of the enemy turned back and alone charged the two troops. 'You idiot', yelled the troopers, 'don't you know that you and your horse are shot know it!' "

'Sure I know', yelled the trooper, 'but the horse don't know it!'

Sunny days on the Middleboro road! Soldiers marching, but nobody believed in war any more!

The *old* soldiers no longer marched with heads up, or proudly rode horse back on Memorial Day.

"Ah, Comrades, do not honor this day tamely!" writes Mary, daughter of Capt. Henry Allen.

Mary had sailed to Liverpool with the young wife Sophia so many years ago, but her life, in those days of the "Dependence of females upon men" had been warped by a smothered romance, and her heart blossomed into verse that caught the attention of the great editors of the day.

Mary calls to the bowed old soldiers sitting in "the barge" on Memorial Day.

"Bring your old energy to its keeping. Lift your worn swords high, not to kill, but to cut the shackles of life and release your souls. For the angel at the gate at last flies to meet you. It's eyes are resolute and kind. It divides the tumult of your masque. It is a winged victory, a marvelous incandescence. Our strong captains kneel to it delivering their swords. For one by one, O brothers! O sisters! we tender ours. For this is the death with whom we seem to struggle, from whom we shrink, this splendid deliverer. We lay all flags and flowers at His compelling feet."

"The waves are billowing flags. The sunset pins with stars against the sky, those more gorgeous. The little gate stands ajar. And great garlands drift to our hands out of the sea from gardens to which fighting sailors dropped in utter weariness the battle done".

"Fighting sailors!" Adventurers setting out again upon an unknown sea!

And over in Europe rode power, in silvered helmets, and long lances, and plumes, which was to call again the greatest correspondent, and adventurer of his time to the greatest adventure of all, which led him beyond the world.

Chapter XIX

NOW

"Give me to rest in a quiet town
Built by old rovers of the sea
Where they have come to lay them down
Sure of their spirit's mastery."

PULSIVER

On that far Spring day a timorous, saddened, sick little group of adventurers faced the tall chief with his sixty warriors behind him!

Three centuries of time have swept over the Lands of Sippican! And in 1920 the Pilgrims come again to Plymouth! Thousands and thousands, with millions all over the great land looking East; and one descendant of Massasoit, the last, walked the roads, while the "Mayflower" rocked in the harbor, and the bands played.

"The Lands of Sippican" entered the long procession in a picture of the whaling days, a harpooner poised to throw his dart at a spouting sperm whale.

With grand pageantry Plymouth and her daughter towns celebrated her 300 years on this mighty continent.

In 1820 at the 200th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Daniel Webster said,

"Advance then ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to take the blessings of existence where we are passing and soon shall have passed, our human duration — we bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the good inheritance which we have enjoyed."

And from the prairies, the Great Lakes, from the Babylons of cities all over America, they came to the "good inheritance" to hold family reunions, to visit the homestead, to buy land, to build homes, to play in the sea and the sun, like Massasoit's bronzed people.

The long waves still wash the shores of the bays and islands, ice shaped dark ages ago, but the waters of the Massachusetts and Buzzards Bays meet where the "Dutch" traded with the First Comers, where the fence was planned to keep the wolves off the Cape. Gosnold's "mighty headland" is an island, and ocean liners move like great barges along De Rasiere's course past Bird Island.

"Many changes" sigh the old people. "So quaint, so old", exclaim the young visiting Westerners.

"Why, in the West we build the electric light plant first!"

"But this is the land of the Pilgrims, 300 years old, slow to change!"

One family kept the Post Office in Sippican for 63 years, and the village has a constable, "P. C.", who has been in office 30 years.

Always ready to improve the village when the health of the people is concerned, the voters in town meeting passed appropriations for an artesian water supply and filter sewer system. It employed a visiting nurse, and drained the salt marshes to get rid of Gov. Winslow's "muskeet" a decade before any other town in the State.

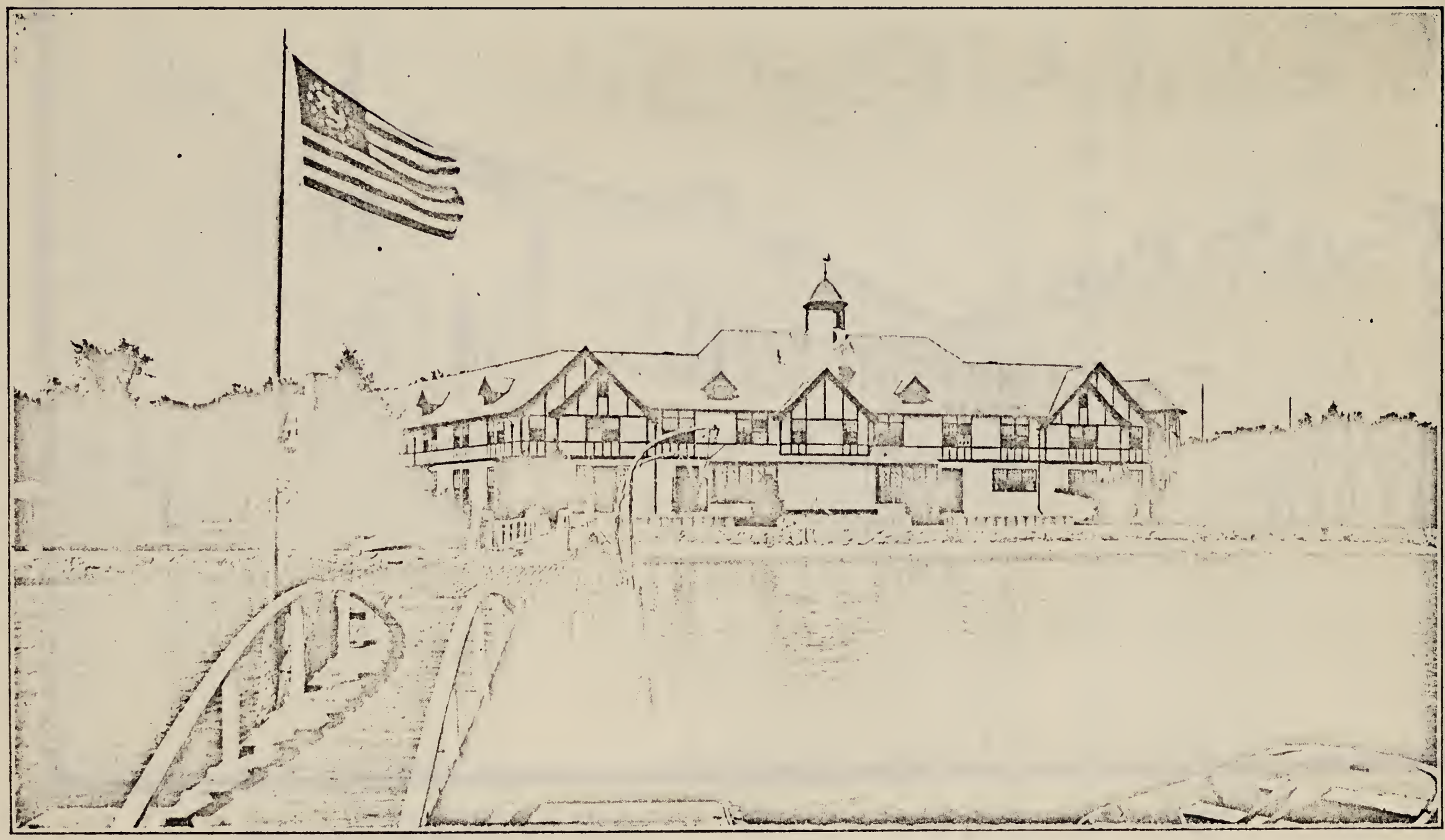
The cattle came home to winter on the warm lands in 1639, but still some say the weather has grown warmer, and point to cod and even a diamond backed terrapin caught in the bay.

Some changes there must be.

The captains' farms along the Rochester road are cut into house lots for the younger generations.

Marion has grown from the 900 population of the clipper ship days to 1700 in 1933.

Some old landmarks are gone. The Ebenezer White house built in 1709 by Mark Haskell has been carefully taken



Tabor Academy — Dormitory on Sippican Harbor

Kittansett Club, Winter House — "Where the beach-plums used to grow."

down, timber by timber, and built into the new trading post for the "Duch" at Manomet.

The trodden way of the Indians and settlers, the old "Sandwich Path", has no longer flax drying on the shores of Mary's Pond, but picnickers and bathers and perspiring heads of families bringing their broods out from the heat of nearby mill towns for a day's outing in the Rochester woods.

Country homes show through the pines and oaks of Great Neck.

Tabor Academy has gone to the sea! There are special sea trips to Central and South America and across the ocean to England, France and Germany; a schooner the *Tabor Boy*, and a fleet of small boats lie out where the coasters and the whalers swung in the stream. The marsh, on the road from the Old Landing has grown into a park-like athletic field; and along the shore below the ship yard where the hollowed logs drew up water to the salt works, a big gymnasium and dormitory stand, and boys in sailor suits go up and down the roads of Sippican.

A forest of steel masts towering 400 feet into the air to catch the magical surges of ether from foreign shores and ships at sea, rose where the old road to "the Center" is lost in the forest.

A great war brought its changes, too.

The battles of the silver helmets stirring in Europe seemed far away, but if Capt. Briggs had listened in 1850 perhaps he could have caught the distant singing "50,000 strong", and the wide brimmed planter could have heard the fife and drums of "Dixie Land" that were to change states into a nation.

So the village of the Lands of Sippican listened to one hundred million men, women, children, singing, "America! America!" And there were boys marching again, sentries on Tabor Academy grounds, girls selling Liberty Bonds, and the State Guard holding Field Day on the muster field at "the Center" just as in 1775 and 1812.

"Citizens of Marion, the third Liberty Loan Drive starts April 6—

The town of Marion is to be asked to subscribe for something over $200,000. In order to reach the allotment Marion must have the help of every man, woman and child in town."

But bells ring, and whistles blow, and Marion's medal to its returned soldier is mentioned by the N. Y. Telegram, "The Marion Cross is the best thing of its sort produced in the country."

The Sippican and the Beverly Yacht Clubs merged, and the boat races start near Bird Island Light where "the lovely lady" lived with Pirate Moore.

The hoop skirts of the sailors' brides are rusting in the attics next to the band boxes and hair trunks of stage coach days. The barns of old Rochester-Towne are cleared for the auto trucks and tractors. There is scarcely an old wagon or sleigh left for the hens to roost on. Two golf courses cover the farm land on Great Neck, the "ministry lands by the sea", and the little white ball flies where the beach plums used to grow.

Where the square riggers came up the harbor, glistening yachts lie at anchor, and craft like enormous sea birds, the *Vanitie*, the *Resolute*, the *Atlantic*, sail over the blue waters that hide the guns of the *Nimrod*.

They use keys and lock their doors now in Sippican, and the Universalist houses aren't all painted yellow and the Congregationalists white: the script that Maine and Rhode Island wouldn't accept for money has vanished.

Times *have* changed some. In 1863 Capt. Emerson Hadley was putting into the town treasury, $540. Capt. John Pitcher, $653., Capt. Stephen Luce, $962., Capt. Russell Grey, $1925., Capt. Stephen Hadley, $2700., Capt. Peleg Blankinship, $636., and Capt. Obed Delano, $315.

In 1933 the valuation is given at $5,264,591.00.

But the wild flowers still grow in the woodlands. When the authors of "How to Know the Wild Flowers" came to this section they found so many varieties on the Lands of Sippican that they settled down in a little house near "the wharf" to classify and sketch the shy blossoms; and now, a quarter of a century later, the moccasin flower, the Indian pipe, and the

waxen sweet pipsissewa still grow in the woods. And the fringed gentian, anemone, jack-in-the-pulpit, wintergreen and partridge berry nestle in cool places; and along the shore are found the sea lavender, asters, mullen, beach-pea, wild columbine and mallow, old time flowers of Sippican.

The seal slip from the rocks on Charles Neck, sometimes; gulls fly over; the hermit-thrush and other shy birds of New England build their nests in the swamps and uplands. Of course one, perhaps, could not catch an American eagle with a pitchfork and present the great bird to the Natural History Museum, as Humphrey Allen did a half century ago, but there are tall herons on the marshes, deer and raccoon and all kind of little furry creatures hide in the woodland. And still a straight back and black eyes, a long lithe step, tell of ancestors who wore moccasins.

And Pilgrims!

The Plymouth lists of males able to bear arms in the several settlements of 1643, are the names of Sippican today.

In 1620 a Brown and a Winslow had two of the "meersteads & garden plots of those which came first."

By 1623, the DeLaNoys, the Faunces, the Clarkes, the Deans, the Briggs, Snows, Pierces, the Rogers were deciding matters in the settlements. Up from Duxbury, Barnstable, Yarmouth, Scituate, Sandwich, Marshfield they come.

And the others on the Marion Tax list of 1933!

Ashley, Austin, Allen, Bliss, Bates, Baker, Burgess, Bacon, Bourne, Dexter, Davis, Gibbs, Hamlin, Hammond, Hathaway, Higgins, Hurst, Howland, Holmes, Hiller, Holaway, Jackson, Jenkins, Jenny, Lewis, Luce, Mayo, Maycomber, Nickerson, Nye, Paine, Perry, Packard, Robinson, Ryder, Sabins, Sampson, Savery, Sherman, Smith, Taber, Tripp, Taylor, Wing, Watson, Washburn, Walker.

Old Colony names for 300 years!

Their stone walls, their hand made nails, their great hewn beams are still a part of old Rochester, and old Rochester-Towne still looks out on the road! "Oh, Yes! there were witches in the Center when I was a girl! Ann Cook! She would come

to the door and ask for food, and nobody dared to refuse her!" So says a relative of the good captain Cole who gave his life for his crew.

"If you refused, she would say, 'You'll be sorry by and by!' and sure enough some thing would be bound to happen. Everybody was scared of her."

Why, one day Father and I were driving over to New Bedford, and she stopped us on the road and Father says, 'Go long with you', and she shook her fist at him, and sure enough before we had gone very far a wheel came off, and we had a dreadful time!

Oh Yes! There were witches in Rochester!"

And then the old farmers Almanac is brought out to see if there is to be a change in the weather.

Pilgrims and sailors still in Sippican!

The great days of the sea's hard tasks in brine and wind and storm for Buzzards Bay sailors are ended; the little Philopena ring from Sippican lies somewhere on the ocean floor, and the winds whistle, and the great "Cape Horn seas" rage, and the silent deep sea waters never raise it from it's bed; and along the edges of the continents and islands are ashes and wreckage of old Rochester ships, the great forest trees of the Lands of Sippican crumbled into dust.

John Christian and the other drowned sailors never speak. There are no deep sea captains left in Sippican, but still the Captain's bell from the white meeting house rings at nine o'clock to tell Sippican and the Old Landing that there will be divine service later in the morning. There walk the streets of the villages, children and grand children of sailors who have in their lives Hong Kong, Fayal, the Barbadoes, Gibraltar, Calcutta, Canton as familiar as New York or New Bedford. Their lives are full of memories of big docks, tarred ropes, nimble sailors and tall masts; the long planks of the decks, the rope ladders marching up into the sky, and the lively shifting of the scenes of a great harbor water front.

There are old toys from foreign lands, embroidered shawls and treasures from the Orient in the houses, and the tang of the tamarind in memory is still on Sippican lips.

Sometimes a grey haired man — the boy of yesterday — waves in parting, the sailors' Good Bye! "Well, see you in Liverpool!" And visions of black docks, and shining masts, and roaring seas come for a second into the modern world of airplanes and filling stations.

An old sailor shifts his chair legs.

"Why talkin' of Chili", he says, "I lay days and days waitin' to get over the mountains! Or was it Peru? Deserted ship? Yes! Ship too hard! Some that way.

In three days every sailor had been knocked flat except me! They didn't get me! I was busy when they came around workin' on somethin', didn't look up! But I made up my mind, the first port I'd leave!

The boats come out from shore you know when you come to anchor.

I got my advance. I was furlin'. Along came a boat. I beckoned. He rowed underneath. I dropped in. I gave him five in gold. I knew a little Spanish. I told him to row like — blazes! Oh, Yes! They shot at me, but I didn't get a scratch!"

"That night", he reminisced, "that night the mate came into the dance hall where I was. Did he know me? He knew me all right, I had on spurred boots, and a poncho, and a wide Spanish hat. I was dancin'! He knew me but they'd have knifed him if he had laid a hand on me."

The old whalemen and sailors and civil war soldiers are gone; the last "fighting sailors dropped in utter weariness" — Theodore Tripp and John Wilbur — but the flag as it fell was caught and lifted high by the Sons and Daughters of Veterans like a torch of remembrance in honor of a phantom army whose souls are marching on. On Memorial Day the procession moves in memory of all the soldiers of the "armies in Heaven that follow him in fine linen, white and clean."

For the whalers the last Shipping List of Buzzards Bay reads on Dec. 29, 1914—

"No sales for whale bone" and "oil 48c"; but the *Charles W. Morgan* itself, almost a century old, that Capt. Nye brought back from the Indian Ocean is moored in cement at Round Hill,

Dartmouth, and the children and grandchildren of whalers and thousands of others file over it and stare at a real whaler of the old times.

And the *Lagoda* that was wrecked on foreign shores, the wonder ship that was in every whaleman's world, that had been known to make 313% profit for one of the oil kings of New Bedford, lies in half-model monumental state in the Old Dartmouth museum, surrounded by the little shops, given by the Bourne family in memory of a staunch old ship and whaling days. Beside it is the sperm whale model carried in procession by the Lands of Sippican at the 300th celebration of the Landing at Plymouth.

The old days come back in song and story!

Down Converse Road, the Indian braves and squaws appear again near Charles the Indian's rock, in pageantry, where the girl scouts play and work, and over in Plymouth three blanketed Navajo Indians stand facing the East with heads bowed praying to the Great Spirit that there may come from the "Rain Mount far away" relief for their parched country of New Mexico.

Again a President of the United States of America comes to Sippican. In the New Bedford Standard-Times of June 18, 1933 appears the item "Franklin D. Roosevelt, sailor, who had piloted the Ship of State through three months of stormy and perilous seas, slept last night aboard a much less ambitious craft — the little schooner *Amberjack II* — in peaceful Marion Harbor." Where Captain Elisha set sail for the Indian Ocean, where Capt. George Luce moored the *Herald* ready for his honeymoon trip, the President weighed anchor for a vacation cruise, but "that's another story".

Many years after Henry James' first visit, he comes again in memory to the lands of Sippican.

In the American Scene he writes—

"I remembered, in fine, Mattapoisett, I remembered Marion, an admirable example of that frequent New England phenomenon — the presence of an unreasoned appeal in nature, its the sense of beauty appeal on a basis of items that failed some how, count and recount them, as one would to justify the effect" — James cannot explain it! —

"Seeing the land grow mild and vague and interchangeably familiar with the sea, all under the spell of the reported 'gulf stream' those mystic words that breathe a softness where ever they sound."

Again, he writes, "of what, in the bright air, for the charmed visitor, were the softness and sweetness of impression made? I had to take if for a mystery!"

It may be that in "the bright air" still remains the joy of a bronzed people playing countless glorious summers on the shores under King Massasoit, leaving such heaps of white shells from their feasts, that today, after three hundred years they lie along Stewart Island like tumbling white surf. Perhaps Gosnold cutting sassafras; perhaps the first comers trudging down with their cattle for the warm winter days; perhaps the old ship builders and captains wrote their content and love on "the bright air".

Perhaps the dark poet's thought for "the woods that bring the sunset near" and the gay pictures of the adventurous youth still remain.

Indians, Pilgrims, pioneers, ship builders, whalers, clipper ship captains, artists, sailors of today and yesterday, all have given something to the "bright air"!

Only lilacs, tangled with weeds and briars, show where little Joseph Prince began his diary near "the long bridg" that "rany" day in August, 1711, but perhaps down the old road like Kipling's Lost Road there is "the beat of a horse's feet

And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes
As though, they perfectly knew
The old lost road in the woods."

Perhaps across in Blankinship's Cove, where the great colored glistening dragon flies of sea planes dash along the water, on dark dawns the steady light shines out again for Captain Turner, as the wife watches night after night for the missing sailor to come home, regardless of the message the blazing "ghost ship" that comes sailing, sailing up the harbor, brings to her.

Perhaps on Front Street, opposite Handy's Tavern on white June midnights, a garden grows again; and Captain Barden, home from a voyage, comes up between the rows of great fir trees from the stable, and a stately lady walks up and down, between the box hedges, stopping to lean over the lilies-of-the-valley, and the white lilacs drop their sweetness on her head. And the square riggers and the whalers lie out in the stream, all on "the bright air" for Henry James and all lovers of the village.

Through the mists of the coming years "crystal cities gleam", "undimmed by human tears," for Richard Gilder's message from the pylon of the old Chicago Fair sounds constantly in the mind of to-day — "The Brotherhood of Man. The Federation of Nations, The Peace of the World."

But in Sippican the tides rise and fall gently, the little boats bob at the buoys just as in the captains' days, and the young sailors race up and down as in the 90's.

"Hither cometh Marion, a bright nymph of the sea, the lass who always loved a sailor", so Noble Everett, orator of the day, called out the village at the Bi-Centennial in 1879. And to-day "Marion" means to its lovers the salt tang from the shore and salt meadows, the white wings of the sea birds and the little boats, and the "Sou West" wind rippling the bay with white caps, the tug of a fish line, and spray in the face!

Times may have changed for the wide world outside, but, as for 250 years, in Sippican village

"The lapping waters lave it s feet
It rides at anchor like a fleet."

And as in the days of Gosnold, of Massasoit, three centuries ago, there lie on the horizon of the "Lands of Sippican"

Naushon, Nashawena, Penikese, Cuttyhunk

"Rising like a misty breath
The Islands of Elizabeth."

FINIS

Wintering in the Arctic — "With the ice slowly closing in." Mr. Bradford artist.

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